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CONTRIBUTIONS

V. I. no. 1
1796
of the

Lowell Historical Society

Lowell historical society, Lowell, Mass.

84448
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Organized, December 21, 1868

Incorporated, May 21, 1902

Preceded by Contributions of the
Old residents' historical association.
(P. 84445.7)

Vol. I, No. I

364513

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY, NOVEMBER, 1907

W. 28-3559

" 'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours "—Young.

WITHDRAWN
HISTORICAL
From the C. H. S.
SOCIETY

LOWELL, MASS.

BUTTERFIELD PRINTING CO.

1907

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Lowell Historical Society, Lowell, Mass.

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v. 2.

Lowell, 1907-1910

Presented by Contributions of the
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Lowell, 1907-1910

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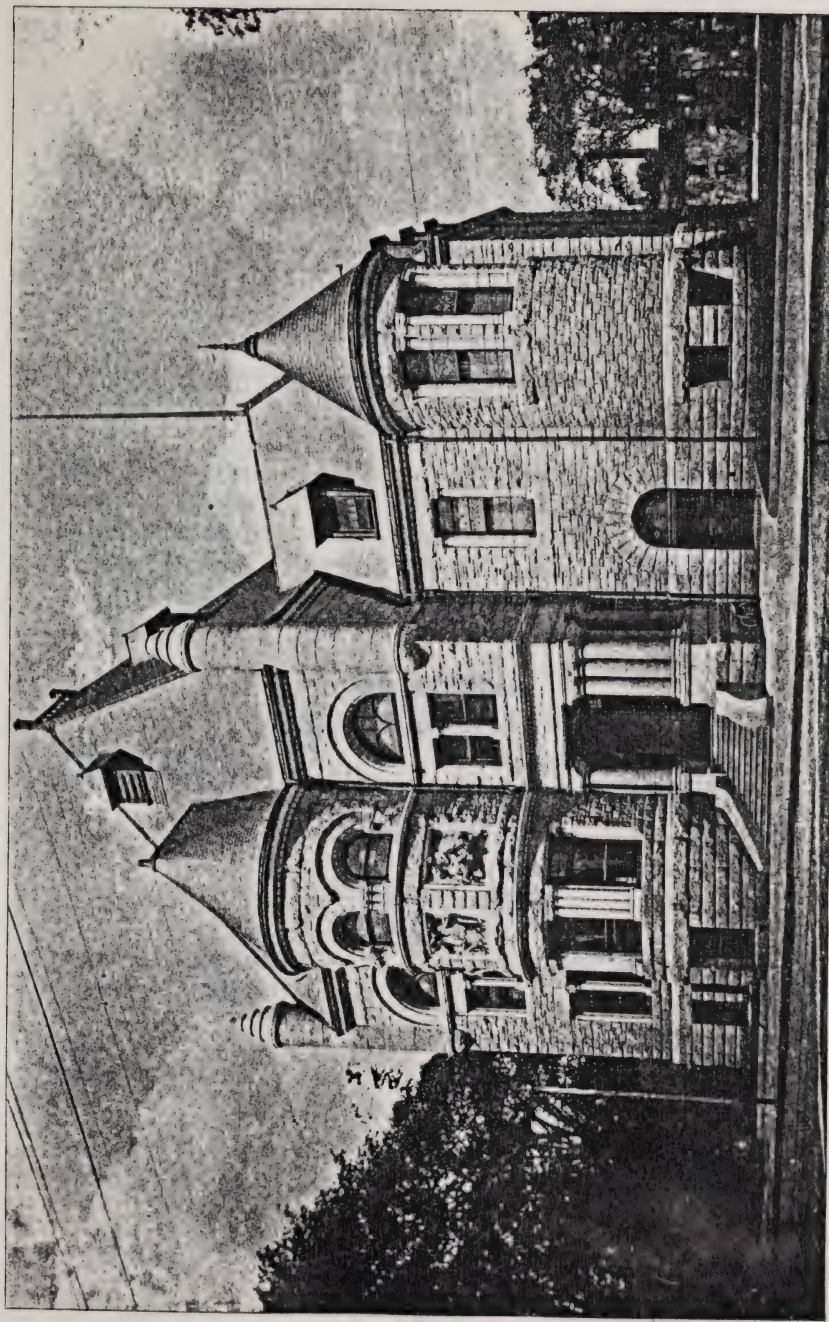
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MEMORIAL HALL

(BY COURTESY OF THE CITY OF LOWELL, OCCUPIED IN PART BY THE LOWELL HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND ITS COLLECTIONS)



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SOLON W. STEVENS, *President*

SAMUEL P. HADLEY, *Vice-President*

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ALBERT L. BACHELLER, *Treasurer*

JOHN A. BAILEY, *Librarian*

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

1900-1901

1901-1902

1902-1903

1903-1904

1904-1905

1905-1906

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1927-1928

1928-1929

1929-1930

1930-1931

1931-1932

1932-1933

1933-1934

1934-1935

1935-1936

1936-1937

The following gentlemen have served as members of the Executive Committee since the date of the incorporation of the Society, their various terms of service having expired by limitation in accordance with the By-Laws.

ALEXANDER G. CUMNOCK
Term expired, February 11, 1903.

JAMES W. BENNETT
Deceased, April 14, 1903.

CHARLES COWLEY.
Term expired, February 10, 1904.

CHARLES A. STOTT
Term expired, February 8, 1905.

JACOB B. CURRIER
Term expired, February, 14, 1906.

FREDERICK LAWTON .
Term expired, February 13, 1907.

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Abbott, Miss Katherine M.	Lowell
Abbott, Mrs. Margaret D.	Lowell
Adams, Charles E.	Lowell
Allen, Charles H.	Lowell
Allen, Thomas O.	Lowell
Ames, Adelbert	Lowell
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Bachelor, Albert L.	Lowell
Bacon, Horace S.	Lowell
Badger, William E.	Lowell
Bailey, John A.	Lowell
* Baker, Frederick W.	Lowell
Bancroft, Jonathan F.	Tyngsborough
Barnes, C. Oliver	Lowell
Barnes, Henry W.	Lowell
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Bartlett, J. Adams	Chelmsford
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Burnham, Albert W.	Lowell
Butler, Paul	Lowell
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* Caldwell, Edwin B.	Lowell
Cameron, Donald M.	Westford
Chambre, A. St. John	Lowell
* Chandler, George H.	Lowell
Chase, Francis N.	Lowell
Chase, George A.	Lowell
Clark, Frederic S.	Billerica
Clifford, Charles T.	Lowell
Coburn, Charles H.	Lowell
* Deceased	
† Resigned	

THEORY

The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the theory of the firm in understanding the behavior of firms in a market economy. It highlights the role of the firm as a decision-making unit and the factors that influence its behavior, such as technology, resources, and market structure.

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Coburn, George B.	Lowell
Coburn, Walter	Lowell
Collins, Michael	Lowell
Conant, Charles H.	Lowell
Cowley, Charles	Lowell
Cumnock, Alexander G.	Lowell
Currier, Jacob B.	Lowell
* Davis, Miss Abby Frances	Lowell
Davis, Mrs. Julia A.	Lowell
Davis, Millard F.	Lowell
Davis, Natt A.	Lowell
Devereaux, Miss Anna W.	Lowell
* Dinsmoor, James	Lowell
Dows, Azro M.	Lowell
Dumas, Levi	Lowell
† Eastman, William A.	Lowell
Ellingwood, Edward	Lowell
† Farnham, Mrs. Satira A.	Lowell
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Fiske, George W.	Lowell
Fletcher, Isaac A.	Lowell
Floyd, Warren L.	Lowell
† Ford, Smith Thomas	Lowell
* Francis, Mrs. Sarah W.	Lowell
* Fuller, Jason	Lowell
Gardner, Miles G.	Lowell
Gilson, George M.	Lowell
* Gould, Joseph D.	Tyngsborough
Gould, Sumner S.	Billerica
Gray, Frank	Lowell
Greene, John M.	Lowell
Greenwood, Macella	Lowell
Greenwood, Othello O.	Lowell
Griffin, Charles	Lowell
Hadley, Samuel P.	Lowell
Hall, Mrs. Mary C.	Lowell
Hard, C. Fred	Lowell
Harrington, Thomas F.	Lowell
* Hayes, William H. I.	Lowell
Hill, Miss Lucy A.	Lowell
Hill, Miss Mabel	Lowell
Hill, Nathaniel	Lowell
Hills, William F.	Lowell
Hood, Charles I.	Lowell
Hosmer, Edward S.	Lowell

* Deceased

† Resigned

RESIDENT MEMBERS

7

Huntoon, George L.	Lowell
† Hutchins, George E.	Lowell
Hutchinson, Charles C.	Lowell
Hylan, Eugene S.	Lowell
Johnson, Franklin E.	Lowell
† Jackson, William B.	Lowell
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Noyes, Person	Lowell
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Parker, Percy	Lowell
Parker, Walter L.	Lowell
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* Pearson, James M.	Lowell
* Perham, Henry S.	Chelmsford
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Prescott, D. Moody	Lowell
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Raymond, Samuel E.	Lowell
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Russell, Cyrus W.	Lowell
* Russell, James S.	Lowell
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Sargent, Allan C.	Lowell
Sawyer, Alfred P.	Lowell
Shattuck, Horace B.	Lowell
Shaw, Miss Melinda C.	Westford

* Deceased

† Resigned

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† Sherman, William W.	Lowell
Slater, Arthur H.	Lowell
* Sprague, Levi	Lowell
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Stevens, Miss Mary G.	Lowell
Stevens, Solon W.	Lowell
Stott, Charles A.	Lowell
Swan, Charles C.	Lowell
Talbot, Thomas	Billerica
Tarbell, Harvey W.	Lowell
Taylor, Samuel L.	Westford
Thompson, Joseph P.	Lowell
Tibbetts, Henry L.	Lowell
† Tinker, Henry W.	Lowell
Tyler, Rinaldo H.	Lowell
Varnum, Joseph P.	Dracut
Walsh, Alonzo G.	Lowell
Ward, William H.	Lowell
Waters, Wilson	Chelmsford
* Wetherbee, Miss Sophia P.	Lowell
Wheeler, Charles	Lowell
Whidden, Clarence W.	Lowell
* White, William H.	Lowell
Whitney, Hiram	Westford
Wier, Frederick N.	Lowell
* Wilder, Henry H.	Lowell
Williams, Charles M.	Lowell
Wood, Samuel N.	Lowell
Woodworth, Artemus B.	Lowell

Corresponding Members

CALDWELL, PLINY W.	Tampa, Fla.
* FIELDING, HENRY A.	Bozeman, Mon.
GORDON, GEORGE A.	Somerville, Mass.
HOWE, MRS. SARAH KENDALL	Groton, Mass.
KIMBALL, JOHN F.	Wilton, N. H.
LAWTON, GEORGE F.	Cambridge, Mass.

* Deceased

† Resigned

1. The first part of the report is a general introduction to the subject of the study. It discusses the importance of the problem and the objectives of the research.

2. The second part of the report is a detailed description of the methods used in the study. It includes a description of the experimental design, the data collection procedures, and the statistical methods used for data analysis.

3. The third part of the report is a presentation of the results of the study. It includes a description of the data, a discussion of the findings, and a comparison of the results with previous research.

4. The fourth part of the report is a conclusion and a discussion of the implications of the study. It includes a summary of the findings, a discussion of the limitations of the study, and a discussion of the implications of the results for future research.

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Introduction

The LOWELL HISTORICAL SOCIETY was incorporated under the provisions of chapter 125 of the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, May 21, 1902, for the purpose, as stated in its articles of association and certificate of incorporation, "of collecting and preserving books, manuscripts, records, and objects of antiquarian and historical interest; of encouraging the study of local history; of maintaining a library; and of publishing from time to time whatever may illustrate and perpetuate the history of Lowell and adjacent towns."

It is the corporate successor of The Old Residents' Historical Association of Lowell, which was a voluntary association organized December 21, 1868, by men who were residents of Lowell.

The reason for the change in name and organization are fully set forth in the report of the committee on incorporation, which, with the by-laws and other proceedings, appear in the sixth volume of the Contributions of The Old Residents' Historical Association of Lowell, pages 446 to 470.

The Lowell Historical Society has decided to retain the old association's title for its publications, and the volumes of the new series will be entitled Contributions of the Lowell Historical Society.

Lowell Historical Society

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR 1902-03.

PREPARED AND READ BY SOLON W. STEVENS, PRESIDENT,
FEBRUARY 11, 1903.

The attention of the officers and members of the Lowell Historical Society is hereby most respectfully invited to the first annual report of its Executive Committee.

In the first place it may be proper to state that in accordance with Section 2 of Article 14 of the By-Laws the following committees have been appointed, viz; the finance committee, the library committee and the committee on membership. In addition to these the following committees have also been appointed, viz; on printing and publication of papers, on rules for the transaction of business, and a committee appointed with a view to enlarging the list of corresponding members. These various committees have their several subjects in charge but the time has not yet arrived for their complete reports.

There is reason for congratulation in that this society has become established under auspicious circumstances, and that it is now recognized as a corporate body "formed for the purpose of collecting and preserving books, manuscripts, records and objects of antiquarian and historical interest; of encouraging the study of local history; of maintaining a library; and of publishing from time to time whatever may illustrate and perpetuate the history of Lowell and adjacent towns."

We have now about one hundred and fifty names upon our roll of membership. The property of whatsoever name and description heretofore belonging to The Old Residents' Historical Association of Lowell has been transferred and assigned in a legal manner to the Lowell Historical Society so that this organization is hereafter to be known not as a substitute merely for the former

CHAPTER I

The first part of the book is devoted to a general survey of the history of the subject, and to a discussion of the various theories which have been advanced to explain the origin of the human mind.

In the second part of the book, the author discusses the various theories which have been advanced to explain the origin of the human mind. He begins by considering the theory of the "Great First Cause," which is the theory that there is a single, all-powerful, and all-wise being who created the world and all that is in it. This theory is the basis of the religious faith of many people, and it has been the subject of much discussion and controversy. The author then discusses the theory of the "Eternal Mind," which is the theory that the human mind is eternal and uncreated. This theory is the basis of the religious faith of many people, and it has been the subject of much discussion and controversy. Finally, the author discusses the theory of the "Evolutionary Mind," which is the theory that the human mind is the result of a process of evolution. This theory is the basis of the scientific faith of many people, and it has been the subject of much discussion and controversy.

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one, but as its successor, endowed with larger powers, a wider jurisdiction and more ample facilities under a corporate form of existence.

The reasons for this change, or rather the causes which seemed necessary for this provision for greater usefulness have already been fully presented to public attention, and need not be repeated here. The main conditions necessary for future success rest in a hearty co-operation and an enthusiasm among our members in the peculiar work which is given us to accomplish.

A genuine authentic history of a country consists of something more than a series of "glittering generalities" relating to public events. It should present as far as practicable special narratives, reliable traditions, and truthful delineations of the spirit and capabilities of the people whose lives have contributed to the establishment of the various industries and institutions which belong to, and are characteristic of, the different towns and cities which make up the distinctive features of a country and which in the aggregate compose its constituency. Hence accurate general history is largely a transcript of accurate local history, and accurate local history can only be obtained by a preservation of the records of local events, and the distinctive features of different localities. To this end the work of this society should largely be directed, for there is much remaining in the realm of unwritten history relative to Lowell and its surrounding towns which ought to be carefully recorded and preserved since the field for such research covers an important part of one of the most historic counties in this Commonwealth.

The following obituary sketches of six of our members, who have recently passed away, are herewith submitted.

Mr. Levi Sprague died on August 28th, 1902, at his home on Mansur Street at the age of ninety-one years, eleven months and twelve days. He was born in Billerica. His first employment in Lowell was with the

firm of Mansur & Reed, grocers, in 1827. Shortly afterward he worked for a little while in the mills of Mr. Thomas Hurd, a woolen manufacturer. Under the guidance of Mr. Samuel Willard he learned the trade of brick mason. During 1837 and 1838 as a builder and contractor he built a large hotel in Quincy, Illinois, and the first brick block in the city of Burlington, Iowa. In 1841 he formed a partnership with Mr. Caleb Crosby, contractor, which was dissolved in 1846. Some of the most important contracts which Mr. Sprague completed were the original mills of the Lawrence corporation in this city, the Savings Bank at the corner of Middle and Shattuck Streets, one of the Prescott Mills, the first brick block and the second mill in Lawrence, Mass. From 1848 to 1852 inclusive he was elected and served as a selectman of the town of Lawrence. He afterward became principal organizer of the Pemberton Bank, and was finally chosen president of said bank, which position he held for thirty-eight years. He returned to Lowell in 1858, became identified with the Traders & Mechanics Insurance Company of this city, and in 1874 was elected its president, which position he held at the time of his decease. During his business career he had become identified with the Lowell Gas Light Company, the Lowell Water Commission, the Erie Telegraph & Telephone Company, and the Lowell General Hospital. He was a zealous member of the Old Residents' Association, and had signified his intention of transferring his membership to the Lowell Historical Society. Mr. Sprague was a most genial, affable gentleman, honored by a large circle of acquaintances and friends, and in the business world was most highly esteemed for his reliability and his strict integrity.

Mr. Joseph Swan died at his home on Andover Street, September 17, 1902, at the age of seventy-one years. He was for many years an overseer in the Massachusetts Mills, from which position he retired about fifteen years ago. He was a native of Dracut, Mass. His circle of acquaintances was not so large as that of some whose names may be mentioned, but by those who

enjoyed his friendship and could testify to his many excellent qualities, he was greatly esteemed.

Mr. Franklin Coburn died at his home, 757 Merrimack Street, at the age of eighty-five years on the 9th of November, 1902. By his decease Lowell has lost an honored and respected citizen. He was born in the old Coburn residence on Chelmsford Street, which was then a part of Chelmsford, April 3rd, 1817.

The earliest portion of his business life was passed in the grocery business at the corner of Market and Central Streets, where Tyler Block now stands. He afterward entered the employ of the well known firm of C. B. Coburn & Co., as clerk and salesman. Here in this prosperous business house, of which the late Mr. Charles B. Coburn, his elder brother, was the head, he remained for more than forty years, proving himself to be a valuable accessory in the successful career of this long established firm. He was of a retiring disposition, and never cared for public office. Yet he was a man of intelligent views relative to public affairs, and in all his intercourse with men he commanded universal respect and esteem for his personal worth. He retired from active business life a few years ago. By his death Lowell has lost one of its oldest residents and one of its reliable and most highly respected citizens.

Mr. George Hermon Chandler died at his residence, 61 Burr Street, on December 22nd, 1902, at the age of seventy-seven years and ten months. He was born in Concord, New Hampshire, February 6th, 1825. When he was seven years of age his parents settled in Lowell. During a portion of his young manhood he was employed in the machine shop and cotton mills of the Bay State Mills in Lawrence and the Androscoggin Mills of Lewiston, Maine. In 1866 he accepted the position of superintendent of the cotton department of the Merrimack Manufacturing Company of this city, which position he held for more than fifteen years. In 1881 he became the agent of the cotton department of the Millville Manufacturing Company of New Jersey. He returned

to New England in 1884 to accept a similar position with the Hamilton Woolen Company at Amesbury, Mass., which position, after three years' service, he resigned and returned to reside in Lowell where he died. He was a member of long standing of the Old Residents' Historical Association, and had also become a member of the Lowell Historical Society. He was quiet and unostentatious in demeanor, of strict integrity, faithful and successful in his vocation, honored by his business associates, and in his departure he leaves the record of an upright, conscientious man.

Mr. Otis Allen, one of the oldest and most highly respected citizens of Lowell, died at his home, 945 Middlesex Street on January 4th, 1903, at the age ninety-five years. Mr. Allen was born in Newton, September 12th, 1808. He came to Lowell about 1826, and was employed as a carpenter and builder until the August of 1831, when he formed a partnership with Mr. Owen Nichols and Mr. Samuel Horn, doing business as soap and candle makers under the firm name and style of Nichols, Horn & Co. In the following October Mr. Nichols sold out his interest to Mr. Horne, and the firm name was changed to Horn & Allen. In January, 1850, Mr. Allen entered into partnership with Mr. William Livingston in the lumber business, which continued until the death of Mr. Livingston in 1855, when he purchased his partner's interest in this business and continued the same successfully until 1865. In 1874 he commenced an extensive business of making boxes with his son, the Hon. Charles H. Allen, under the well known firm name of Otis Allen & Son. Mr. Allen was a member of the city council in 1842 and 1843, a member of the board of aldermen one year and a representative to the State legislature in 1843. He was a man of strong individuality, of unblemished character and was the recipient of the esteem and confidence of the community as a business man and as a citizen. He was a widower, having buried his wife some seven or eight years ago. He leaves two sons prominent in local and national affairs, Thomas O. Allen, Esq., and the Hon. Charles H. Allen.

Mr. James S. Russell died January 14, 1903, at his residence on Nesmith Street, at the advanced age of ninety-six years. He came to Lowell as a teacher of mathematics in the High School in the spring of 1835, just after graduation at Brown University, Providence, R. I. He resigned this position in 1839 to accept the principalship of the High School in Worcester. He remained here however only about 6 months, and after a short experience as teacher in the State Normal School at Barre he returned to his former position in the Lowell High School, where he remained until 1879, making with the exception of about one year a period of forty-four years of continuous service in that institution. Mr. Russell was one of the oldest and most widely known of our citizens. His long experience as an instructor in his favorite study made his name familiar in nearly every household in the city during his period of service. He was a man of marked individuality, generous impulse, quick perceptive power, remarkable vitality, and strong, active mental faculties. The favorite study of mathematics of his manhood's prime became his solace and recreation in his declining years. He was a prominent member of St. Anne's church. He will long be remembered by Lowell people as a faithful and enthusiastic teacher, a man of unimpeachable character, and an honorable, highly esteemed citizen.

Thus are we again reminded how rapidly the Angel of Death is breaking the ties of friendship and esteem. We know not what a day may bring forth. It only remains for us to act faithfully and live hopefully, to the end that when the summons shall call us away we may each leave behind the record of conscientious service performed with a realizing sense of the ever watchful presence of Him "who doeth all things well."

MIDDLESEX COUNTY, ANCIENT AND MODERN: WITH BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE MEN WHO HAVE SERVED AS COUNTY COMMISSIONERS FROM LOWELL AND ADJACENT TOWNS.

BY HON. LEVI S. GOULD, OF MELROSE, CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS. READ FEBRUARY 27, 1903.*

Impressed upon the broad seal of the County of Middlesex is the following legend: Incorporated A. D. 1630. How or when this historical inaccuracy occurred it is impossible to ascertain. The records show that Middlesex-shire, Essex-shire, Suffolk-shire and Norfolk-shire were legally incorporated May 10th, 1643, the latter county not being the present Norfolk, but a county including the towns of Salisbury and Haverhill in Massachusetts, and Hampton, Exeter, Dover and Strawberry Bank, now Portsmouth, in the province of New Hampshire. It is very likely, however, that the date of 1630 is intended to conform to the arrival of John Winthrop who brought the new charter fixing the limits of what many are pleased to term as the original territory of Middlesex County, being from three miles south of the Charles river to three miles north of the Merrimack; with a limitless boundary westward to the sea, in other words stretching for an equal width, from the Atlantic to the Pacific! As it exists today, what an empire has been developed within those original lines, rivalling the wealth of the Indies! That Charter covered the present locations of Troy, Albany, Buffalo, Dunkirk, Detroit, Kalamazoo, Chicago, Dubuque, Sioux City, Fort Laramie and many other important cities; it would take a strip out of the states of New York, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Wyoming, Idaho and Oregon; it would graze the border lines of Utah, Nevada and California and through a claim to most of the waters of Lakes Erie and Saint Clair had the power to control the mighty commerce of the Great Lakes!

* The above article which was originally prepared for the Lowell Historical Society, has since been published in more complete form by the County under the title "Ancient Middlesex." See Acts and Resolves of Mass. 1904, Chapter 238.

It was in 1614, six years before the landing of the pilgrims, that Captain John Smith on a voyage of discovery sailed into "the opening betwixt Cape Cod and Cape Ann," now Boston Harbor, but at that time known only by the Indian names of "Shawmut and Mishawum," the latter referring to the present location of Charlestown. On Smith's return to England, he described the country in glowing terms to the Prince of Wales, later on the ill fated monarch Charles First, who gave the name of "Charles" river to its principal stream. In 1622, a Royal Patent which included Mishawum and Shawmut was issued to Robert Georges, but it is not apparent that any settlements under it were effected north of the Charles in the territory later known as Middlesex County.

The Charter of the corporation known as "The Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England" under the provisions of which it became possible to settle the territory known as Middlesex County, was originally granted to John Endecot and others in the month of March 1628, subsequently its powers were enlarged and others granted shares therein, among them being John Winthrop who came over as Chief Governor in the "Arbela" arriving in Salem June 12th, 1630; Endicott's position being that of local Governor. The officers sanctioned by the charter were a "Governor, Deputy Governor, eighteen Assistants," (a Treasurer, Secretary of the General Court, Major General, Admiral at Sea and Commissioners of the United Colonies) to be chosen by the Freemen at a General Court to be holden on the last Wednesday in Easter. The Freemen (or legal voters) were only such as were members in good standing of a church, so that heretics or irreligious persons were absolutely excluded from all participation in any affairs of government. The territory conveyed in the words of the Charter was: "That part of New England between Merrimack river and Charles river in the bottom of Massachusetts Bay and Three miles to the south of every part of Charles river and of the southernmost part of said bay and

Three miles to the North of every part of said Merrimack river and in length within the breadth aforesaid from the Atlantic ocean to the South sea" etc. The first "Court of Assistants" was holden on board the Governor's ship "Arbela" in Charlestown Harbor, August 23d, 1630, and the first General Court was convened at Boston, October 19th of the same year. The General Court was to consist of the "Governor, the Assistants and all the Freemen of the Colony" and was to assemble "four times a year," when necessary, officers were chosen and laws and ordinances enacted. Besides "ordering and dispatching such business as should from time to time happen touching said company or plantation," the General Court was charged with "settling the forms and ceremonies of government and magistracy;" the "imposition of lawful fines, mulcts, imprisonment or other lawful correction" etc., partaking of a Judicial character. As may be seen this charter contains all the essential elements of pure democracy, and it was granted by Charles 1st, that ill fated Monarch who lost his head to the Puritanical sentiment of the mother country, which proclaimed him as a "tyrant, a murderer, and a traitor to his country;" nevertheless, to use his own words, this charter was granted "so that the inhabitants may be so religiously, peaceably and civilly governed as their good life and orderly conversation may win, and invite the natives of the country to the knowledge and obedience of the only true God and Savior of mankind." As the General Court was composed of all the Freemen in the colony, and the officers were annually elected by "show of hands," it was to all intents and purposes a town meeting presided over by the Governor. In the course of time the inevitable happened (just as it has in later days by the transition of towns into cities) as the population had increased by immigration and plantations had pushed out into the wilderness to such a distance from the common meeting place, that it finally became not only inconvenient, but at times positively dangerous to attend the stated conclave of the court. In this dilemma, constantly increasing, the Freemen

got together in their scattered communities and chose delegates from among themselves, clothing them with the power to do all things which they themselves might do if personally present, except the right to elect "The Governor, Deputy Governor, Assistants, Treasurer, Secretary of the General Court, Major General, Admiral at Sea and Commissioners of the United Colonies," which right, except in the matter of obsolete officials, has been handed down to the present generation. The first meeting of Delegates assembled in General Court on the 14th day of May, 1634, and they represented the towns of Newtown (now Cambridge) Watertown, Charlestown, Boston, Roxbury, Dorchester and Saugus which included Lynn and Salem apparently. As Virginia is accredited with the adoption of a similar method in 1620, it seems to be certain that the above was the second body, composed of a direct and equal representation of all the people, which ever assembled for the purposes of legislation. During a period of two hundred and sixty-nine years, through the entanglement of all forms of political intrigues and alliances, with the mutability of religious and social problems to contend with, the basic principle of equal representation embodied in that gathering has never been abandoned, neither have the people seriously considered such a proposition. In all the preliminaries attending the establishing of a permanent form of government by Gov. John John Winthrop, the arena was principally in Middlesex County, and the actors therein were largely her citizens.

The actual settlement of Charlestown, which formed the nucleus of Middlesex County, must be ascribed to Ralph, Richard and William Sprague, three young gentlemen of wealth and refinement who left "old England" as sailing companions of John Endicott, the intrepid, on his memorable voyage to Salem in 1628. By permission of Endicott, these three brothers started out on foot and penetrated the wilderness. They came to the junction of two rivers where they found an indian fishing village called Mishawum, now Charlestown, and it was they who, by consent

of the aboriginies, established at this point what may be justly assumed to be the original settlement of Middlesex County, in 1628-1629. Of the heroic band who followed them there, more than one hundred succumbed to the privations of the winter of 1629, and the remainder, sick and discouraged, must have perished except for the timely arrival of Gov. John Winthrop in 1630. During that year, seventeen ships arrived, bringing fifteen hundred people, but they in turn were so illy prepared to withstand the rigors of the New England climate through lack of food, medicines and shelter that more than two hundred died before winter had really set in, and many others thereafter.

The hardships and privations which fell to the lot of the colonists were of the severest character. Gentle women, accustomed to the comforts of an English home, came with their husbands and were obliged to endure the rigors of the seasons in hastily constructed log houses, "the interstices of which were rudely filled with mud or clay," utterly inadequate to afford protection from the biting blasts of winter, and but scantily furnished with the commonest necessities of domestic life. Surrounded by dreary wastes of fen and marsh, with dense forests stretching into the interior far beyond the knowledge of man, inhabited by hostile indians, with myriads of hungry wolves, and other savage beasts prowling about, they must have lived in constant dread and peril; but this was not all; famine stared them in the face as their crops were almost a failure during the first two years, and they were obliged to subsist principally on shell-fish, muscles, clams, lobsters and the like for meat, and on ground-nuts and acorns as substitutes for bread. Little wonder then that the ranks of this devoted band faded away through fever and the many climatic ills which afflict us to this day, even in the possession of all the comforts of the civilization of the twentieth century. One witness and participator in their sufferings wrote;—"Almost in every family, lamentation, mourning and woe were heard and no fresh food to cherish them." Another witness said;—"Many

• died weekly, yea almost daily." Amid all these trials and tribulations their heroic spirits were not broken, but only cast down, and they looked forward with abiding faith in the God of their salvation, for that Heavenly benediction which finally came as the harvest of their sufferings. The heroic struggles of these devoted pioneers were reflected a century and a half later upon the historic fields of ancient Middlesex where their descendants, fired by the same self-sacrificing spirit of loyalty to God and their hearthstones, completed the fabric of political and religious freedom which their forefathers under the special sanction of the King of England had unwittingly founded in 1629 and 1630.

Among other things of interest in connection with the court records of Ancient Middlesex it is recorded in 1640 that Charlestown possessed "a Water-Mill near Spot Pond."

The County Court held in "Charles-Towne," June 9, 1656, Mr. Bellingham, Deputy Governor and Captain David Gookin, Majors Willard and Appleton sitting as Assistants, entered up the following judgment in the first divorce proceedings commenced in the courts of Middlesex:

"Wm. Clemence craving a divorce from his wife; do judge it not meet to grant them a divorce at present but do order that they both owne each other according to their marriage covenant, and that upon complaint made such party as shall be found faulty in refusing so to do shall be severally punished."

December 27, 1659 the court fixed the County Recorder's salary at £6., 13., 4d. for the year!

April 2, 1661 the Keeper of the County Prison was allowed £5 per annum!

April 3, 1660, "In presence of the court" one Thomas Browneing a Burglar was branded in the forehead with a letter B.

June, 1657, the Court passed an order directing the "committee on erection of Misticke Bridge" to "impress any carpenters or sawyers for a fortnights labor or less." This must have been identical in location with the bridge now existing at Med-

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ford square over which the travel of northeastern Middlesex and most of Essex and the province of Maine passed in colonial times.

Middlesex County, since the days of the Spragues, of Winthrop, and other pioneers of the Western wilderness, has become a mighty power in this Commonwealth. The dawn of the twentieth century casts its refulgent splendor upon more than five hundred and sixty-five thousand souls, scattered over an area of eight hundred square miles within its forty-three towns and eleven cities; a population nearly equalling that of the County of Suffolk, its only rival within this Commonwealth; greater than that of any city save New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Saint Louis, and outstripping the recent census of twenty-two of the States and territories of our Union! The waters of its four principal rivers; the Charles, Concord, Nashua and Merrimack, from their sources to the sea, drive more spindles than all others in America, and it may be than those of any four rivers in the world. Her first court house was burned in Cambridge in 1671. History gives no intimation as to the erection of this building, but as early as March 3d, 1635, Cambridge was designated as one of the four towns in Massachusetts colony where courts should be held: Ipswich, Salem, and Boston being the others. Concord was a Shire town from 1692 until 1867, a period of one hundred and seventy-five years, and Lowell has been thus honored since 1836. During a brief period the courts were also held in Groton. Her population is increasing with greater rapidity than any other county, two of her municipalities, Everett and Melrose (now a city), showing the largest gains in the Commonwealth by the last state census, and she has within her borders one third of all the cities of the Commonwealth.

All the glamour and all the weird and fancied charms of the dim and distant past are with us as we speculate upon the profound mysteries locked up within the relics of that amphitheatre on the banks of the Charles where the hardy Norsemen are said to have builded a city and worshipped their Deities almost a

thousand years ago; or as we conjure up the illustrious names and the glorious records of those pioneers of American civilization who with their descendants in many generations have adorned the bench, pleaded at the bar, or left the stamp of character upon the institutions of this grand old county of ours: Thomas Dudley, Simon Bradstreet, Peter Bulkely, Increase Nowell, Simon Willard of the long ago, and Edward Everett, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry D. Thoreau, James Russell Lowell, Henry W. Longfellow, all natives or residents of Middlesex County with scores of others living and dead, whose brilliant thoughts in later years have enriched the literature and ennobled the art of the Anglo Saxon race.

A brief review of the life work of a few of the citizens of Middlesex who have been foremost in public service, or in the development of science, literature and art, is pleasant and profitable.

Of Rev. John Harvard whose name is as common as a household word yet of whom little is known save that he was born near London, educated at Cambridge and became a Puritan minister, but does not appear to have had a settlement. He was possessed of a modest inheritance and came to this country accompanied by his wife in 1637. He was a young man of not more than twenty-eight or thirty years, and in delicate health. Shortly after his arrival, he united with the First Church in Charlestown and died of consumption the following year, September 14th, 1638, leaving one half his wordly estate viz: £779, and a library of three hundred volumes to a school which the General Court had previously agreed to establish and endow with the sum of £400. This "school or college" was ordered by the Court on November 15th, 1637, to be established at Newtown. With the money, of which it is doubtful if the college received more than one half, and the library thus donated, buildings were erected and furnished, and a career initiated which, in the Providence of Almighty God, has advanced this humble "school or college" to the

front rank of educational institutions in America. In grateful remembrance of its benefactor, the name of "Harvard" was attached to the infant institution and that of "Cambridge" to the little hamlet of Newtown in token of the famous English university from which he graduated. In the Phipps Street burial ground at Charlestown, an interesting relic of Colonial days, the curious may view a modest monument, upon which is inscribed the name of this foremost American benefactor of science, literature, and the arts. Many have, and others may excel the sum of his dowry, but none can ever approach the mighty influence which has resulted from that timely, though humble contribution to the majesty of education and the dignity of human attainments.

Of Loammi Baldwin, third in descent from Henry Baldwin, a subscriber to the "Town Orders" for Woburn in 1640. He was born in North Woburn, January 10, 1744. From an enlisted man in 1775, he was rapidly promoted to the Colonelcy of the 26th Massachusetts Regiment, in the command of which he participated in the re-crossing of the Delaware and in the Battle of Trenton. He was in 1780 the first Sheriff of Middlesex County after the adoption of the constitution, and it was while he held this office that his duties called him to an obscure section of the little town of Wilmington, where his attention was attracted by an extraordinary gathering of woodpeckers upon an apple tree which stood by itself in an open field. On investigation, he discovered that the fruit of the tree was of an excellent but unknown variety. Gathering scions he not only grafted them upon his own trees, but scattered them broad-cast throughout the County of Middlesex. In this way was brought to public notice the "Baldwin" apple, unsurpassed in hardihood and productiveness, which has added millions to the farmers' revenue throughout the north, and after the expiration of a century of cultivation stands without a peer as a winter fruit. The original tree was destroyed by a severe gale in 1815. It was a chance production without the intervention of man, and may be claimed as indigenous to the

soil of ancient Middlesex and a veritable boon to the science of pomology.

Colonel Baldwin is also noted as a promoter and one of the principal constructors of the famous Middlesex canal (the first in America) which connected the Merrimack with the Charles. It was commenced in 1794, and completed in 1803.

He was the friend, companion and schoolmate of Benjamin Thompson, Count of Rumford; and was honored with a degree by Harvard. The Baldwin ancestral mansion is now standing, and is pronounced one of the finest examples of colonial architecture in New England. Colonel Baldwin was the father of Loammi Baldwin, Jr., a graduate of Harvard, class of 1800, in which was Washington Allston, the artist (a bosom friend) and Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw. He essayed the profession of Law, but while studying with Hon. Timothy Bigelow at Groton, was confronted with a new light which changed his whole course in life and gave to his country the services of one who has been proclaimed by competent authority as the "Father of Civil Engineering in America." The incident at Groton was as follows: A disastrous fire having occurred in the village which might have been prevented by suitable fire appliances, the young student went to work and constructed with his own hands in 1802 a fire engine, which Dr. Samuel A. Green the eminent historian of Groton assures us was in perfect working order and could throw a stream over any building in town eighty-seven years after its construction, and it is in active commission today after the expiration of one hundred and one years of service.

Relinquishing the study of law he devoted himself to mechanics and engineering. Two noted memorials to his skill in construction have stood the test of time, viz: the dry docks at the Navy Yards in Charlestown and Norfolk, both of which are unexcelled to this day. When consulted regarding the former, he was in doubt and said to the Secretary of the Treasury.. "What if I should fail?" "Then we will hang you" was the laconic reply.

With Prof. George Ticknor, Dr. Jacob Bigelow, Samuel Swett and Washington Allston, he served upon a committee of which he was chairman, and reported to the monument association on July 1, 1825, a specific plan for the building of an obelisk on Bunker Hill, which plan was adopted and the shaft erected. He was Treasurer of the town of Cambridge in 1816, Councillor in 1835, and Presidential Elector in 1836, casting his vote for Daniel Webster. He died in Charlestown, June 30, 1838, aged fifty-eight.

Elias Howe, who established his claim as inventor of the sewing machine, worked at one time in Lowell, and in company with an inventive genius named Wackenfeldt, who was employed by the Merrimack corporation, perfected some of the important features of his machine out of which he finally received in royalties not less than two million dollars while his former assistant remained and died in humble circumstances.

Charles Goodyear, noted the world over as a pioneer in the modern process of treating india rubber, lived in Woburn while experimenting with the vulcanizing compound. Meeting with repeated failure he became so poor that he had no money which which to decently bury a dead child, the corpse being carted to the grave in a job-wagon. Both he and his family would have starved had not a kind hearted neighbor relieved his urgent necessities with a loan of \$3.00, when all others denounced and passed him by as a vain and delusive dreamer. His experiments were conducted in the old silk mill at East Woburn and success finally came as the result of an accidental placing of a lump of his composition upon a hot stove by which it was vulcanized, thus revealing the proper treatment.

Alvan Clark as early as 1826 was working ten hours a day for \$9.00 a week as an engraver in a mill at East Chelmsford, now Lowell. His marriage, from which a son was born in Lowell, was the first one recorded in that town. After concluding his contract, he painted portraits and miniatures until 1844, when

in company with his son who had obtained some experience at Andover, he commenced the manufacture of telescopes in Cambridge where they produced some of the most famous and powerful astronomical instruments of their day rivalling the work of lense grinders in all ages.

James Abbott McNeill Whistler, late of London, the super-eminent artist, was a son of Middlesex, born in Lowell in 1834, and christened in "Old Saint Annes" church, as recorded on its baptismal register, November 9, 1834. His father was Major George Washington Whistler, a graduate of West Point, who resigned from the service, and went to Lowell in 1834, entering into the employ of the Locks and Canals Company as chief engineer in charge of their extensive works for the construction of locomotives and machinery for railroads and mills. While there he constructed for the Boston & Lowell railroad several engines fashioned after the one they had imported from London, which was built by Robert Stephenson, the first man in the world to successfully demonstrate the use of locomotives. Mr. Whistler was afterwards employed in various sections of the United States in great public and private enterprises, among them being the Western railroad from Springfield to Albany. In 1842 he was called to Russia by the Czar to build, as engineer in charge, the first railroad of importance in that empire. It connected St. Petersburg with Moscow. In the former city he was attacked with cholera during a severe epidemic, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. He died April 9, 1849, sincerely lamented, having successfully performed the great work with which he had been intrusted. His remains were sent to America and first buried in Boston, but finally removed to Stonington, Connecticut. He was one of the most distinguished engineers which this country has ever produced. His son, James Abbott McNeill, was also educated at West Point, or, at least, spent three years there, having been discharged June 16, 1854, "for deficiency in chemistry," but standing at the head of his class in drawing.

He drifted finally to Paris, following his artistic tastes, where he studied for a time under an eminent teacher, and was well known in the Latin quarter. In 1863, at the age of twenty-nine, he settled in London, remaining there during the balance of his career, devoting with tireless energy his remarkable talents in the development of original and striking conceptions in the realm of art. The products of his brush have been scattered far and wide, provoking interesting discussion among skilful and critical connoisseurs in many lands, while his etchings, if we are to accept the extravagant tributes of enthusiastic admirers, are unsurpassed even by the great masters. In his chosen profession he was undoubtedly a genius of magnitude, and it is possible that history may crown him as first of his period. It is a matter of historic interest to know that Major John Whistler, the grandfather of this erratic genius, was an Englishman who came to America in the British army, serving under Burgoyne at Saratoga, where he was captured. After being honorably discharged in England, he returned to America and settled for a time in Maryland. He afterwards enlisted in the army of the United States, and was severely wounded in an engagement with the Indians. He was promoted to captain and finally became a major by brevet. He died in the service of his adopted country, with a record of able and faithful duty courageously performed.

Lowell, April 18, 1904.

My Dear Sir: I am not able to give you the date of the birth of Mr. Whistler; but he was baptized in St. Anne's Church on November 9, 1834 (being the son of George Washington and Anna Matilda), by the late Rev. Dr. Edson, then the rector.

I think Mrs. J. B. Francis, 68 Mansur street, Lowell, can give you the birth date. My parish register does not.

Very truly yours,

A. ST. JOHN CHAMBRÉ, *Rector.*

Mr. Levi S. Gould, Melrose.

Lowell, April 20, 1904.

Mr. Gould:—

Dear Sir: Your letter is just received, asking of James Whistler.

Mr. Whistler came to Lowell in 1834, and Mr. Francis, my husband, came with him then. I do not know of the birthday of James Whistler, but he was born on Worthen Street, about the fifteenth of July, after the family came to Lowell. This is the best I can do for you.

Yours sincerely,

S. W. FRANCIS

The "Whistler" house was the home of Mrs. Francis for twenty-five years.

Mr. Levi S. Gould, 280 Main street, Melrose, Mass.:—

May 16, 1904.

My Dear Sir: In reply to your letter of the thirteenth inst. inquiring about the date and place of birth of James Abbott McNeill Whistler, I beg to say that the records of the Military Academy show that he entered here on July 1, 1851, under the name of James A. (Abbott) Whistler: aged at that time, sixteen years and eleven months. He was appointed at large, and his place of residence was in Pomfret, Windham county, Connecticut. At the end of his second year's course, in 1853, he was absent with leave, on account of ill health. On June 16, 1854, he was discharged from the academy for deficiency in chemistry. At that time he stood at the head of his class in drawing and No. 39 in philosophy, the total number in the class being forty-two. He recorded his place of birth as Massachusetts.

Very respectfully,

F. W. COE,

Captain, Artillery Corps, Adjutant.

The foregoing correspondence should settle the debated question as to the native place of the artist.

As we consider the greatness and power of the Middlesex of today, may we never fail to do homage to the memory of those brave men and heroic women who came across the stormy seas and commenced that first settlement at the junction of the Charles and Mystic, and who finally, through their descendants, wrested a howling wilderness from wild beasts and savage foes, and planting the church and schoolhouse side by side, reared a yeomanry so imbued with Christian courage, and so seasoned with unselfish, intelligent patriotism, as to make the glorious record of Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill, but natural incidents leading up

to the surrender of Yorktown, and the independence of this republic. Hastily summoned by the warning voice of that peerless horseman in the cause of liberty, Paul Revere, men of Middlesex shed the first blood of the Revolution, offering their lives as willing sacrifices upon the altar of their country; an act destined in the Providence of Almighty God, to awake earth's slumbering millions and shake the firmament with their battle cries of freedom.

"By the rude bridge which arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here first the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

Foremost in the fierce and relentless wars of the Colonial period; first in the opening scenes of the Revolution; first on the field with her gallant Sixth at the dawn of the great Rebellion; equipped again and sleeping on their arms, they were ready for the first signal of the Spanish war; there her record stands in the teeming history of the past, pre-eminent in defence of the liberties of man and in all the duties of citizenship, as well as in commerce, in manufactures and in all the higher avenues of peace. Within her borders are the classic shades of Harvard, and the philosopher's retreat at Concord. Along her northern boundaries, skirting the limits of the granite hills of New Hampshire, her farmhouses nestle under the shadows of grand, silent and majestic Monadnock, while her eastern shores are gently bathed by the tides of the sea or lashed into foam by the billows of the Atlantic. On the banks of the Mystic within the present confines of Somerville, and near the mansion of Gov. John Winthrop, was constructed and given to the waters of Massachusetts Bay, the second vessel launched in America, the first having been built in Topham in 1607, and it was her forest resounding to the axe of the sturdy yeoman, which yielded the gnarled and twisted oak, hewn and fashioned in her shipyards, into a thousand sail, which in the arts of peace have parted the waves of

every sea under the sun, and in the smoke of conflict have carried the stars and stripes to glorious victory, or to honorable defeat. It is the priceless record of this peerless county, that in every crisis of the nation's history, men of Middlesex have sprung to arms and freely shed their blood to defend that legacy of liberty bequeathed by those who fell at Lexington and Concord, or to extend its protecting aegis to souls bowed down in lands beyond the seas.

It is also an inspiration in patriotism to know that the white oak timber from which was constructed the ribs and keel of "Old Ironsides" the "Eagle of the Sea," which never lowered her "tattered ensign" to any foe, was cut from the farm of Capt. Unite Cox in North Malden, now the City of Melrose, and by him hauled with great teams of oxen to the ship-yard at Constitution wharf in Boston. Capt. Cox was a minute man who marched at the Lexington alarm and rendered other valuable service during the revolution. He married Hannah Sprague, a lineal descendant of Ralph, one of the three brothers who settled the territory of Middlesex County and the forest from which this timber came was identical with the land mentioned in the "Book of Possessions," the first record of real property in America, as belonging to him in 1638 at "Pond Fielde." Thus the framework of this noble and historic ship was preserved and guarded by the best blood of ancient Middlesex and finally applied to a providential career of heroic service.

By the infinite wisdom of Almighty God, such men as the Spragues, Winthrop, Dudley, Danforth, Gookin, Greene, and others of their company were directed to these rugged and inhospitable shores to erect in Ancient Middlesex, through the utmost extremity of faith and of long suffering, a Commonwealth, wherein the life that led to rigid purity in thought and action was the essential element. Should we wonder then that they adopted as the groundwork of civil policy, that, "none should be admitted to the freedom of the body politick but such as were

church members?" This declaration, in the light of the twentieth century, is freely denounced as narrow minded and bigoted. Let us remember, however, that they were a deeply religious, quaint and peculiar people, austere and inflexible in many ways, as shown in the severity which characterized their punishment of crime, it being a matter of history that on the 18th day of September, 1755, by order of the authorities, a woman was burned at the stake, in public, on the Town Common in Cambridge in punishment of an atrocious crime, while her paramour was gibbeted within a few yards of the wretched creature. Revolting though it may be to our sense of justice and humanity, the Quakers, a century previous through impudent speech and uncouth behavior, invited such punishment as they received, some of their women even glorying in the shame of the lash as they were whipped naked from town to town, through Cambridge and Dedham to the confines of the Commonwealth. Notwithstanding all this, they were neither visionary nor fanatical, but law-abiding, logical, courageous, honest and faithful. The harshness of their methods in the administration of corporal punishment they justified under the Mosaic law wherein "the way of the transgressor is hard." As time moves on, the sublime work of these pious and undaunted souls shines forth in ever increasing luster, while the name of "Puritan," originally applied to dissenters from the established church as a term of scornful derision, is eagerly adopted by such as can trace their lineage back to the early fathers, as the proudest symbol which can emblazon the family escutcheon. Those only deserve to be remembered by posterity who treasure up the history of their ancestors.

Under the Act of March 4, 1826, the Governor appointed five persons as "Commissioners of Highways" for the term of five years, viz.: Caleb Butler, of Groton, Chairman; Augustus Tower, of Stow; Abner Wheeler, of Framingham; Benjamin F. Varnum, of Dracut (resigned in 1831 to accept the office of Sheriff); David Townsend, of Waltham.

On the twenty-sixth of February, 1828, this act was changed to four persons, to be appointed by the Governor as "County Commissioners." This law continued until April 8, 1835, when it was changed so as to elect three commissioners and two specials. March 11, 1854, the present law was passed to elect one commissioner each year, to serve three years. Under these various acts, covering a period of seventy-nine years, the following twenty-six gentlemen have served as commissioners, viz.:—

*Hon. Caleb Butler, Groton, 1826 to 1841.

Hon. Augustus Tower, Stow, 1826 to 1835.

Hon. Abner Wheeler, Framingham, 1826 to 1828, and from 1831 to 1841.

Hon. Benjamin F. Varnum, Dracut, 1826 to 1831. Resigned in 1831.

Hon. David Townsend, Waltham, 1826 to 1837. Died in office.

Hon. Timothy Fletcher, Charlestown, 1837 to 1846. Resigned.

Hon. Leonard M. Parker, Shirley, 1841 to 1844.

Hon. Seth Davis, Newton, 1841 to 1844.

Hon. Josiah Adams, Framingham, 1844 to 1850.

Hon. Josiah B. French, Lowell, 1844 to 1847.

Hon. Ebenezer Barker, Charlestown, 1846 to 1853.

Hon. Joshua Swan, Lowell, 1847 to 1850.

Hon. Daniel S. Richardson, Lowell, 1850 to 1856.

Hon. Leonard Huntress, Tewksbury, 1850 to 1876.

Hon. John K. Going, Shirley, 1853 to 1860.

Hon. Paul H. Sweetser, South Reading, 1856 to 1862.

Hon. Edward J. Collins, Newton, 1860 to 1872.

Hon. Joseph H. Waitt, Malden, 1862 to 1874.

Hon. Harrison Harwood, Natick, 1872 to 1882. Died in office.

Hon. Daniel G. Walton, Wakefield, 1874 to 1886.

Hon. J. Henry Read, Westford, 1876 to 1897.

Hon. William S. Frost, Marlboro, 1882 to 1893.

* Commissioners of Highways from 1826 to 1828.

Hon. Alphonso M. Lunt, Cambridge, 1886 to 1889.

Hon. Samuel O. Upham, Waltham, 1889 to date.

Hon. Francis Bigelow, Natick, 1893 to date.

Hon. Levi S. Gould, Melrose, 1897 to date. **1796602**

CHAIRMEN AND TIME OF SERVICE

Hon. Caleb Butler, 1826 to 1841, fifteen years.

Hon. Leonard M. Parker, September, 1841, to September, 1844, three years.

Hon. Josiah Adams, September, 1844, to September, 1850, six years.

Hon. Daniel S. Richardson, September, 1850, to September, 1853, and January, 1855, to January, 1856, four years.

Hon. Leonard Huntress, September, 1853, to January, 1855, January, 1856, to January, 1860, and January 1862, to January, 1876, twenty years.

Hon. Paul H. Sweetser, 1860 and 1861, two years.

Hon. Harrison Harwood, January, 1876, to August 27, 1882, six years. Deceased.

Hon. Daniel G. Walton, September, 1882, to January, 1886, four years.

Hon. J. Henry Read, January, 1886, to January, 1897, eleven years.

Hon. Levi S. Gould, January, 1897, to date.

The first meeting of the "Commissioners of Highways of Middlesex County" appears to have been holden at "Samuel Kendall's" tavern in Cambridge, August 1, 1826, to consider a petition for a new highway from "Alewife brook in Cambridge to the bridge over Miller's river in Charlestown."

The first meeting of the "Board of County Commissioners," as constituted under the Act of February 26, 1828, was held at Concord on the second Tuesday, being the thirteenth day of May, 1828, with Hon. Caleb Butler as Chairman. Augustus Tower, Benjamin F. Varnum, and David Townsend, being the remainder of the board, were also in attendance.

SUMMARY

The following summary is based on the report of the Committee on the Study of the History of the United States, which was organized in 1907 by the American Historical Association. The committee's purpose was to investigate the state of historical knowledge in the United States and to recommend ways to improve it. The report, published in 1915, is a landmark document in the history of the profession. It identifies the strengths and weaknesses of historical scholarship in the United States and proposes a series of reforms to address these issues. The reforms include the establishment of a national history curriculum, the creation of a national history association, and the implementation of various measures to improve the quality of historical education and research. The report also discusses the importance of historical knowledge in the United States and the role of the historical profession in society. The committee's findings and recommendations have had a profound impact on the history profession in the United States and have shaped the way history is taught and researched in the country ever since.

HON. CALEB BUTLER,

CHAIRMAN 1826 TO 1841, INCLUSIVE.

Son of Caleb and Rebekah (Frost) Butler. Born in Pelham, New Hampshire, September 13, 1776, and died in Groton, Massachusetts, October 7, 1854, aged seventy-eight. The early struggles of Mr. Butler, and the success which crowned an honorable career, are an object lesson to the youth of New England. It should encourage them to persistent effort in the attainment of useful knowledge against apparently insurmountable obstacles. According to the custom of pious families in those days, his parents directed his youthful mind to the study of the Scriptures. In their lofty teachings his faith was firmly grounded, and from their minutest precepts he never knowingly deviated. In after life, a Greek Testament was a constant companion for familiar reference, and on the day of his death it was found lying by his side, with the book-mark placed at the last chapter of Revelations. His early schooling was to be obtained only by travelling a long distance from the farm, at such times as he could be spared from pressing duties at home, and was necessarily intermittent. His father was a hard-working farmer in quite moderate circumstances, who needed the help of his boy, and was unable to furnish financial aid to satisfy his constant thirst for knowledge. His only preparation for college consisted in attending the Academy of Daniel Hardy in Pelham less than a year. This was in 1794, when eighteen years of age. By working hard, and teaching some, all the while studying Greek and Latin, he finally accumulated sufficient funds to enter Dartmouth, from which he graduated in 1800, delivering the salutatory oration in Latin, which was the highest honor conferred by the faculty at that time. In his Junior year he joined the college society of "Social Friends," and wrote a drama in three acts, entitled "Triumph of Infidelity Over Superstition." It was successfully performed August 26, 1799, by members of the society, Mr. Butler assuming

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the role of the Cardinal. Remaining in Hanover a year as tutor of an Indian school attached to the college, he was next employed by Isaiah Thomas, of Worcester, to correct the proofs of a Greek grammar he was publishing. He was appointed preceptor of Groton, now Lawrence, Academy in 1802. This position was congenial to his tastes and talent, and he soon advanced to the highest rank among the instructors of his period, serving until 1815, when he abandoned the profession of teaching and studied law with Hon. Luther Lawrence, of Groton. He had no desire for court practice, but confined his legal employment principally to office work. He also became famous as a surveyor, and was relied upon in all difficult problems in those lines. His familiarity with the highways of Middlesex, upon the construction and improvement of which he was an authority, undoubtedly contributed to his selection by the Governor, in 1826, as Chairman of the first Board of Highway Commissioners of this county.

He was much interested in the Masonic fraternity, and upheld the faith during the dark days of the anti-Masonic crusade. He held the position of W. M. of Saint Paul's Lodge, Groton, in 1807, and was at one time High Priest of St. John's R. A. Chapter. He delivered many Masonic orations from 1811 to 1816, and was present with the fraternity when Lafayette laid the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument with Masonic ceremonies June 17, 1825, and also at its completion, June 17, 1843. He was Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, A. F. and A. M., in 1841-1842, having previously served as Senior Grand Warden in 1818-1819, and as Deputy Grand Master from 1824 to 1826. A lodge in Ayer bears his name. One of his favorite studies was astronomy, and it was his delight on pleasant evenings to point out to those interested the wonders of the starry heavens. He also became quite an authority in forecasting the seasons, especially the weather during haying, and was consulted by the farmers of his section with wondering faith in his predictions.

He wrote a fine history of the town of Groton. It is a standard work, the preface to which is scholarly and instructive. In politics he was first a Federalist, but afterwards a Whig. He was Town Clerk of Groton, 1815 to 1817, and from 1823 to 1831; Trustee of Lawrence Academy from 1807 to 1836; elected to the Legislature in 1829, but declined to serve; Postmaster for twenty years; Chairman of the Selectmen; appointed by the Governor as Chairman of the first Board of County Commissioners.* He was widely known and respected for his sterling integrity, moral independence, courage, simplicity and modesty. He was famous, also, as a critical scholar, and for the energy and wealth of his intellect. It has been truly said of him that if his ambition had equalled his modesty, he would have become eminent. His mental qualities were not clouded at the approach of age, but remained bright and clear to the last. He delighted in literature and the classics as of old, and during his last years read the works of Virgil and Horace in the original. One of the most interesting events of his long and honorable career occurred at the jubilee of Lawrence Academy July 12, 1854, a few weeks before his death. At this celebration there was assembled a notable gathering. Among others of his pupils who were present were Hon. Abbott Lawrence, formerly Ambassador to England, Hon. Amos Kendall, formerly Postmaster-General, Hon. Joel Parker, LL. D., Rev. Andrew Bigelow, D. D., Rev. James Walker, D. D., President of Harvard College, and Hon. John P. Bigelow. Hon. Abbott Lawrence, in a beautiful tribute, said: "He was my only preceptor, and I thank God that he is able to be with us today at the age of seventy-eight. A sweet aroma hangs about his

*The venerable ex-Governor George S. Boutwell, a contemporary, in his recently-published "Sixty Years of Public Life," says that the politics of Mr. Butler, being a Whig, caused him to lose both the office of "Postmaster and that of County Commissioner." It is related of the latter that when the news came that his fellow-townsmen, Mr. Boutwell (a Democrat), was elected Governor in 1851 as a "fusionist," he exclaimed, "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!" Political animosities were strong in those days.

name, in his love of truth and justice, in his integrity of character in all relations of life, which I doubt not will endure long after he and all of us shall have passed away."

Such was the character and such the abilities of the first Chairman of the County Commissioners of Middlesex County. In intellectual attainments, it is no disparagement to others to say that his equal has never yet appeared upon the board.

HON. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN VARNUM,

RESIGNED IN 1831 TO ACCEPT POSITION OF HIGH SHERIFF.

Born in Dracut in 1795, died January 11, 1841, aged forty-six. Son of the distinguished Revolutionary patriot and statesman, Major-General Joseph Bradley Varnum, who was speaker of the lower house of Congress, 1807 to 1811, and President pro tem of the United States Senate, 1813. He was also commissioned, February 12, 1794, by Lieutenant-Governor Samuel Adams as High Sheriff of Middlesex County, but declined the office. The subject of this sketch was a representative to the General Court in 1824 and 1825, and a Senator from Middlesex County in 1826-1827-1828-1829 and 1830. One of the first board of Highway Commissioners, and one of the first board of County Commissioners until 1831, when he resigned to accept the position of High Sheriff of Middlesex County, which position he honored during two terms of five years each, dying in office at the early age of forty-six, and at the very threshold of a career which promised to equal that of his illustrious father. He had announced to his friends a purpose to retire from the shrievalty at the end of his term to seek higher honors for which his discretion, ability, and popularity eminently fitted him. For his careful and discreet management of the duties of his office during the Ursuline Convent disturbances, he received the thanks of the Governor of the Commonwealth. He was courteous and affable, and a splendid specimen of manly grace. His death was universally regretted.

HON. JOSIAH BOWERS FRENCH.

Son of Luther and Sally (Bowers) French. Born in Billerica December 13, 1799, died in Lowell August 21, 1876, aged seventy-seven. At the age of twenty-four, he was appointed Deputy Sheriff of Middlesex County, which he held from 1823 to 1830. Coroner of the town of Lowell, 1827; Collector of Taxes, 1829; Assessor, 1833-1834; Representative in 1836, and again in 1862. From 1836 to 1842, a member of the Common Council; in 1840 and 1841, Chief Engineer of the Fire Department; and in 1849 and 1850, Mayor of the city of Lowell. From 1831 to 1846 he conducted an extensive staging business, carrying the United States mail between Boston and Montreal. The magnitude of the staging business of Lowell in 1835 can best be understood by stating the fact that from forty to forty-five stages left that city daily in different directions. In 1851 he was President of the Northern railroad, and had been a successful builder and contractor. He was energetic, sagacious, and enterprising to a very remarkable degree, and while his educational facilities were limited to the rude benches of a district school, he had a fine bearing, erect and commanding, and a personal magnetism which charmed and impressed all with whom he came in contact. In politics he was an old-fashioned Jacksonian Democrat, and in religion a Unitarian. He was a County Commissioner from 1844 to 1847.

HON. JOSHUA SWAN.

Son of Joshua and Deborah (Burbank) Swan. Born in Methuen January 10, 1788, died in Lowell April 21, 1867, aged seventy-nine. After passing through the district schools of his native town, he was apprenticed to a carpenter, and served his full time, moving to Waltham shortly afterward, where he went into the service of the Waltham Machine Shop, continuing in the employment of this corporation until 1824, when he moved to

Lowell and engaged with the Lowell Machine Shop as contractor, etc., remaining with them until 1840, when he retired from active work to the old "Moses Hale" estate, purchased by him in 1830, farming the same during the remainder of his life. On December 3, 1817, he married Olive Jones, of Lancaster, Massachusetts, and raised a family which has been, and is, highly respected. Joshua, Jr., was a Unitarian clergyman. Charles W. is a physician of note in Brookline, and Albert G. a well-known citizen of Lowell. One of his grandsons is Dr. William D. Swan, Medical Examiner, Cambridge; a granddaughter is the widow of ex-Governor William E. Russell, and another the widow of Frank Bolles, who was a Harvard professor. During the life of the Whig party, he always acted with it, becoming a staunch Republican when that party was formed. He was a member of Saint Anne's Episcopal church, and later of Saint John's in Lowell. He was President of the Mechanics' Association in 1834-35. He was a Selectman of Lowell eight out of the ten years of its existence as a town; was frequently elected as Moderator; and, upon the adoption of the city charter in 1837, he was elected a member of the Board of Aldermen. He was a Representative in the Legislatures of 1830-1831 and 1839, and again in 1844. He was a Past Master of Monitor Lodge, A. F. and A. M., Waltham; a member of Pentucket Lodge, Mount Horeb, R. A. Chapter; and a charter member of Ahasuerus Council of Lowell. He was County Commissioner from 1847 to 1850.

HON. DANIEL SAMUEL RICHARDSON,

CHAIRMAN, SEPTEMBER, 1850, TO SEPTEMBER, 1853 AND JANUARY 1855, TO JANUARY, 1857.

Born in Tyngsboro December 1, 1816, died in Lowell March 21, 1890, aged seventy-three years, four months. Son of Hon. Daniel and Mary (Adams) Richardson. His father was a lawyer of distinction, who served as Postmaster of Tyngsboro thirty-five years, as Selectman, etc., several years, and represented

the town and senatorial district two years in each branch of the Legislature. Daniel S. was a descendant of Ezekiel, who came to America with Governor John Winthrop in 1630, and was of the first company of Woburn settlers in 1640-42, having previously lived in Charlestown proper, where he was prominent. His son, Captain Josiah, settled in Chelmsford about 1659, and was given by the Indians, "for the love they bore him," the land at the confluence of the Concord and Merrimack, now mainly occupied as the site of the city of Lowell. His son, Lieutenant Josiah, lived in Chelmsford, "near the Concord river." Captain William, next in the line of descent, settled in Pelham, New Hampshire, formerly a part of Dracut, where his son, Captain Daniel, was born March 11, 1749. This Captain Daniel was the grandfather of Daniel S. He served with distinction three years in the Revolution, and was awarded a pension by the government. From this, it appears that the Richardson ancestral tree sprang from and has been principally nourished in the historic soil of ancient Middlesex.

The subject of this sketch graduated at Harvard in 1836, at the age of twenty, being among the first of his class. His two brothers, Hon. William A., afterwards Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, and Hon. George F., a leading member of the bar, were also graduates of Harvard, and became greatly distinguished.

At the age of twenty-four, he commenced the practice of law in Lowell, pursuing it in the same office for fifty years, few advocates being his peer. During his long career, it is said that he argued more than three hundred cases before the Supreme Court. To his first case, Chief Justice Shaw was an attentive listener, and complimented the youthful advocate by remarking, "This case has been very well argued." In 1842-1843 and 1847 he was a Representative to the General Court, and in 1862 a member of the Senate; in 1845 and 1846, President of the Common Council; and in 1848 a member of the Board of Aldermen of the city of

the history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day, is a subject of great interest and importance. It is a subject which has attracted the attention of many of the greatest minds of all ages, and which has been the subject of many of the most valuable works of literature. The history of the world is a subject which is of great importance to all of us, for it is a subject which helps us to understand the world in which we live, and which helps us to see the progress of human civilization. It is a subject which is of great interest to all of us, for it is a subject which helps us to see the progress of human civilization, and which helps us to understand the world in which we live. The history of the world is a subject which is of great importance to all of us, for it is a subject which helps us to understand the world in which we live, and which helps us to see the progress of human civilization. It is a subject which is of great interest to all of us, for it is a subject which helps us to see the progress of human civilization, and which helps us to understand the world in which we live.

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Lowell. He was President of the Prescott National Bank sixteen years; President of the Lowell Manufacturing Company; President of the Vermont & Massachusetts railroad; of the Lowell & Nashua railroad; and a member of the Board of County Commissioners from 1850 to 1856, holding the position of Chairman for four years of his term, during which time the Lowell jail was erected. In politics he was first a Whig, and afterwards a firm and consistent Republican; in religion, a Unitarian. He was a man of fine character and remarkable attainments, his death creating a vacancy in society not easily filled. We quote a couplet from his valedictory, giving advice to an editor who was to succeed him on the Lowell Courier in 1841:—

“Do boldly what you do, and let your page
Smile when it smiles, and when it rages, rage.”

In summing up his character, nothing better can be written than to quote from Hon. Benjamin F. Butler, who said: “He was one of the few men I ever knew who apparently had no enemies. The practice of the bar shows no more fragrant name than that of Daniel S. Richardson.” It is certain that no member of the Board of County Commissioners, either living or dead, has approached him in the wealth and power of his mind as applied to the practice of his chosen profession.

HON. LEONARD HUNTRESS,

CHAIRMAN, SEPTEMBER, 1853, TO JANUARY, 1855; JANUARY, 1856,
TO JANUARY, 1860, AND JANUARY, 1863, TO JANUARY, 1876.

Born in Rochester, New Hampshire, November 22, 1811, died in Tewksbury July 19, 1885, aged seventy-four. Son of Joseph and Sally (Chesley) Huntress. He came to Lowell in 1832, and obtained employment on the Lowell Mercury, having previously completed his apprenticeship as a printer in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He established the Lowell Courier in 1835, and continued to publish it until 1842, when, on account of poor health, he retired to a farm in Tewksbury and remained a

resident there until the date of his death, a period of forty-three years. During this extended residence, he was fifty-three times elected as Moderator of the meetings of that town, nineteen of which were annual meetings. He was also Chairman of the Board of Selectman, and held many more positions of trust and honor conferred by his fellow citizens. In 1846 he was a member of the House of Representatives from Lowell. In 1850 he was elected as a County Commissioner of Middlesex County, serving as Chairman of the Board most of the time during the remarkable period of twenty-six years. In this responsible office he was an authority upon county practice, and served to the very general satisfaction of the people of this county. A courteous, commanding, genial, and hospitable Christian gentleman, of that type of the old school which is not too common in these latter days, he left a record of clean, lengthy, and most efficient public service which few may equal, and possibly none surpass.

HON. JOSEPH HENRY READ,

CHAIRMAN FROM JANUARY, 1886, TO JANUARY, 1897.

Born in Westford, August 5, 1835, died at Toledo, Ohio, while returning from a trip to the far West, January 26, 1901, aged sixty-six. Son of Zaccheus, Jr., and Mary (Heywood) Read. His ancestors were among the earliest settlers of Westford. He was educated in the schools of his native town and at Westford Academy, one of his teachers being the recent able and accomplished Register of Probate of Middlesex County, Samuel H. Folsom, Esq.; another was Hon. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy. After holding various local offices, such as Selectman (ten years), Overseer of the Poor, School Committee (fifteen years), Auditor, Moderator, etc., the people of his district, mostly a farming population, recognizing in him an example of one of their own calling who could represent them acceptably in any position, chose him to the General Court in 1872 and 1873. In 1876 he received further honors by being elected a County Com-

missioner, to which position he was constantly re-elected until 1897, a period of twenty-one years, being Chairman during the last half of this extended term, only exceeded in point of time by but one person in the entire history of the Commissioners, viz., Hon. Leonard Huntress, whom he succeeded on said board, the combined service of these two gentlemen being forty-seven years, a wonderful tribute from the voters of this great county to the popularity and satisfactory public service of each. During his public career he continued to conduct the ancestral farm in Westford, and made it famous for the quality of its apple vintage, "Read's cider" being recognized among connoisseurs as a standard brand of superior excellence. He was Director and Secretary of the Westford Mutual Fire Insurance Company eighteen years, director of the Stony Brook railroad twenty-five years, also one of the Trustees of Westford Academy. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, and connected with the Lodge, Chapter, Council, Commandery, and Consistory in Lowell. He was a man of kindly heart and generous impulses, with an abiding faith in every one who professed to be a friend. His social qualities, while adding nothing to, but extracting much from, his larder of worldly riches, increased the priceless value of the esteem of those faithful and loving friends who sorrowfully followed his mortal remains from the old church, braving the bleak and biting blasts of a New England winter's day, and tenderly laid them to rest near the ashes and bones of that hardy ancestry which for more than two centuries had battled with elements from without and with elements from within, to establish and maintain that peace and prosperity which were his by the everlasting right of inheritance. As the rays of the setting sun glittered upon the cold and silent peaks of distant ranges, some faithful hearts there were among that weeping company, whose visions tore aside those frowning battlements of ice and snow, peering beyond to catch a glimpse of God's eternal promise of living streams and pastures green, where the weary, storm-tossed soul may rest in everlasting peace.

HON. LEVI SWANTON GOULD.*

CHAIRMAN, JANUARY, 1897, TO DATE.

Son of Dr. Levi and Elizabeth Webb (Whitmore) Gould. Born in Dixmont, Maine, March 27, 1834. Was educated in Wilmington and North Malden, now Melrose, where he has resided since childhood. Learned the shoemaker's trade, and worked at the bench in early life, but subsequently became an accountant, and finally for many years was a furniture manufacturer and dealer in Boston, from which business he retired in 1889. He was a Selectman of Melrose in 1869, and Chairman of the Board from 1884 to 1892. From 1865 to 1899 (thirty-five years) he served as town moderator continuously, to which office he was elected one hundred and eight times, which, with one hundred and seven adjournments, made two hundred and fifteen meetings over which he was called upon to preside during the life of the town, and when it became a city in 1900, he was elected the first Mayor. He was a member of the House of Representatives in 1868 and 1869. He has been upon the Board of County Commissioners since 1897, serving as its Chairman during the entire period. He is President of the Melrose Co-operative Bank, and a director of the Melrose National Bank. He was President of the New England Furniture Exchange in 1883 and 1884, and of the Furniture Club of Boston in 1886. He is a member of the Massachusetts Society of Colonial Wars, the Society Sons of the American Revolution, P. M. of Wyoming Lodge, A. F. and A. M., M. E. H. P. of Waverly R. A. Chapter, and a member of Hugh de Payne's Commandery, and of the Scottish Rite. He is Past Chancellor of Fordell Lodge, K. of P. and is connected with many other societies and organizations.

* This sketch was not a part of the original paper as read by Mr. Gould before the Lowell Historical Society but is inserted here by the compilers of this volume.

LIST OF PAPERS READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY IN 1902-03.

"Historical Research and Historical Societies." Address by Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph. D., Professor of History, Harvard University, December 10, 1902.

"Reminiscences of Early Lowell." By Mrs. Sarah W. Francis. Read by Solon W. Stevens, Esq., February 27, 1903.

"Middlesex County, Ancient and Modern: With Brief Biographical Sketches of the Men who Served as County Commissioners from Lowell and Adjacent Towns." By Hon. Levi S. Gould, of Melrose. Read February 27, 1903.

This article has since been published by authority of the Legislature, chapter 238, Acts of 1904.

"Army Life among the Indians in Dacotah in 1864-65." By Col. Charles A. R. Dimon. Read by Charles Cowley, Esq., May 13, 1903.

"John Greenleaf Whittier's Work in Lowell." By Charles Cowley, Esq. Read May 13, 1903.

"A Trip Abroad." Address by Rev. A. St. John Chamber. May 13, 1903.

"The Cession of Louisiana and Napoleon's Part in the Negotiation of the Treaty of Paris." By Hosea Starr Ballou, of Boston. Read December 9, 1903.

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ANNUAL REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR 1903-04.

PREPARED AND READ BY SOLON W. STEVENS, PRESIDENT,
FEBRUARY 10, 1904.

The attention of the members of the Lowell Historical Society is hereby invited to the second Annual Report of its Executive Committee.

There are no dramatic incidents to relate, no startling announcements to make, and no brilliant prospects for the future on which the imagination is tempted to dwell. We have passed the second year of our organization as a body corporate in a quiet, unostentatious manner trying to make some contributions to the data already secured which appertain to the history of that particular section of Middlesex County wherein originated the first great manufacturing establishments in textile industry which have made the Commonwealth of Massachusetts prominent in the sisterhood of States.

At a special meeting held on Friday, February 27, 1903, a very interesting paper entitled "Reminiscences of early Lowell," prepared by Mrs. Sarah W. Francis, was read before the Society by the President. At this same meeting Hon. Levi S. Gould of Melrose, County Commissioner, gave an admirable address on "Middlesex County, ancient and modern," with biographical sketches of certain County Commissioners who have lived in or near Lowell. Portraits of these last named County Commissioners were exhibited. The address gave evidence of great research and ability in its preparation.

At the regular meeting on May 13th, a paper prepared by the Mayor, Hon. Charles A. R. Dimon, entitled "Army life among the Indians in Dacotah in 1864--5," was read by Charles Cowley, who stated that this paper had been given to Post 42 G. A. R., by Mr. Dimon, and that he was authorized by Post 42 to present this paper to the Lowell Historical Society as a gift. At this meeting also Charles Cowley, Esq., read an exceedingly interesting paper on "John Greenleaf Whittier's work in Lowell."

At the regular meeting on Oct. 14, Rev. A. St. John Chambré favored the society with an informal account of his recent trip

to Europe during which he made especial reference to certain Cathedrals which are renowned for their architectural beauty and their peculiar historic interest.

At the regular meeting on December 9, Mr. Hosea Starr Ballou, of Newton, gave an address on "The Cession of Louisiana and Napoleon's part in the Negotiation of the Treaty of Paris." In response to a request Mr. Ballou has furnished the Society with a copy of this valuable and instructive paper to be permanently preserved in its archives.

There is one subject to which it is proper the attention of the Society should be called, and that is the necessity of some provision for better care and custody of the many books, pamphlets, papers, manuscripts, and other similar materials owned by the Society, but now stowed away in boxes and cases in a position to which access is almost impossible.*

If, according to the Scriptural statement, the prayer of the righteous availeth much, let us hope that fervent petitions may be offered to the end that in the near future suitable and convenient quarters may in some way be provided for the exclusive use and applicability of this Society, which comport with its dignity and the aims which it seeks to accomplish. The fulfilment of this desire is at present beyond our reach. But if the subject is borne constantly upon our minds, and if its necessity is fully realized, and if by personal effort and by personal influence we zealously strive for this result, it would seem that the attainment of this desire need not for a long time be reckoned among things which are considered impossible. In this connection your committee would recommend that as soon as practicable the Constitution and By-Laws of this Society, with a list of its members be printed for use, and for distribution. The advantages of this procedure are obvious and need no explanation.

A list of the contributions from other Literary and Historical Societies has been prepared by the librarian.

* The above recommendation has since been complied with.

Mrs. Harriet M. Bartlett, widow of the late Charles E. A. Bartlett, died on March 11, 1903, at 362 East Merrimack Street in this city after a very brief illness.

Mrs. Bartlett was a daughter of the late Isaac Cooper, widely known as one of the older residents of Lowell. She was a very estimable lady, and was regarded by a large circle of intimate friends as an exceptionally talented and gifted woman. In the home life, social life and church life, her presence was always welcome because of her sunny disposition and her readiness to always do her share in every good work which provided for the happiness and welfare of others.

The Hon. James W. Bennett died at his home on Branch Street, April 14, 1903, at the age of seventy years. He was born in Newmarket, New Hampshire, came to Lowell in 1848, and was active in many public, progressive movements in this city during the long period of his continuous residence here. He was identified with many corporate interests and because of his public spirit he was prominent in the management of many undertakings of responsibility and usefulness. He was mayor of this city one year during the Spanish war, and was a member of the State Legislature in 1879 and 1880. He was a large-hearted man, strong in purpose and achievement. He was a self-made man and by diligence and shrewdness in business was successful in the attainment of profitable results. He was a man of marked individuality, of character, peculiar, persistent, honest and sincere. His funeral was attended by a large number of our prominent citizens who came to pay their last tribute of esteem to one who had been long known as a popular and influential man. At the time of his death he was a member of the Executive Committee of this Society.

Mr. James Dinsmoor died August 26, 1903, at about eighty-five years of age. He was a direct descendant of the original Scotch-Irish settlers of Londonderry, New Hampshire. He prepared for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts,

The first of these is the fact that the
 world is not a uniform whole, but a
 complex of many different parts, each
 with its own characteristics and laws.
 This is the case with the human mind,
 which is not a single entity, but a
 collection of many different faculties,
 each with its own powers and limitations.
 The second is the fact that the world
 is not a static whole, but a dynamic
 one, constantly changing and evolving.
 This is the case with the human mind,
 which is not a fixed entity, but a
 constantly developing one, capable of
 growth and improvement.

The third is the fact that the world
 is not a perfect whole, but an imperfect
 one, full of flaws and imperfections.
 This is the case with the human mind,
 which is not a perfect entity, but a
 flawed one, capable of error and

graduated at Dartmouth in 1841, studied law with Judge Hopkinson and after his admission to the bar formed a partnership for the practice of law with the late ex-congressman, Benjamin Dean. He assisted in the organization of the Traders and Mechanics Insurance Company and was its secretary for the period of eight years. He served in the city council, and in 1850-1851 was a member of the State Legislature. About this time, on account of ill health and by the advice of his physician he left Lowell and established a residence in Sterling, Illinois. Here he carried on a large law practice and held many positions of trust including four terms of service in the Legislature of Illinois.

He returned to Lowell in May, 1902, here to pass the remainder of his days, and among the first things which received his attention was a membership in the Lowell Historical Society. Mr. Dinsmoor was a very intelligent, estimable man, although he was but little known to the present generation of Lowellians. During his residence here in the years previous to the early fifties, and during his residence in his adopted home in Illinois, he won for himself the reputation of a courteous gentleman, and an upright, influential man.

Mr. Jason Fuller died October 22, 1903, at his home on Nesmith Street, at the age of sixty-nine years. He was born in Hudson, New Hampshire. He was for many years the senior member of the well known firm of Fuller and Clark, grocers on East Merrimack Street. He was quiet and unassuming in manner, kind and genial in disposition. He was a member of the High Street Church and was held in high esteem by all who knew him.

Mr. Joseph D. Gould died at his home in North Billerica, October 27, 1903, at the age of sixty-eight years. He was born in Jamaica Plain. He was a graduate of the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard, and was afterward an instructor there. He was regarded as a professional chemist of the highest rank. In early manhood he took up his residence in North Billerica and

assumed charge of the chemical works of C. S. Talbot & Co., with which firm he maintained his connection until the time of his death, being a member of the Talbot Dyewood and Chemical Company. He was universally loved for his quiet habits, his amiable disposition, and his scholarly habits. He was a thorough scientific student all his life and was an authority in his particular line. His loss is mourned as that of an upright, skilful, scholarly man.

Mr. William Henry White, a prominent citizen of Lowell, died, after a very short illness, at Pittsfield, New Hampshire, November 12, 1903, at the age of seventy-four years. Mr. White was the ninth in descent from the original William White, one of the passengers in the Mayflower, and a signer of the famous compact. He was born in Woburn. He was in boyhood apprenticed to a machinist to qualify himself for the business of a railroad draughtsman and engineer. Subsequently he abandoned this line of work and became interested in the leather business, and in 1863 located in Lowell. The firm of White Bros. & Company became widely known by what has been termed "its exploitation of valuable proprietary shoe leathers." Recently this firm was merged in the American Hide and Leather Company and by this means Mr. White was enabled to lay aside many of the heavy business cares which he had so successfully sustained for many years. He was one of our most highly respected citizens, always prompt and ready to lend his influence in the development of any good work. He was a successful business man, an enterprising citizen and a christian gentleman. He will be greatly missed, not only in the High Street Congregational Church of which he was a prominent member, but throughout the community where he has resided so many years.

Thus one by one our ranks are depleted and pleasant and familiar faces are lost from sight. In the rapid whirl of daily life we are ever and anon summoned to halt in our career to pay the last tribute of respect to some associate who in the midst of usefulness has dropped by the way.

In a world of mysteries we little know who next will be challenged to meet the greatest of all mysteries. When the record of each of us shall be written may it be a registry of loyalty to noble aims and of sincere endeavor to benefit our fellow men!

2. The second part outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. This includes both traditional manual methods and modern digital technologies, highlighting the benefits of each approach.

3. The third part focuses on the role of the management team in overseeing the data collection process. It stresses the need for clear communication and coordination between different departments to ensure that data is collected consistently and accurately.

4. The fourth part discusses the challenges faced during the data collection process, such as data quality issues, incomplete information, and the risk of data loss. It provides strategies to mitigate these risks and ensure the integrity of the data.

5. The fifth part concludes by summarizing the key findings and recommendations. It reiterates the importance of a robust data collection system and suggests areas for future improvement and research.

COL. MARIE LOUIS AMAND ANSART DE MARISQUELLES, A FRENCH
OFFICER OF DISTINCTION IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.
BY MRS. SARA SWAN GRIFFIN. READ MAY 11, 1904.

In reviving the early memories and in studying the past of New England, one often meets with facts and traditions most fascinating and interesting to the student of history, and surely, no modern romance can compare in adventure with the actual life and deeds of the subject of this sketch—Col. Marie Louis Amand Ansart De Marisquelles.

In the old Woodbine Cemetery in Dracut, Massachusetts, is an ancient headstone with this inscription: Erected in memory of Col. Louis Ansart who departed this life May 22, A. D., 1804, æ 62.

Col. Ansart was a native of France; he arrived in this country in 1776 and by the authorities of Massachusetts was immediately appointed Colonel of Artillery and Inspector General of the Foundries in which capacity he served until the close of the war of the Revolution.

Marie Louis Amand Ansart De Marisquelles was born in France in 1742, probably in the province of Arras. According to family records, he was of noble birth, his father bearing the rank of Marquis. He was one of a number of children, having at least one brother and two sisters. His brother being the elder, would by the law of France, have inherited the title of Marquis. Marie Louis De Marisquelles had also powerful and wealthy relatives, one of them the Marquis of Montalembert, living in Angouleme, and although of great estate, was devoted to the study of case-mates, of fortifications and of artillery in general, and was a noted French Engineer.

Our hero lived the life of the youth of noble family in those times. At a proper age, he entered a military academy where fencing, horsemanship, sword exercise and quieter studies filled his days; this academy admitted only boys of noble rank and was the one in which Louis XVI and the young Marquis de Lafayette were fitted for their duties in the great world, and it

is most interesting to relate, that according to family tradition, these three graduates of this academy were, in maturer life warm and loyal friends. De Marisquelles was very proficient in his studies, both classical and military, and at the early age of fourteen, his father purchased for him a Lieutenant's commission, and thus he entered upon the military service of his native country. When he reached manhood, Marie Louis De Marisquelles was versed in all the manly arts of the day, a favorite at the French Court, at one time a member of the King's body guard, debonair, handsome and fascinating, the possessor of a generous income from his father, who besides his landed property, had amassed considerable wealth as conjointly with his relative, the Marquis of Montalembert, he had furnished for many years all the iron cannon in the service of the French King. Like all young men of his age and rank, De Marisquelles led the life of the time, somewhat gay, addicted to high play, and not averse to settling a dispute by the then noble art of duelling. Travelled, accomplished, brave and daring, he was a favorite everywhere, yet sometimes his high spirit led to unpleasant consequences. An adventure of his youth is thus related by one of his descendants: During a public entertainment held in Paris, Lieutenant De Marisquelles occupied a box in the amphitheatre accompanied by his lady and chaperon. A French Noble, somewhat overcome with wine, intruded into the box occupied by De Marisquelles, and insisted on remaining there despite the remonstrances of the Lieutenant, finally becoming exceedingly insolent. De Marisquelles then seized him bodily, bore him to the front of the box and pitched him over very unceremoniously into the audience below. The offended French nobleman being of great influence, succeeded in having Lieutenant Marisquelles arrested for this offence, but he was imprisoned only a short time and finally liberated without trial.

An adventure of his while travelling in Italy is somewhat sensational in nature but throws light on the life of that day.

Lieutenant De Marisquelles had been playing for high stakes at a gambling resort in a certain city in Italy and had been very successful, winning money, gold, watches and diamonds until he was heavily laden, but as he was driving to his hotel that night, his postillion was shot and his carriage stopped, and De Marisquelles received a blow on his head that stunned him. When he recovered consciousness he found himself lying by the road side, half stripped, robbed of all his valuables, and suffering from a dirk-knife wound in his side; he was carried to his hotel and after a severe illness, was glad to leave the Italian city.

In his youth Lieutenant De Marisquelles was of a peculiarly fair complexion, tall and slender, with particularly delicate hands, and this rather feminine style of beauty sometimes deceived strangers, as to his bravery. Being at one time insulted at some public event in France, young De Marisquelles promptly challenged his insulter to defend himself with his sword, but his opponent refused the challenge, stating that he never fought with "girls," meaning to cast a slur on the fair looks and immaculate appearance of De Marisquelles. Tradition says that the Lieutenant, exasperated beyond control, drew his sword and made such lightning like passes around his opponent, barely touching him, and yet with every touch drawing blood, that his adversary, after apologizing, ignominiously retreated.

It must not be thought by these incidents of adventure, that De Marisquelles led a frivolous or effeminate life. For many years now, he had been associated with his father and the Marquis Montalembert in the Forges of France and had become a skilful and noted Military Engineer; had gained the rank of Captain of Infantry, and it is said that his sound advice and good sense were much appreciated at the French Court and were of great value to Louis XVI in his unhappy reign.

During the struggle of the American Colonies with Great Britain, the eyes of France were turned with great interest towards our shores and the conflict became an absorbing topic in

that country. None there were more sympathetic in their feelings towards us than Marie Louis Amand Ansart De Marisquelles, and he finally determined to offer his services to the struggling Colonies. Tradition states that he accompanied Lafayette to this country as aid, but the records show that his arrival antedated Lafayette's by a year. The friendship between these two Frenchmen was very strong and probably this intimacy gave rise to the tradition. Captain De Marisquelles came to America in 1776, bringing credentials from high officials in his native land in regard to his skill in the Forges of France and the casting of solid cannon. De Marisquelles at once made the following proposal to the General Court of Massachusetts, of which proposal the following is an exact copy from the Court Records of the State House, Boston:

Monday, Dec. 9th, 1776, Present in Council, Honb'le

James Bowdoin

John Taylor

Jeremiah Sever

Benja. White

Caleb Cushing

William Phillips

Benja. Chadbourne

Benja. Austin

Thomas Cushing

Henry Gardner

Benja. Lincoln

Daniel Davis

Samuel Holton

Davis Sewall

Jabez Fisher, Esq.

Daniel Hopkins

Francis Dana, Esq.

Proposal of Monsieur De Marisquelles, viz: Marie Louis Amand Ansart De Marisquelles, an old Captain of Infantry, having been brought up in the Forges of France (his father and the Marquis of Montalembert, his relative having furnished for many years all the iron cannon in the service of the French King) proposes to the Honb'le Council and House of Representatives to establish Furnaces in the State of Massachusetts Bay, upon account of the Government, for the purpose of furnishing the State with all such Iron Cannon as they may need. He has some particular methods

The first of these is the fact that the majority of the cases of the disease are found in the lower social classes. This is a fact which has been well established by the statistics of the Registrar-General, and it is a fact which has been well established by the statistics of the Registrar-General. The second of these is the fact that the disease is found in all parts of the country, and it is a fact which has been well established by the statistics of the Registrar-General. The third of these is the fact that the disease is found in all parts of the country, and it is a fact which has been well established by the statistics of the Registrar-General.

Year	Male	Female
1891	1,234	1,123
1892	1,345	1,234
1893	1,456	1,345
1894	1,567	1,456
1895	1,678	1,567
1896	1,789	1,678
1897	1,890	1,789
1898	1,901	1,890
1899	1,912	1,901
1900	1,923	1,912

The fourth of these is the fact that the disease is found in all parts of the country, and it is a fact which has been well established by the statistics of the Registrar-General. The fifth of these is the fact that the disease is found in all parts of the country, and it is a fact which has been well established by the statistics of the Registrar-General. The sixth of these is the fact that the disease is found in all parts of the country, and it is a fact which has been well established by the statistics of the Registrar-General.

of softening the iron by a mixture of ores and minerals; and also of casting the Cannon solid and boring the same by which means they are rendered massey and yet stronger than others cast with a Cylinder. Formerly all Cannon were cast with a Cylinder which always occasioned many little Holes or Cavities in the Pieces and which frequently occasioned their bursting. His father having observed how prejudicial these Cavities were to the Service of the Artillery, he, in the year 1750, cast many solid cannon and found them superior to those cast with a Cylinder; and at present, no other but solid Cannon are cast in the Forges of France. His Father is the inventor of the machine which is used for boring said cannon; and with it, a twenty-four pounder may be bored, polished and the spruce cut off in twenty four hours.

If the State will furnish the Land, Buildings, Machines, and every necessary material for the purposes, and cannon, he will construct the Furnaces and superintend and direct the Buildings and everything relating to the said Foundry, which if ready and the mills prepared for Boring, he will then furnish one Cannon ready for Service every twenty four Hours out of the common Iron ore within this State, it being understood that he should have cast a few before-hand to give them time to cool. The Calibre or Bore of the Cannon will depend upon the largeness of the Furnaces. He will prove his cannon before Commissaries appointed by the State. He will disclose at any time all his knowledge in the premises, to any such persons as the State may Order and to no others. And if he does not fulfill the whole promised on his part, in these proposals (unavoidable casualties excepted) he agrees not only to forfeit all claim to any thing, by virtue of these presents, but also to forfeit the sum of One Thousand pounds to satisfy the damages the State may sustain thro' his failure in fulfilling his Proposals aforesaid. He expects from the State to receive three hundred Dollars in hand to compensate the expenses he has been at in removing from Europe to this State; and also One Thousand Dollars yearly from

and after the date hereof, until the end of the present War between Great Britain and the United States of America; and after that time the Sum of Six Hundred Sixty Six and two thirds Dollars, yearly during his life. He, doing and performing his part in all respects as aforesaid. He also expects the honor of a Colonel's Commission to give him Rank but without any command or pay in virtue of said Commission. Witness his hand at Boston, December 6th, 1776.

DE MARISQUELLES

Signed by the above mentioned Mons'r De Marisquelles after being fully interpreted to him in the presence of James Price.

Boston, December 7th, 1776.

We the Subscribers, being a Committee of the Honb'le House of Representatives, appointed to agree with the aforementioned Monsieur De Marisquelles, Do, in behalf of Honb'le House agree to the foregoing Proposals.

Palmer

Committee

N. Cushing

Of The House

State of Massachusetts Bay.

In the House of Representatives, Dec. 7th, 1776. The foregoing Agreement being read, the same was approved of,

Sent up for concurrence

SAMUEL FREEMAN,

Speaker P. T.

In Council, December 9th, 1776.

Read and concurred

JOHN AVERY, *Day Sec.*

Consented to by 15 of the Council.

Besides the title of Colonel of Artillery granted him by the Council, De Marisquelles was appointed Inspector General of the Foundries of Massachusetts. He built his Furnaces for the

casting of solid cannon in different towns in this State, Bridgewater, Titticut and Stoughtonham, each containing one, and it is said that some of his cannon and mortars are yet in existence, and are still serviceable and valuable. One of the cannon inscribed with his name is to be found in Cambridge. In 1778, Admiral d'Estaing asked the General Court for assistance in protecting his French Fleet then in Boston Harbor, and Colonel De Marisquelles was sent to his relief and aid, as the following Order from the Council will testify:

Monday morning, August 31, 1778, five o'clock.

Present in Council,

Hon'ble Jeremiah Powell

Artemas Ward

Walter Spinner

Jedediah Preble

Thomas Cushing

Benj'a White, Registrer

Benj'a Austin

Henry Gardner

Nathan Cushing

Joseph Simpson

John Pitts

Oliver Wendall, Esq.

Whereas Vice Admiral Count de 'Estaing has requested that this Board would appoint an officer to direct and oversee the erecting certain works which he thinks necessary to be thrown up in order to secure his ships now in Nantasket Road, against the enemies fleet supposed to be in this bay. Therefore Louis De Marisquelles, Colonel of Artillery and Inspector of the general foundries of this State, is hereby appointed an Engineer to oversee and direct in the erecting such works as Vice Admiral Count de 'Estaing shall think necessary to have thrown up, for the purpose of securing the ships under his command in Nantas-

ket Road. And Colonel De Marisquelles will repair to Vice Admiral Count de 'Estaing without loss of time and know his pleasure on the premises and follow his orders 'till the works aforesaid are finished. Whereas the Count de 'Estaing has proposed to throw up some works upon Hull, Point Alderton,* the head of Long Island, and another Hill, near the places above mentioned for the defence of this Harbor, as well as the fleet under his command, Provided he can be supplied with a number of Spades and Pick Axes, and also a quantity of Timber and Plank for platforms. Ordered that the Board of War supply Colonel De Marisquelles (who is appointed to oversee this business) with such a number of Spades and Pick Axes as he may think necessary and also with such a number of suitable boats as may be wanted for the transportation of Cannon, Timber, and Plank, for the purpose aforesaid, and it is further ordered that the Committee for fortifying the Harbor of Boston, also supply Colonel De Marisquelles with such a quantity of Timber and Plank as he may have occasion for, for the business aforesaid, out of the Plank and Timber they have provided for Castle Island."

In the same year 1778, troops were sent from Massachusetts to Newport, Rhode Island, to assist Gen. Sullivan in forcing the British to leave that State. Colonel Louis Ansart De Marisquelles was appointed aid-de-camp to General Sullivan who was in command of the American forces. General James Mitchell Varnum came from the Continental Army in Rhode Island with his brigade to assist in the undertaking, and, to the great joy of De Marisquelles, the Marquis de Lafayette came from the American Camp to help in this expedition. Aid was also expected from the fleet of d'Estaing, but a violent storm, both on sea and land defeated the whole enterprise. This attempt of General Sullivan cannot be considered a success, and De Marisquelles suffered severely, personally, he having been seriously wounded during an assault on the British forces.

* Allerton.

During this expedition against the British in Rhode Island, De Marisquelles met, probably for the first time, General James Mitchell Varnum, of Dracut, and a sincere friendship was formed between them, enduring through the brief life of the gallant General Varnum, but this is not thought to have been the first meeting between the Marquis de Fafayette and De Marisquelles in America, as tradition claims that the two noble Frenchmen had made opportunities to see each other previously. Soon after the return of Colonel De Marisquelles to Boston, Lafayette visited him there, while on a political mission to that city, under permission of Congress.

There is a sad little love story connected with the memory of the gallant Frenchman, whether true or false, I know not. It is to the effect that when De Marisquelles sailed from France he left behind him, a sorrowing demoiselle for whose sake he went forth to gain additional fame and glory; her letters followed him here, but there were but few to translate a French address, and, so many of her messages were never delivered to her lover. He, hurt and offended at her supposed silence, sent no word across the water, and the fair demoiselle faded away, happy in her belief in her hero, but mourning him as dead in "savage America." But whatever the authority of this tradition, it is a fact that De Marisquelles fell passionately in love with, and married a Miss Wimble, the daughter of Captain William Wimble of Boston, about the year 1778. The Wimble family occupied a high social position in Boston and held large grants of land from the government in the South; it is said that Wilmington, North Carolina is built on a section of the Wimble property.

The married happiness of De Marisquelles was short, as his bride died within a twelve-month of the wedding.

"Ah, life is brief, though love be long
The altar and the bier,
The burial hymn and bridal song
Were both in one short year."

The lost bride of De Marisquelles had a younger sister who resembled her greatly, being very beautiful. When the year of mourning had elapsed, De Marisquelles proposed marriage to the fair Catharine, then a girl of eighteen, who accepted him gladly, being very much fascinated with the handsome high-bred officer, although he was twice her age, and they were married September 9, 1781. After his marriage to Miss Catherine Wimble, De Marisquelles resided for a while in Boston, probably at the Wimble homestead where his two oldest children, Robert and Louis were born, and he made that city his home until the close of the Revolutionary War and the signing of the treaty in Paris in 1783. About the year 1784, De Marisquelles removed to Dracut, Massachusetts, occupying the farm styled "The Ministree," formerly the home of Rev. Thomas Parker, the first minister of Dracut, situated on the "Old Ferry Road," off from what is now Varnum Avenue, and nearly opposite the "Old Middlesex Tavern" across the river. De Marisquelles had been influenced in his choice of a home by several motives: a lover of the beauties of Nature, on one of his rides through the country, he had remarked the loveliness of the Merrimack River, bordered by the green fields of Dracut, and his interest in the town had been stimulated through his friendship with James Mitchell Varnum, a native of Dracut. An ardent sportsman, De Marisquelles had discovered that the Merrimack was alive with salmon, and he recalled the advice of his father, the Marquis, who, on his son Louis leaving France, advised him if he settled in a new country, to choose a home near some large river as then he need never starve. And so, to this quiet country home, came the gallant officer, the travelled gentleman, the one-time favorite at the French Court, and began life anew under strangely different environments, but the new conditions had their compensating attractions. De Marisquelles was attached to his young American wife and the children that came to them. She bore him twelve in all, five sons and seven daughters, ten of them being born in

the "Old Ministree" which De Marisquelles made his permanent home, the remainder of his days. De Marisquelles held the office of Inspector General of the Foundries of Massachusetts for his life, and although the duties incumbent on his position were merely nominal after the close of the Revolutionary War, the office kept De Marisquelles in touch with military affairs and military men.

The Hamblett, or, as it was afterwards called the Ansart Ferry, was almost at his door, and De Marisquelles could easily join in whatever festivities were held in the then famous Middlesex Tavern, for, in those days it was a general stopping place for travellers to and from Boston, and the entertainments there were said to be of a lively nature; or, by the use of the stage which ran from the tavern he could attend the more formal functions among his friends in the stately city of Boston or in the larger world beyond.

"Yet still in gay and careless ease
In harvest field or dance,
He brought the gentle courtesies,
The nameless grace of France."

And his old friends across the ocean did not forget him. In 1784, when Lafayette re-visited America, he was a guest for a day at the home of De Marisquelles in Dracut. A descendant of the family has told me that his grandfather* used often to speak of this visit of Lafayette to his father, De Marisquelles. The Marquis came from Boston with coach and four, outriders and footmen, and crossed over on the "Old Ferry" to the Dracut shore. One pleasant afternoon, not long ago, I walked up the green and grassy lane through which Lafayette had passed over a hundred years ago, and I tried to picture the meeting of those two old friends, on the spot where I then stood—the stately Marquis in the dress of his rank and age, velvet suit, long silk stockings, and shoes with silver buckles, and the no less courtly host, but, perhaps in plainer garb. As Nature is the same today

* Atis Ansart

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on this bank of the Merrimack, as long ago; the lovely winding river at our feet, the wide-spreading velvety fields, and the brilliant blue sky over all—it seemed as if Time swept the years away, and I stood, in truth, a witness to the meeting.

De Marisquelles made three trips to France during his married life, to renew old friendships and see his own kindred, two of his sisters in France being especially dear to him, and constant correspondents of his. On one of his return trips, De Marisquelles brought with him some young mulberry trees, intending to engage in the raising of silk-worms, but the New England east winds were fatal to this enterprise, although the trees grew to great stature.

A descendant of Colonel De Marisquelles relates that her grandfather also brought from France at one time, seven immense chests filled with the richest silks, rarest laces, and magnificent brocades that were manufactured in France. De Marisquelles intended to realize some profit by introducing these goods into America, but the war had decreased the revenue of the Americans, so that but few of them were sold, and the goods that were not given away were used to a great degree in the family of De Marisquelles; my informant telling me that her grandmother had at one time nineteen silk gowns of different tints and fabrics.

De Marisquelles was in France when his dear friend and patron, Louis XVI was arrested and imprisoned, the first steps towards the fatal guillotine, by which he suffered in January, 1793. Whether any of the noble relatives of De Marisquelles were victims to the same fate is a matter of uncertainty, but, surely during the Revolution in France, that country was a very unsafe abiding place for the nobility. Six months after the decapitation of Louis XVI, De Marisquelles announced his intention to apply for an act of naturalization and become an American citizen. I am told that he did not make this decision until after the death of his father, so it is probable that his father's death

occurred about the time of the execution of Louis XVI. At the same time that De Marisquelles made application for the act of naturalization, he also petitioned that the Legislature give him permission to omit the addition of De Marisquelles to his name and that he should be known as Louis Ansart. That these petitions were granted the following document will testify:

"Louis Ansart De Marisquelles—Petition. To the Honbl'e Senate and House of Representatives in General Court Assembled.

Humbly sheweth that Louis Ansart De Marisquelles has been in America ever since the second year of the War between Great Britain and the United States of America and has been a resident of this Commonwealth * * * * *

That he is about to make Application to a Law Court, agreeable to a Law of the United States, for an Act of Naturalization, and being desirous of being naturalized by the name of Louis Ansart which is his Christian and Family Name. He prays your Honors to pass an Act authorizing him to omit the addition of De Marisquelles, and that in future to be known by the name of Louis Ansart and as in duty bound shall ever pray.

June 1st, 1793. LOUIS ANSART DE MARISQUELLES

"COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS:

In the year of our Lord, 1793. An Act authorizing Louis Ansart De Marisquelles to omit the addition of De Marisquelles and be called and known by the name of Louis Ansart * * *

Whereas Louis Ansart De Marisquelles of Dracut, in the County of Middlesex has petitioned this Court, praying that he may be authorized to omit the addition of De Marisquelles and that he may be called and known by the name of Louis Ansart which are his Christian and Family name.

Be it therefore enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled and by the authority of the same, that said Louis Ansart De Marisquelles be, and he

hereby is allowed and authorized to omit the said addition of De Marisquelles and that he be hereafter called and known by the name of Louis Ansart.

In Senate June 3d, 1793. This bill having had two several readings, passed to be engrossed.

Sent down for concurrence.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS,

Pres'd

In the House of Representatives, June 4, 1793.

This bill having had three several readings passed on concurrence to be engrossed.

Sent up for concurrence.

EDWARD A. ROBBINS,

Speaker

In Senate, June 4, 1793.

Read and concurred.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS,

President

During his residence in Dracut, Colonel Ansart, as he must now be called, was interested in all that pertained to the welfare of his adopted town. His name is found as one of the first proprietors of the early Toll Bridge over the Merrimack River at Pawtucket Falls, and records are found that show that he was active in the founding of school and church in Dracut. With his government income and inherited wealth, Colonel Ansart dwelt in excellent style for those days. He kept servants both white and colored, importing a French cook for his own domestic service, and drove in a sulky with a span of fine horses. It is said that his was the first sulky owned in Dracut. Colonel Ansart spent money so freely, that except the acres of land which at different times he purchased to increase his farm that extended far along the "Old River Meadow Road," we can find no records that he amassed any property.

In appearance, Colonel Ansart was a very handsome man, with his fair complexion and brilliant blue eyes, standing six feet high and weighing 200 pounds. I have seen a photograph taken from a painted miniature of him in his later years, that corroborates all the traditions of his fine personality. In disposition, as was natural from his training and military life, he was stern, rigid, and imperious but withal so lovable that he was adored by family and servants.

Colonel Ansart died at the age of sixty-two, and was buried in the cemetery which he had apportioned from his farm and given to Dracut for the use of the Ansarts, Coburns, and Varnums, and where after "life's fitful fever," he sleeps as calmly on the rugged New England hillside, as if he lay in the ancestral tomb in sunny France.

Owing to the change of name, the memory and grave of Colonel Ansart have not received the homage which the French government loves to pay to its noblemen who served in the War of the Revolution in America, but when our country publishes its "Roll of Honor" of those who assisted in securing the Independence of the Colonies by the shedding of their blood, or the giving of their strength and skill, among those whom his adopted country shall delight thus to honor, will be enrolled the name of Colonel Marie Louis Amand Ansart De Marisquelles.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF GENERAL JAMES M. VARNUM. BY
GEORGE B. COBURN. READ OCTOBER 12, 1904.

Whatever is a product of old Dracut seems to be a fit subject for the consideration of our Society since that town may fairly be looked upon as a kind of foster-mother to our city, Chelmsford being the natural parent.

Therefore I invite your attention for a few moments to the antecedents and career of Gen. James Mitchell Varnum, a native of Dracut.

Most people in this vicinity are very familiar with the main features in the life of his illustrious brother, Gen. Joseph B. Varnum, the incidents of whose career have been often dwelt upon, he having resided all his life in his native town, while the subject of my sketch removed therefrom at an early age and never afterwards made his home in his native state.

James M. was the senior of Joseph B. by about two years, having been born in 1748.

Their father, Major Samuel Varnum, was a man of considerable local reputation and resided in the Easterly part of Dracut near the old dwelling of his son now standing.

He owned a very large tract of land running north from the Merrimack River on which he maintained a ferry and had extensive fishing privileges.

His tombstone may be seen at the old Varnum cemetery near that of his more noted son, which bears the long inscription probably familiar to all here.

Favored by nature with a brilliant intellect James M. Varnum had the advantage over his brother of a liberal education. In his day I think it was the custom to select one of the sons, generally the oldest, for such a purpose. His younger brother was entirely self-educated beyond the meager privileges of a common district school for a few weeks each year. I have often heard my grandmother say that her father stated that most of his education was obtained before an open fire with a pine knot for a light. James M. was sent to Harvard where he spent a

year. The following year he removed to Rhode Island College, afterwards Brown University. What were the circumstances which brought about the change I have been unable to determine. Harvard must have had a name and fame in this locality greater than any other institution of learning, and the proximity of its seat must have been a very great advantage in those days of stage coaches. However, so far as I can find out we are left entirely to conjecture on this point. It could hardly have been deficient scholarship, for he seems at once to have taken a high stand at the Rhode Island institution.

His abilities early pointed out the forum as the proper arena and he began at once to debate the absorbing public questions of the times. It is interesting to learn that, curiously enough, he was at the first commencement of his alma mater when he was twenty-one years of age, maintaining the negative of the question, "Whether British America can under the present circumstances, consistent with good policy affect to become an independent state." Whether he took that side from choice does not appear. The date of the debate was 1769, a time when the fires of the coming conflict were already lighted.

Since he was such an ardent devotee of the patriot's cause six years later, it is probable that he was assigned to the negative, though we have often seen as rapid conversions as would have been his had he laid down his sincere convictions in the debate. He acquitted himself well in the contention and it is related, gained much credit therefrom.

He taught a classical school for a short time after his graduation and then entered the law office of Hon. Oliver Arnold, Attorney General of Rhode Island, where he made rapid progress in his legal studies and was admitted to the bar in 1771, at the age of twenty-two.

He was soon married to a daughter of Hon. Cromel Child of East Greenwich, of a family of distinction.

His practice must have materialized at once, for he was soon able to occupy a very fine mansion for those times, which still remains at East Greenwich an object of great interest to his connections. In this dwelling he afterward entertained Washington, Greene, Sullivan, and others, while stationed at Rhode Island.

A French Commissary General who dined there relates that the conversation was entirely in Latin, indicating that Varnum had given close attention to that language while at college.

He early developed a taste for military affairs and by 1774 had become Colonel of the Kentish Guards, an organization which was prolific of officers in the Revolutionary service.

His military experience was very timely, for upon the resort to arms, the following year, he was made Colonel of a Regiment of Rhode Island Infantry, marched to Boston and was under fire at the shelling of Roxbury June 17, 1775.

When Boston was evacuated he went with the army to New York and took part in the operations around that city and later in the battle of White Plains.

In October, Washington specially recommended him for retention in the army for the war, and in December he was appointed Brigadier General on Continental establishment, and in the following February Washington notified him of his promotion to the same rank in the Continental Army in very flattering terms.

November 1877, he was ordered by Washington to take command of Fort Mercer, Red Bank and Fort Mifflin.

After a heroic defence of Fort Mifflin he reported to Washington, "We have lost a great many men today. A great many officers are killed and wounded. My fine Company of Artillery is almost destroyed. We shall be obliged to evacuate the fort tonight."

In June, 1778, he returned with his brigade to defend Rhode Island against a British attack and took part in the "battle of Rhode Island," so called.

In March, 1779, having tendered his resignation, he was honorably discharged and never again appeared in the military service except for a short period with Count Rochambeau.

It seems probable that this move was for the purpose of entering the civil service, a more appropriate field for his talents, for Rhode Island immediately chose him a member of the Continental Congress, where he served from 1786 to 1787.

That body sat with closed doors and we have no full report of its proceedings, but it is known that he took a prominent part in its discussions.

One member, Johnson of Connecticut, refers to him as "a man of uncommon talents and the most brilliant eloquence."

Resuming his practice at the bar after the war, he appears to have had a great reputation, and was retained in most of the important cases in the state as well as involved in the discussion of the vital political issues then pending.

A case in which he won great honors is known as the great case of "Trevitt vs. Weeden," the issue being one over which the people had been wrought up to a high pitch of excitement.

It arose in 1786, three years after the treaty of peace. In May of that year the legislature of Rhode Island voted an issue of one hundred thousand pounds in bills or notes and enacted that they should be a legal tender for all "fines, forfeitures, judgments or executions then due."

They had little confidence in the great future of the colonies. Accordingly the legislature at its next session enacted that any person refusing to receive them on an equality with silver should pay a heavy penalty. By this act the culprit was deprived of trial by jury and was compelled to pay the penalty as once without any delay, protection, privilege or injunction.

Weeden, the defendant mentioned, sold meat to Trevitt, and refused to accept some of these bills in payment.

The latter brought suit and Varnum was employed by defendant to test the constitutionality of the act aforesaid.

It is easy to perceive that the issue joined was a very mighty one. Every merchant in the state would be ruined if compelled to receive this "fiat" money for valuable goods. The eyes of the entire community were bent upon the participants in this forensic combat, and on the day set for trial an eager throng was ready to drink in the words of the leaders in the struggle.

The sympathies of the Capitalist and Commercial classes were naturally with Varnum, while the masses of the people, in dire poverty, bereft of a circulating medium by the steady export of specie which had taken place after the war, were ready to grasp at any straw which seemed to afford a chance of relief. Varnum maintained his side of the cause with surpassing eloquence, and the Court in the face of the certain vengeance of the legislature representing the people was compelled to pronounce the currency act unconstitutional and void.

The indignant legislature immediately summoned the Judges before it to give the reasons for their decision, that body having in view their removal from office, but Varnum appeared in their behalf and made so logical and eloquent a plea that their persecution was dropped, the legislative body adopting a resolution that they be discharged since no criminality was proved against them. Shortly afterward he was employed in a prize case of magnitude entitled "Smith versus Brown," which case he won. Still later he was selected to prepare a digest of the laws of Rhode Island, and it was agreed that he performed the task with signal ability.

In 1787 Congress adopted its famous ordinance opening to settlement the Northwest Territory and laying down rules for the government thereof—the most important of which was that prohibiting Slavery therein.

General St. Clair was soon appointed governor and General Varnum with another, judges of this territory.

What were the inducements which led him to abandon his wife and his elegant home, his lucrative practice in an old and refined community to go to a frontier settlement and share its hardships and privations does not appear and may well excite our curiosity.

It is surmised, that he had drawn upon himself the ill will of the major part of the populace by his course in the Weeden case and found life among it uncomfortable.

It may be the case however that the confidence and friendship of Washington was instrumental in bringing it about since the influence of the latter was so great at that time, and he would naturally solicit able men in whom he and Congress had confidence, for place in the new and promising territory.

It is true that the field was vast and inviting, the expansion of the people in numbers and wealth was certain. The field for influence and position may have been alluring and doubtless was.

But Varnum's health had become somewhat impaired and the natural unrest resulting from this condition may also have inspired in him a desire for a change.

The choice was made by Congress, it being prior to the adoption of the Constitution, and in the spring of 1788, he departed from his adopted state where he had won fame and headed toward the infant empire on the Ohio. The journey was made on horseback with one companion and he arrived at Marietta in May, 1788.

This ambitious village had been laid out on a somewhat pretentious scale. It was named for Marie Antoinette and had its Campus Martius, Sacra Via Capitoleum, etc, in accordance with the pronounced classical tendencies of that time.

The Campus Martius was a block-house surrounded by a wooden stockade such as settlers on our frontiers usually provided as a refuge from the savages.

On the 4th of July succeeding his arrival, the settlers had a grand celebration and Varnum from his well known abilities as an orator was invited to deliver the oration.

It is said that his production was printed and some copies of it were in existence as late as 1830.*

We may fairly surmise that it abounded in magnificent predictions of the future of the Republic—that the eagle screamed vociferously.

He had signed ten laws prior to December, 1788, when his health forbade further attention to business. During the winter he steadily grew weaker and contemplated a trip down the river to New Orleans and home via Cuba. His strength was not equal to the trip and he passed away in the spring of 1789 in his forty-first year.

It is related that high honor was paid to him in the form of funeral ceremonies, the pomp shown seeming wonderful for so new and crude a settlement.

His sword, military and civil commissions, diploma in the order of Cincinnati, of which he was one of the organizers, and the insignia of Masonry, were borne on cushions in advance of the body which was followed by citizens, thirty Indian chiefs, army and civil officers, Gentlemen of the Cincinnati and Freemasons.

To recapitulate, General Varnum graduated from college at twenty; was admitted to the bar at twenty-two; entered the army at twenty-seven; resigned his command at thirty-one; member of Congress same year; resumed practice at thirty-three; was again in Congress at thirty-seven; went to the west at thirty-nine and died at forty.

The foundation of his success was laid in extensive reading, for he was an intense student.

*Since this paper was read I have learned that the oration of Varnum is in print, complete, in "Hildreth's Pioneers of Ohio," a work which is in the Lowell City Library

G. B. C.

He read deeply in Vattel and Montesquieu and could repeat much of the latter and could on occasion recite from memory long passages from Shakespeare, Young, Pope and Addison.

In his arguments and orations, his rhetoric would probably be considered somewhat high-flown in these days.

I quote a few examples from the imperfect reports of his efforts to give an idea of his oratory.

In his opening for the defence in the case of Trevitt versus Weeden: "I do not appear, he said, May it please the Honorable Court on the present occasion, so much in the line of my profession as in the character of the citizen interested in the Constitutional laws of a free, sovereign and independent state.

"And indeed wherever the rights of all the citizens appear to be essentially connected with a controverted question, conscious of the dignity of our profession, we exercise our professional talents only as a means conducive to the great end of political society and general happiness."

"Well may a profound silence mark the attention of this numerous and respectable assembly."

"Well may anxiety be displayed in every countenance. Well may the dignity of the bench condescend to our own solicitude for a most serious and candid attention, seeing that from the first settlement of this country until the present moment a question of such magnitude as that upon which the judgment of the court is now prayed, hath not been judicially agitated."

The argument that it was unconstitutional to make any law depriving the people of the right of trial by jury was said to be without exaggeration one of the ablest ever delivered in this country.

He traced it from the feudal times, showed its introduction to England by the Saxons and that it was guaranteed to Englishmen by Magna Charta and came over with the emigrants to this Country.

A passage from this argument reads as follows:

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"The settlers in this country from whom we are descended were Englishmen; they gloried in their rights as such, but being persecuted in matters of religion over which no earthly tribunal can have control, they bravely determined to quit their native soil, to bid a final adieu to the alluring charms of their situation and commit their future existence to that Almighty Power whose authority they dared not to infringe and in whose protection they could safely confide.

"They tempted the foaming billows, they braved, they conquered the boisterous Atlantic and rested in the howling wilderness amid the horrid caverns of untamed beasts and more dangerous haunts of savage men. They retained their virtue, their religion and their inviolable attachment to the constitutional rights of their country."

I have given sufficient selections to show the rhetorical qualities of his eloquence. It was well understood that the printed reports of his efforts gave a very inadequate idea of his powers of persuasion.

In personal appearance, a matter of so much moment to the public speaker, he was highly favored.

A writer of those times describes it as follows:

"On the other hand appeared General Varnum with his brick colored coat trimmed with gold lace, knee bands, silk stockings and boots, with a high and delicate white forehead, with a cowlick on the right side, eyes prominent and of a dark hue, his complexion rather florid, somewhat corpulent, well proportioned and finely framed for strength and agility, large eyebrows, nose straight and rather broad, teeth perfectly white, a profuse head of hair short on the forehead, turned up some and deeply powdered and clubbed."

Political parties as we have them now were but in the formative state in his day, the groups of men of varying temperaments were slowly crystallizing into the permanent organizations which they attained fifteen years later.

Had General Varnum lived, we may properly assume that he would have joined his fortunes with the Federalists. It is well known that his brother Joseph B. was a Jeffersonian Republican and was chosen to the Senate to succeed Timothy Pickering on the wave of a reaction against the Federalists, which was caused by the alien and sedition laws and the substantial triumphs of Jefferson's administration, even the stronghold of Federalism, Massachusetts, faltering for a time.

But James M. being a friend of Washington, an ardent advocate of the ratification of the Constitution, a member of the Cincinnati, so much dreaded by the Jeffersonians and so thoroughly Federal in dress and manner, we may as I have stated safely assume that his lot political would have been cast with that aggregation, in opposition to his Massachusetts brother.

He is said to have been devoted to his wife and closes a farewell letter which he wrote to her just before his death as follows:

"Give my sincerest love to all those you hold dear. I hope to see them and love them more than ever. Adieu, my dearest friend. And while I fervently devote in one undivided prayer our immortal souls to the care, forgiveness, mercy and all-prevailing grace of Heaven in time and through eternity, I must bid you a long, long Farewell."

Altogether he was a man of whom his friends and his native vicinage need not be ashamed.

LIST OF PAPERS READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY IN 1904.

"Life of Colonel Marie Louis Armand Ansart De Maris-
quelles, a French Officer of Distinction in the Revolutionary
War." By Mrs. Sara Swan Griffin. Read May 11, 1904.

"Ferries on the Merrimack and Early Cemeteries." By
Mrs. Lizzie R. Fox. Read by Mrs. Rowena H. Palmer, May
11, 1904.

"A Sketch of the Life of General James M. Varnum." By
George B. Coburn. Read October 12, 1904.

"The Geography of Lowell as the Basis of its Historical
Life." By Miss Emma G. Holt, of Chelmsford. Read Decem-
ber 14, 1904.

"Local Ponds and Rivers and their Relation to the Glacial
Age." By Alfred P. Sawyer, Esq. Read December 14, 1904.

"Boundary Lines of Old Dunstable and Tyngsboro." Illus-
trated by an outline map and plans showing boundaries of ancient
grants. By J. Frank Bancroft, of Tyngsboro. Read December
14, 1904.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR 1904-05.
PREPARED AND READ BY SOLON W. STEVENS, PRESIDENT,
FEBRUARY 8, 1905.

In accordance with the provisions of the by-laws it becomes the duty of the President of this organization to present at this time for your consideration the annual report of the Executive Committee for the year now reaching its close.

Several very interesting papers have been read before the Society during the past year upon themes which, although they bear a somewhat indirect relation to the City of Lowell and its surroundings, confirm the theory that if proper disposition is manifested, and adequate time be given to the pursuit there are many topics of interest which come legitimately within the range of the intention for which this organization is formed, and which after due care in the preparation may be presented in such a manner as to be deemed of importance and worthy of permanent preservation.

A reference to the reports of the Treasurer, the Librarian and the Corresponding Secretary will disclose the details of those departments of our work.

On the 14th of April the members of the Lowell Historical Society were invited by the Directors of the Lowell Board of Trade to attend a lecture on the "Telephone System of today," given by Mr. C. H. I. Woodbury of the Engineering department of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in Memorial Hall. The lecture was very favorably received by a large audience, composed of business and professional people and householders, and proved to be very entertaining and instructive.

At the regular quarterly meeting of the Society, held at its rooms in Memorial Hall on the evening of May 11th, an exceedingly able paper was given on the "Life of Colonel Louis Amand Ansart De Marisquelles, formerly of Dracut, Massachusetts." This paper was prepared for this Society at the special request of the President and was read by its author, Mrs. Sara Swan Griffin of this city. It gave evidence of thorough and scholarly research.

and by graphic description and felicitous phrase afforded much valuable information concerning this unique character who, of noble birth in the land of France and as a friend of Lafayette, gave distinguished service to the struggle of the American people for national independence. There is reason to hope that a copy of this valuable paper may be given to be preserved in the volumes of data which may be published in the future under the auspices of this organization.

At this meeting an interesting paper on "Ferries on the Merrimack and Early Cemeteries," prepared by Mrs. Fred Fox of Dracut, Massachusetts, was also read, and because of its historical character we trust it may be preserved for future reference.

On the evening of October, 12th, at a regular quarterly meeting a valuable paper entitled "A sketch of the life and services of General James M. Varnum," was read by Mr. George B. Coburn. It gave a biographical sketch of a prominent character of whom but little is known and for this reason we hope this paper may be added to our permanent collections.

At the regular quarterly meeting of the Society on the evening of December 14th, a paper entitled "The Geography of Lowell," was read by its author, Miss Emma G. Holt of this city. It was suggestive and instructive in its character and on this account elicited some very interesting remarks from Hon. Samuel P. Hadley, Charles Cowley, Esq., Alfred P. Sawyer, Esq., and Mr. J. Frank Bancroft.

As already intimated these examples suggest what possibilities may be attained along similar lines of thought, and they also point to the importance of rescuing from oblivion hidden facts and incidents of life as lived in the early days of Lowell, before they shall have slipped from the grasp of memory, or have been buried beneath the clouds of indifference and neglect.

The following is the necrology for the year so far as it is known:

After a lingering illness which lasted nearly two years, Mr. Henry Hills Wilder died at his home, 436 Andover Street,

at the age of eighty years. Mr. Wilder was born in Leominster, Massachusetts, January 16th, 1824. He came to Lowell in early boyhood. After attending school in Lowell one year he was for seven years in the employment of Mansur & Childs, dealers in hardware. In 1846 he was employed by Mr. David Dana in the house furnishing business, carrying stoves and ranges, and also carrying on the business of plumbing and tin and sheet iron working. He succeeded Mr. Dana in this business and after nearly a quarter of a century he moved to Central Street, where now are the warerooms of Greenwood Brothers. Several years later he moved to Market Street, where he established a larger and prosperous business under the firm name and style of H. H. Wilder & Company. Mr. Wilder was a man of prominence in this community. He served as President of the Middlesex Mechanics Association, was a member of the Lowell Board of Trade, of the Middlesex North Agricultural Society, at one time president of the board of Trustees of the Lowell Cemetery, and was a director in the Appleton National Bank many years. He was greatly esteemed as an upright man and an enterprising citizen. He was active in politics and in all public matters appertaining to the welfare of the city in which he lived, and at the time of his decease left hosts of friends to hold him in grateful remembrance.

Hon. James K. Fellows died at his home on Andover Street, at the age of ninety-four years and eleven months, on the 26th of June. Mr. Fellows settled in Lowell in early life and was for a long time engaged in the jewelry business on Merri-mack Street. He was at one time a member of the Common Council and was also a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1853. Mr. Fellows had travelled extensively both in this country and in Europe. He was the author of a little book called "Letters to the Press for the Home Circle," which contains articles of local and personal interest. It is said that on his return from Liverpool in 1848, he experienced a fearful ordeal of shipwreck by fire off the coast of Wales, wherein nearly two hundred lives were lost, and that his account of this disaster written and

published many years ago is one of the most graphic descriptions of a horrible scene which it would be possible to find.

But Mr. Fellows will be best remembered as the donor of the site for the Lowell General Hospital. For this generous gift he will long be held in memory with affection and esteem.

Mr. Fellows was a man of the strict old-fashioned type of integrity, simple in his tastes, quiet in manner, abstemious in habits, and unimpeachable in rectitude of conduct. He will long be remembered as an upright citizen and a public benefactor.

One of the most favorably known, sincerely loved characters in the private and social life of our city, passed away in the person of Mrs. Sarah Wilbur Francis who died on the 30th of November at her home on Mansur Street. Mrs. Francis was the daughter of the late George and Lydia Brownell. She was born on February 12th, 1817, came to Lowell in 1824, and was married to the late James B. Francis in 1837. She was a woman of rare mental endowments, keen susceptibility, and generous impulses. We often speak of such and such a man as "a gentleman of the old-school," meaning thereby that there were certain winning characteristics in the demeanor of such a person not so distinctly noticeable in the carriage and deportment of many people now-a-days, which immediately commanded our respect and won universal sympathy. With propriety and in truth we may speak of Mrs. Francis as a lady of the "old-school." In her home, her church, among a legion of friends, and throughout the city she will be remembered as a gentle lady, a grand woman by whom the Christian virtues were exemplified during a long and useful life.

Thus during the past year the Angel of Death has smitten three of our oldest members. For them the cares of life are over, and the work of life is done. Henceforth their names to the hearts of loving ones will be simply talismans for the prompting of dreams. For us may whatsoever was lovely in their lives be an incentive to faithful, persistent toil until we can no longer dream!

MRS. SARAH W. FRANCIS. BY MISS MABEL HILL. READ FEBRUARY 8, 1905.

Of God's various and manifold gifts that of the long life, rich with experience, sweetened by friendships, active with good deeds, holy with faith, is the one gift above all else for which youth reaches out.

To have been born in the early half of the last century and to have shared in the years of three generations of famous men and stirring events; to have been still eager in interests at the dawn of a new generation, presents itself as the highest privilege. And such was the gift of life given to Mrs. James B. Francis.

The passing of such a woman touches the springs of many recollections. The tribute of grief paid to her in the hearts of intimate friends and family belongs to sympathetic privacy; yet the character of such a woman belongs also in part to our municipal life, and therefore the Lowell Historical Society would incorporate into its records certain memories of one whose masterful yet womanly nature has gone far to make society stronger and sweeter because she felt its needs and responded to its demands.

Sarah Wilbur Brownell was born in Thompson, Connecticut, February 12, 1817. Her father, George Brownell, a machinist of Portsmouth, Rhode Island, had married Lydia Sweet, a woman of rare character, a Quakeress, and the type of Quaker woman, who, though retiring and gentle in domestic relations was most forceful in purpose when the emergency arose.

Mr. and Mrs. Brownell's early home in Thompson, Connecticut, was like all New England homes in those early years, simple, wholesome, earnest. The coming of little children brought duties that are inevitable under such conditions. Sarah was the oldest child and her earliest remembrance was the care of younger brothers and sisters, the mother having become an invalid when Sarah was but a mere girl. Early in the twenties Mr. Brownell joined the men in Waltham, Massachusetts, who were interested in furthering American manufactures, and when the initial steps were taken to form companies which were to found the town and

city of Lowell, Mr. Brownell became identified with Mr. Whistler at the Lowell Machine Shop where later he became its superintendent.

In 1824 the Brownells removed from Waltham to Lowell, living at the outset on the Swamp Locks, but shortly after they removed to a large, double house on Dutton Street where other children were born, and where Sarah, as the years came and went, grew from childhood into young womanhood. It was from here that she was sent to the St. Ursaline Convent in Charlestown, going back and forth by boat over the old Middlesex Canal. She was sent away from home that her education might be broader than the opportunity permitted in the little mill district. She must have been in her school life as she was in the home, a general favorite; one who led rather than followed in thought and action. A tragic ending as all remember who lived at the time came to the convent in the shape of a great fire, which threatened the lives of its inmates. In the records of an old book in our public library, we find the name of Sarah Wilbur Brownell, amongst the pupils of the school.

After Mr. Brownell became superintendent of the Lowell Machine Shop, the Whistler house on Worthen Street became the family residence. In her latter days Mrs. Francis loved to recall her father's home. Behind the house was a lovely garden, and behind the garden there still remained the woods where a few Indians lived in their wigwams and cabins. This remnant of the "Praying Indians," carried on a kind of trade with the white settlers, now so fast crowding into the newly laid out township. In front of the house, where Dutton and Worthen Street now run, all was an open "common," with a pond of water and groups of thickly growing trees upon the shore. Sarah Brownell could watch the squirrels, rabbits and feathered friends as they flitted about this unclaimed land. And here at the old Whistler house came the "beaux" of the town to be welcomed at the Brownell household, whose hospitality meant entrance into the best society.

From this house Mr. Brownell's three oldest daughters were married, Sarah, Elizabeth and Lydia, each a belle in her girlhood and each a noble woman in the new home to which she was taken. The wooing of Sarah Brownell was characteristic of lover and sweetheart. There had come to the city a young Englishman, an expert engineer, a man of indomitable will power, broad mentality and eager spirit. He was living at the Messenger House, which the bachelor engineers and machinists found a most attractive boarding house in those old days. Other men were in the field trying to win Sarah Brownell; indeed, to every man she was beautiful and bright and withal domestic. Who was there who would not win her if he could! The young Englishman was James Bicheno Francis. He watched the other suitors; he waited. The hour came when events looked propitious. It is a pretty story, but it belongs to sacred home annals. It is enough for us to know he won her heart. From their marriage day, the twelfth of July, 1837, began a union that was an example and an ideal to their friends, so sweet and loyal was it in happy comradeship and the fulfilment of broad interests.

At the outset, Mr. and Mrs. Francis boarded with Mrs. Edward Tufts on the "Acre": how far away such a possibility looks to us who today know the "Acre" in its unattractive personality. But in less than a year the young couple began house-keeping on Dutton Street in the very same house where as a girl Sarah had lived. All landmarks of this house have long since been destroyed, but it was a charming establishment in those days. It too, had its beautiful garden. Somehow gardens belonged to the Francis' and the Brownells'. In the abundance of their nature they rejoiced in outdoor beauty in the same degree that they offered hospitality within the home. Here in Dutton Street were born George E., James, Charles and Elizabeth.

The early years for the young mother were in the nature of things busy ones, and for the father, they were full of earnest achievements. Mr. Francis was already becoming a force in public

affairs, and as an expert engineer, he was not only consulted in his own city but was sent for wherever his advice might sway opinions in projects of engineering.

In 1845 the Brownells moved to Lawrence Street. Then it was that Mr. Francis, having succeeded Whistler in his position, became agent for the Locks and Canals Company, and moved to the Whistler house on Worthen Street, the selfsame house where he had found his wife and where she in turn had enjoyed the pleasures of her early girlhood. Here Mr. Francis not only developed the Brownell flower-garden which became a fairy land of flowers to the children and neighbors, but he planted an orchard of fruit trees, making a specialty of pears. Such a detail may seem insignificant, but, in those early days, the painstaking cultivation of flowers and fruit, was a mark of culture and refinement. Moreover, whatever Mr. Francis did in his vocation or avocation, he did successfully because with intelligence and purpose. So, too, with Mrs. Francis, in her companionship with her husband, she not only shared in the larger interests, but took personal delight in every simple act which brought pleasure to the family.

In this new and happy home three more children were born. There was a little boy, Richard, who stayed but a day with his sorrowing mother. Then was born Joseph Sidney, whose youth was most promising but who died at twenty. Lastly came Lydia, ever called Lily, the darling of the home. Her beautiful and heroic invalidism from the time she was twelve until her death at twenty-six, wrought, in spite of the fearful suffering, a peculiar intimate family bond; and a devotion of mother and child most beautiful to know. Those who remember the exquisite face of Lily Francis, as she lay on her swinging bed in the great sunny room of their home on Andover Street, where the family moved in 1870, can vividly recall the spiritual expression which suggested the beauty of a soul in a frail casket, which had developed patience and gentleness together with keen interest in others and faith that all was for the best. Around this bedside, friends came

and went. Lily's own young friends, and her father's and mother's friends; and each one carried away with him the inspiration of Lily's brave self. The death of Joseph, their promising son; and Lily, the frail daughter, brought the two greatest sorrows of Mr. and Mrs. Francis' married life. But for the most part the years as they came and went were full of gladness, cheer, and hospitality. As the children grew older, Mr. and Mrs. Francis identified themselves intimately with society; hospitality ever abounding. Those were the days when everybody entertained, most of all, the Francis'! Those were the days when society turned out to festivals, fairs, bazaars and charity balls; and invariably, one found among the list of patronesses the name of Mrs. James B. Francis. Indeed she was always Lady Bountiful. Her Quaker ancestry indicated itself in the simplicity of her dress, her love of quiet color, and her gentleness of mien; but her personality and character were so impressive that in a room full of guests decked in the gayest fashion, Mrs. Francis stood out the most marked woman of the occasion. When the great grief of Mrs. Francis' life came upon her, when her noble husband, James B. Francis, laid down his work and went hence, the world who did not know Mrs. Francis most intimately, and yet who appreciated the close union between husband and wife, prophesied that she too would soon break with life. But those who did know Mrs. Francis best, knew her tenacious temperament, and felt that she would re-assert herself in spite of loneliness. So it was characteristic of her to leave the great mansion house which might still have been her home, and to build a new house, whose very outlines indicated her nature. This home on Mansur Street has been a Mecca to young and old, rich and poor alike. In the dignity of her great age Mrs. Francis presided over her establishment with rare power. Musicales, dramatics, card parties, dinner parties, quiet afternoons with intimate friends, or out of town guests—there was ever one thing or another of active interest in this home. But the most happy occasion of each year was the

twelfth of February, Mrs. Francis's birthday, when all the members of the early household, with their children and grandchildren gathered together from afar to make the anniversary a reunion of family ties. Upon Mrs. Francis's eightieth birthday, so great was her age and so much was she a part of Lowell society, her friends as well as her family felt at liberty to show her their quiet regard, and the parlors were filled with gifts of flowers. Indeed, for the past seven years those who could call upon her in the afternoon and evening of the birthday anniversary always found her radiantly happy among her roses and lilies and all manner of blossoming things.

Young men went to Mrs. Francis for advice, older men for recreation. It will be a pleasant remembrance to those who have devoted one evening in the week to her card table, or an afternoon at chess, and the remembrance of their hostess' ability to play a good game will be augmented by the memory of many a clever story and her brilliant repartee. In the same manner in which Mrs. Francis gave of herself socially, so she gave of her purse lavishly to charities, to churches and to individuals. But these gifts were for the most part given in so quiet a manner that they have gone unrecorded; only the spirit of them can be quoted by us. In fact, but two memorials represent Mrs. Francis in spite of her generous bequests all over the city. It is very appropriate that these two memorials should have been placed at St. Anne's church, where she and her family have been identified throughout the years of the church's existence. When the choir was added to St. Anne's church, in 1884, Mrs. Francis placed in the altar, as a memorial to her children, Joseph Sidney and Lydia, the beautiful Caen stone altar and credence table. Again when in 1892 Mr. Francis died, this same altar and credence table were removed from the church and re-erected in the chapel at Mrs. Francis' expense. This change was made in order to erect in memory of her husband, Mr. James B. Francis, the beautiful memorial, which now stands in the chancel of the church. This new altar

with prevedos, credence table and mosaic sanctuary stone-floor, with altar-rail, is most complete and very beautiful. The work upon the Caen stone, marble and onyx was prepared in Italy and then put together in this country. Noble as these two memorials are, they cannot express in any adequate form, the gift of herself which she made at the altar on Communion-Sundays. Broad and beautiful Christian gentle-woman that she was, she added to her character the virtues of a devout churchman.

The death of Mrs. Francis was in keeping with her life; well and happy to the last, reveling in the spirit of Thanksgiving day, the shock of paralysis, when it came to her was immediate. She fell asleep with but the few words, "It is all right." Her courage had never forsaken her; it could not in the end. The tributes, which appeared in the paper after her death on November 30th, 1904, were written by close and beloved friends, men and women who knew her intimately. It seems only appropriate to add these words of appreciation to those records. It is, therefore, in deep regard that we submit this present record to the Lowell Historical Society.

REV. JOHN FISKE, THE FIRST PASTOR OF THE CHELMSFORD CHURCH. BY HENRY S. PERHAM. READ MARCH 8, 1905.

The minister in early colonial times was a very important personage. He was the educated man of the community and for his learning alone he would have commanded respect. He was not only their spiritual guide, but also to a great extent their temporal advisor.

In cases of trouble and affliction; in disagreements arising between neighbors; or in difficulties of any kind, the minister was called upon for help, and his verdict was usually accepted. If he was a man of ability, high character, and strong common sense, his influence in promoting the welfare of a new community was very great. In the case of Mr. Fiske, he was also a physician and his services in that capacity much called for.

The founders of Chelmsford were, for the most part, men and women who were born in England and emigrated to this country previous to 1640, to escape from religious persecution. Such men must needs be possessed of strong character and deep religious convictions. It was their sincere desire to build up the Kingdom of God in this wilderness. But underlying their religious zeal was a strong practical common sense. We may therefore readily believe that their prime motive in coming to Chelmsford was to better their condition and enable themselves to provide a more comfortable support for their families.

With such people their first care was to secure a minister and establish a Church. Accordingly, even before the incorporation of the town while there were but a dozen to twenty families in the place which was yet a wilderness, we find them looking about for a minister.

Letters were sent over to Wenham where Rev. John Fiske had gathered a little church fourteen years before. The letters must of course have been carried by one of their number, probably on horseback over the forest paths.

Chelmsford's proposition was unique in that they were attempting not only to secure a minister, but to have him bring his church with him also. Such negotiations required delicate handling and it was some time before all parties were satisfied. Finally the matter was submitted to a council composed of some of the most eminent men of the colony, who decided in favor of Chelmsford. But the various steps to bring this about are best related in the language of Mr. Fiske himself just as it stands in his handwriting today.

"Vpon 4 of 7th 1654 was dated a L^r vnder the hands of Rob^t Fletcher, Tho: Adams, W^m Fletcher, W^m Buttereck in the nā of the rest, engaged in the N. plantation at Chelmsford, whrin the pastō with the rest of this church at Wenham were Invited

This L^r being eftsoones conveyed to vs by the hands of Isa: Lernet & Tho: Adams, was cōicated to the church & a Liberty by the Major pte graunted so far to attend the pvidence: as to pmit the pastor to Goe ouer & see the place

accordingly a day was set of meeting at Chelmsford & thrupō the messengers returned

Vpon the sd. day set diuers of the Brethren accompanied the pastō over vnto Chelms. where the comittee & diuers others were p^rsnt a view was taken of the place. The Brethren p^rsnt satisfied themselves aboute there accommodations, & pposalls were then made to the pastō for his accommodation & yeerly mayntenance, as to be tendred vnto him by consent of the whole numb of Inhabitants & in their nā by the committee

These pposals were pmised, with their furthr request to be taken into consideratiō, & in sō short seasō after the Returne an Answer & resolution to be sent by Br. Spalding, as at his coming ouer.

After this Returne of the pastor & Brethren upon the 10th of 8^{mo} 54 the resolution & engagm^t of diuers of the Brethren was in the face of the whole church, at a church meeting concluded upō whras 5 absolutely engaged, 2 conditionally & in word only,

refusing at p^rsent to subscribe their hands. Yet after sent their Engagem^{ts} psonally by Bro: Spalding, so as the greater number of the Church now stood engagd, in case the pasto^r engaged also

Vpon 6^t of 9^{mo} the pastō sent his Engagm^{ts} by Bro: Spalding & his Resolutiō, as Respecting the engag^t of so many Brethren as s^d.

Thus the matter Lay dormant as twere all winter till the 1st m^o. 55.

at what time Bro: Read coming ouer enformed us in such wise here at Wenhā, as thrvpō both the P. & the sd engaged Brethren demurred upō the pceedings & some th^t had sold heere at Wenhā, redeemed their accomodations agayne into their possession

& a L^r was sutably sent by Br. Read to acquainte the Chelmesf. Comittee how things stood, & advised to stead themselves elsewhere.

Betwene this time & the 6^t of 4^t m^o 55, things hung uncertayne & uncleered, notwithstanding some L^{rs} passed & some agitatiō at Wenhā betwene Isa: Lernet agent fr Chelmsfd & Wenhā Brethren. But as upō 6^t of 4th aforesd was dated a L^r & sent by the hands of Isa: Lernet, Sim: Thompsō & Tho: Adams, with full power to them to treate & finally to determine this busines depending betwene both pties.

Vpon there coming over to Wenham. The Matter was determined betwene them & the sd pasto^r touching the Building of the house Terms of Accommodation & of yeerly mayntenance, as under there hands affixed to the L^{rs} was sent before dated in first month tenth day, likewise it was concluded betwene them & the Brethren at Wenham to refer the matter to Counsell; & the pties agreed upon were, M^r Endicot Govrno^r, M^r Mather, M^r Allin of Dedhā, M^r Cobbet, M^r Shermā, Capt. Jōhnsō of Woo-buerne who determined the case for Chelmsford.

This case thus determined: on either side p^rpation was made for the Removal of the Church.

Accordingly about the 13th of 9^{mo} 55, there were met at Chelmsfd. the pastō with the engaged Brethren of Wenham church viz. Ezdras Read, Edw. Kemp, Austin Killam, Sa: Foster; Geo: Byam & Rich. Goldsmith, seuen in all To whom such of the Brethren of Wooburne & Concord ch: who had before ppounded themselves to joyne with the ch: late at Wenham, Now in Removeing to Chelmsford, & p^rsented themselues, with there L^rs of Dismission: upon satisfaction & Testimony Giuen were by an vnanimous vote Received into fellowship They being the greater numb. in way of mutual compliyanse, a Relatiō passd on either side, as each one voluntarily would:

	Membs. sig ^d
Viz. Isaack Lernet (he dyed 8. of 10. 57.	1
Simon Thompson (he dyed about 3q ^{rs} of a y. after at Ooburne	2
Wm. Vnderwood	3
Abram Parker	4
Benja: Butterfeild	5
Tho: Chamberlin	6

Next received

Dan. Blogged who brought l^{rs} of dismission from
the Ch: at Cambridge 7

So after this the seales of the supp administred & there were admitted by vote these Members of other churches, to cōion with us in these seales.

M^r Griffin

W^m. fletcher & his wife

Tho: Adams & his wife

Br. Vnd^rwoods wife

(Edw. Spalding)

Bro: Butterfeilds wife

Bro: Chamberlins wife

Edm: Chamberlins wife

Abram Parkers wife

Jos. Parkers wife

Isa: Lernets wife

Sim: Thompsons wife

Since Rec'd into fellowship was Jacob Parker"

Of this council which decided this grave question, of the removal of Mr. Fiske and his church to Chelmsford, the man at its head was that stern puritan, Governor John Endicott. The second was Rev. Richard Mather, the father of Increase and the grandfather of Cotton Mather. The third was Rev. John Cobbet of Lynn. The fourth was Rev. John Sherman of Watertown, of that famous family which produced that great soldier General W. T. Sherman and the equally distinguished statesman Senator John Sherman, of Ohio. The fifth was Rev. John Allin of Dedham, who had come from England in the same ship with Mr. Fiske in 1637. The last was Captain Edward Johnson, one of the founders of Woburn, and the author of that rare work, "The Wonder Working Providence of Zion's Savior in New England."

At the first town meeting held, The: 22^d: the: 9th: month: 1654, the following provision was voted for Mr. Fiske's support:

"We give to Mr. Fisk Thirty acres of Meadow and thirty Acres of Plowable Land for the acomidation of him for his most Conveniancy: And we do Agree and Order that he shall have a Hous built for him Thirty-eight foot in Length & Twenty foot in bredth with three fire Rooms, the Chimneys built with Brick or stone: And we promise to pay to Mr. Fisk Fifty Pounds for the first year: And we promise to pay his Maintinence as the Lord shall enable us for the future."

The Wenham company was a great accession to the little settlement, particularly their minister, Rev. John Fiske.

The influence of the clergy was so great in those times that the welfare of the community depended very much upon the good sense, energy, and character of their spiritual advisors. This town was especially fortunate in that respect. The first four pastorates, those of Fiske, Clark, Stoddard, and Bridge, embraced

a period of 137 years. No stronger evidence could be given of the good sense of these men and their strong hold upon the affections of their people than to say that during all this period when religious controversies were so common, many churches being split in twain over what seem to us trivial doctrinal questions, no church council was ever called to settle any differences, in this town, between pastor and people. Differences, to be sure, they had, but they were all settled amicably between themselves, and each of the four first ministers remained and served the church and community until death severed the connection.

Rev. John Fiske came to this country from England in 1637, bringing a letter of introduction from Robert Ryece to Gov. John Winthrop which read as follows:

"To the woorshipfull his moste respected good ffrinde Mr. John Wrinthrope esqr. at his house at Boston in New England give these."

"Sir,—This bearer, Mr. Fyske, being one every waye so pious & religious, needes not my comendations of hym, but the malignitie of the tymes, removinge hym with sondry others of his profession into your partes, hathe required this shorte wrytinge of mee, in his behalfe, that what employment you can procure hym I may be thankefull vnto you for it. Hee is a graduate, & havinge preached mooche, seinge the danger of the tymes, he changed his profession of divinitie into phisicke, wherien he hath now laste warde employed hym selfe. He is a good schollar & an honeste man. I pray pardon my abrupte & sooddeyne writinge. I can stay no longer, but after the true remembrance of my best respecte vnto you, I take my leave this 19 of Apryll, 1637, and do remayne,

Yours euery wayes mooche bownde

ROBTE. RYECE.*"

This letter was endorsed on the back by Governor Winthrop, "Mr. Ryece per Mr. Fiske."

* Coll. Mass. Historical Society, First Series Vol. VI.

Mr. Fiske was not only beloved by the people among whom he labored but he was held in high esteem by his contemporaries as appears from a biographical account of him by Cotton Mather from which the following is taken (*Magnalia* Vol. I P 430):

"Mr. John Fisk was born in the parish of St. James, in the county of Suffolk, about the year 1601, of pious and worthy parents, yea, of grand-parents, and great grand-parents, eminent for zeal in the true religion. There were six brothers in the infamous reign of Queen Mary, whereof three were Papists, and three were Protestants, I may say, Puritans; and of the latter (whereof none were owned by the former) two were sorely persecuted. For one of these brethren, the pursevant, having a kindness, gave him a private and previous notice of his coming with an order to seize him; whereupon the good man first called his family to prayer, hastned away to hide himself in a ditch, with his Godly wife, which had a sucking child at her breast. The pursevant being near at hand, a thorn in the hedge gave such a mark to the child's face, as never went out; whereat the child beginning to roar, the mother presently clapt it to the breast, whereby it was quieted at once, and there was no discovery then, or after, made of these confessors. Another of these brethren, from whom our Fisk was descended, was then (to avoid burning) hid many months in a wood-pile; and afterwards, for half a year in a cellar, where he diligently employed himself in profitable manufactures, by candle light, after such a manner as to remain likewise undiscovered; but his many hardships brought that excessive bleeding upon him, that shortened his days, and added unto the cry of the souls under the altar.

"Our John was the eldest of four children, all of whom afterwards came to New England with him, and left a posterity, with whom God established his holy covenant. His parents having devoted him unto the service of the Lord Jesus Christ, they sent him first unto a grammar school, two miles from the place of

their abode, whither his diligent soul was instead of wings, every day to carry him.

"His education at the school, having fitted him for the university, he went unto Cambridge, where he was admitted, into (as I think) Immanuel College, in which he resided, until he became a graduate. Some time after this, being both by art and by heart, well prepared for it, he applied himself unto the work to which he had been devoted; namely, the preaching of the gospel; but the silencers grew so hard upon him for his non-conformity, that upon the advice of his friends, he set himself to study physick, and upon a thorough examination, he obtained a license for public practice. When he was about eight and twenty years of age, he married a vertuous young gentlewoman, Anne Gipps, several hundreds of pounds of whose patrimony were denied her upon the displeasure of her father, at her coming to New-England.

"But upon the death of his father, who had committed unto him the care of his mother and two sisters, and his youngest brother, he thought it his duty to remove into New-England, where he saw an opportunity of returning unto the quiet exercise of his ministry. He, and that excellent man Mr. John Allin, came aboard in disguise, to avoid the fury of their persecutors; but after they were past the Lands-End, they entertained the passengers with two sermons every day, besides other agreeable devotions, which filled the voyage with so much of religion, that one of the passengers being examined about his going to divert himself with a hook and line, on the Lords-day, he protested, that he did not know when the Lord's-day was; he thought every day was a sabbath day; for, he said, they did nothing but pray and preach all the week long."

"Mr. Fiske arrived at New England in the year 1637 * *

* * His aged mother died quickly after he came aboard, and his only infant quickly after he came ashore. * * * He came well stocked with servants, and all sorts of tools for husbandry

and carpentry, and with provisions to support his family in a wilderness for three years together; out of which, he charitably lent a considerable quantity to the country, which he then found in the distress of a war with the Pequot-Indians. He now sojourned about three years at Salem where he was both a preacher to the church and a tutor unto divers young scholars (whereof the well-known Sir George Downing was one) as he was afterwards unto his own children, when the want of grammar-schools at hand made it necessary. From thence he removed unto a place adjoining thereunto, which is now called Wenham; where on October 8, 1644, a church was gathered, of which he continued the pastor, in that place, for more than twice seven years; contented with a very mean salary, and consuming his own fair estate for the welfare of the new plantation."

"About the year 1656, he removed with the major part of his church to another new town, called Chelmsford; and there he spent the remainder of his days."

"Twenty years did he shine in the golden candlestick of Chelmsford; a plain but an able painful, and useful preacher of the gospel; rarely if ever, by sickness hindered from the exercise of his ministry, * * * * Thus our Mr. Fisk, now superseded his care and skill of dispensing medicines for the body, by doing it for the soul."

"But although he did in his ministry, go through an exposition of almost all the scriptures in both Testaments, and unto his Lord's day sermons, added a monthly lecture on the week day, besides his discourses at the private meetings of the faithful, and his exact and faithful cares to keep up church discipline yet none of his labours were more considerable than his catechetical * *

* * * Our Fisk therefore did by most laborious catechising, endeavor to know the state of his flock, and make it good; and hence, although he did himself compose and publish a most useful catechism which he entitled, *The Olive Plant Watered*; yet he chose the assembly's catechism for his public expositions

wherewith he twice went over it, in discourses before his afternoon sermons on the sabbath."

Mr. Fisk had six children. The first was born in England and, as Mather mentioned, died soon after reaching this country. The births of the others, as recorded by himself in his note book, or church record, were as follows:

"The children of John & Anna Fiske Born in N. E.

- 1638 John, { borne the 29th of 6^t
bapt. the 2^d of 7. Salem Mr Pet's (Peters)
Escaped a g^rte danger at wenhā in passing with
the streame vnd^r the mill wheele, when the mill
was a goeing. An 1647, 6^t of 3^d at what time he
recei^d (as twere) a new life. Not a bone broke &c.
- 1640 Sarah, { bapt. 26^t of 5
borne 24 of 5^t } Salem Mr pet
- 1642 Moses, borne 12 of 2^d at Wenhā
bapt. 0 of 4^t at Salem by Mr Norice
- 1644 Anna, borne 15^t of 11th
- 1645 — baptised 2 of 1st (the 1st child bapt. at } Wenhām
- 1646 Eli-ezer, borne 8^t of 12th
bapt. 15 of 12 } Wenhām
he Deceased 16 of 10, 49.)
- 1671 The sd Anne Fiske wife to the sd Jn^o ffiske haue-
ing liued with him about 37. yeers, deceased 14. of
12th mo at Chelmsford.
- 1672 Elizabeth Hinksmā (widow of Edmund) married
to the sd Jn^o ffiske 1 of 6^{mo} at Chelmsford. * *"

Mr. Fiske kept a record from the year 1637 to 1675, about eighteen months before his death. It relates almost wholly to church matters. Mr. Allen, in writing his history of Chelmsford, evidently did not have access to this valuable record, as he does not mention it or make use of the information it contained. It evidently strayed away from Chelmsford early, perhaps through Mr. Fiske's youngest son, Rev. Moses Fiske, of Braintree, who

was executor of his father's will and inherited the property after the death of his elder brother John, without issue. Moses Fiske had a son Samuel living in Salem, and it was there that the late David Pulsifer of Boston unearthed this old record book. He made a copy for the late Rev. Dr. Dexter of the Congregation-alist, which is in the Yale University Library. After the sale of Mr. Pulsifer's effects this Record book came into the possession of Dr. Samuel A. Green of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Dr. Green has copied such part of this record as is deemed to be of historical interest, and published it in 1898 under the title "*Extracts from the note book of The Rev. John Fiske, 1637-1675.*" With an Introduction by Samuel A. Green."

The quotations, with one or two exceptions,, that I have used are from the published extracts. There are but few who would be able to read the original, as Dr. Green says in his Introduction, "The handwriting is very hard to read, and contains many abbreviations and nondescript characters which it is impossible to represent in type."

The town made generous gifts of land to Mr. Fiske and his son John, who reached his majority soon after coming to Chelmsford, granting much more than that promised in 1654.

The town also set apart a tract of land called the ministry land, for the benefit of the church and minister. This was the land now known as the Bussell place upon which Rev. Hezekiah Packard built, during his ministry, the fine old colonial house now standing.

The following is the record of this grant as appears in the second book of records, page 25 and page 34 of the copy made in 1892.

"The 31 of May, 1679, by the Townes Gifte and order was laid out to the Ministry and for that only vse for euer in Chelmsford to say thirtey Acers of vpland and swampe bee it more or les and is bownded East by the high way to the training Feild south vp on a great Rock North by the land of mr. Conelias Walldow.

With a straite line to a stake with a heape of stones aboute it which is a westerly Corner of John Cates his land and so of a Straite line to a pine neare stoney brooke path North west bown-ded vpon the towne Common vpland to a black oake and From thence [] straite line to a Red oake Neare the land that was giuen by the towne to mr. Fiske and his sonne John Fiske and From thence to a great Rock southerly all waies prouided ther bee a sofitient Carte way left beetwine the land of the Aboue sayd Fiske and the fore mentioned land: which way is to bee Foure polles in bredth in wittnes heare vnto wee the Cominity Apõnted to Actte hear in haue seett to our hands the day and yeare aboue sayd.

WILLIAM VNDERWOOD
JOHN FISKE

Cominity

This aboue is a trew Record and Approued by the selectt men as wittnes my hand,

SAM^{ell} ADAMS

23 June, 1679

Clerke"

The cart way mentioned in this description was what was known as "The Lane" until, by vote of the town it was named Bridge Street in memory of Rev. Ebenezer Bridge, pastor of the church (1741-1792).

In the description of Mr. Fiske's land opposite the ministry the "Pound" is mentioned. This was a small enclosure surrounded by a high stone wall. The wall was removed and the land taken into the highway some ten years ago when Bridge Street was widened and improved. Mr. Fiske's land extended down to the cemetery.

Formerly there were several families of colored people living on the Lane. Peter Fields and his little one story cottage, where Mr. Daniel Haley's house stands, are still remembered by the older people.

The town records contain no vote relative to the building of the first meeting house. So that no description of the building has come down to us or any statement of the time when it was built.

Mr. Allen* says "The third public meeting was dated month 11, day 16, 1655 and, agreeable to a former vote, holden at the meeting house."

"How and by whom the first meeting house was built" he says "are facts yet to be ascertained. There appears to be a tradition† that Samuel and Thomas Adams were at the principal expense of erecting this house. But the town records contain no information relative to it. It stood at the south west corner of the present house. It was built in the year preceding the erection of Mr. Adams' saw-mill, 1656 and in all probability was made of logs, hewed and locked together."

I do not agree with Allen's conclusions upon either of the three points just mentioned.

The vote of March 1, 1655, that future town meetings should be held at the meeting house plainly indicates an intention to have a meeting house, but there is reason to believe that their hopes were not realized that year.

In the record of the third town meeting, to which Allen refers, the place of meeting is not mentioned.

The best evidence obtainable would indicate that the meeting house was not built for several years, probably in 1659 or 1660. The first mention of the meeting house in Mr. Fiske's record is, incidentally, in specifying the duties of church officers when Thos. Henchman and Henry Farwell were chosen deacons, at a church meeting "16 of 9 [16]60 * * * * So. Br. Hinksmā was to keep the box, booke & acconts of constitutiō, Br.

*Mr. Allen's History, page 12.

†This is intimated in a letter from the late President Adams of Quincy to Wm. Adams, requesting to know who built the first meeting house and mills.

Kemp to pvide the bread & the wine, & Bro. Farwl. to take the charge of the linen & pewter &c."

"this day Br. Abr. parkr. was chosen in Br. Nuttings place, to take care of the clensing the meeting house that it be kept in a desent posture & of the hower (hour) glasse, Cushion &c. For a yeere," (In margin) "He refusing attend Br. Biā [Geo. Byam] was chosen & accepted." This would indicate that they now had a meeting house and proposed to have it decently cared for.

The only light which the town records shed upon this question is in the action taken to provide for the payment for the building.

From the large sums, over £264, from 1659 to 1663 raised for that purpose, not including the sum of £46-8, raised to pay Samuel Adams, in 1659, the tradition that one or two individuals were at the main expense of erecting the building would seem to be exploded. And, as there was a saw-mill in town in aid of which a large tract of land had been granted, the people would not be likely to construct their meeting house of logs. The building was sufficiently substantial and commodious to answer the needs of the town for fifty years.

The town record showing the amounts that the town was assessing upon the inhabitants for various purposes during the years in which the meeting house was being paid for is sufficiently instructive to be given in full.

"yeare

:1 : 6 [16]59 A List of the disbursments Leuied by rate in this Tounne of Chelmsford from the first of the first month $\frac{58}{9}$ and the names of the persons to home they ware Comited :

A rate for the paiment for A drum

to Henry Farwell

3-5

the Country rate for y^t yeare was

with an addition of halfe

14-6-00½

	A rate to pay mr. Samuell Addams	46-8-0
	to A County rate	2-7-4
		66-4-4½
	to Joseph Parker Constable	
Y ^e yeare	A rate for the Toune house to meet in	22-2-6
:60:		
	A Country rate Colledg & Law books	14-1-0
	A rate for a toune stock of amunition	13-6-0
	A County rate and for A presentment	2-8-6
	Roberd Proctor Constable	51-18-00
in y ^e yeare		
:61:	A Countrey rate with an addition &	
	to y ^e Colledg	17-17-8
	A Toune rate for glass and other	
	dues from y ^e toune	15- 1-8
	James Hildereth	32-19-4
8: 62:	A Countrey rate with an addition	
	and Colledg	19-19-3
	A rate for the meeting house for y ^e	
	Toune	100- 8-00
	Thomas Chamberline Constable	120- 7-3
8 63:	A rate for the meeting house	100-00-00
	to the Countrey & Colledg	19-9-05½
	A Toune rate for y ^e meeting house	
	Carting & other dues	27-1-11
	John Burge, Constable*	146-11-42"

118. *Second book Town Records, original, page 190; Copy of 1892, page

After the removal of Rev. Mr. Fiske and his brethren from Wenham to Chelmsford those members in Wenham retained their connection with the church, now the church of Chelmsford, and still looked to Mr. Fiske for spiritual guidance. This appears from a letter written by Mr. Fiske to the Wenham brethren, as copied from the Fiske record by the late David Pulsifer of Boston. Only so much of the letter is here given as shows the relation of the Wenham members to this church and the objects of the letter.

"The Copy of y^e Church's Answer to y^e L's from o^r brethren of Wenham Dated 31 of 1, 59.

"To our beloved Brethren of y^e Church at Chelmsford resident in Wenham."

"Grace mercy & Peace be multiplyed by Jesus Christ."

"Brethren Beloved in our Lord.

We received of late Letters from you by our Bro: Byam whereby you expresse yo^r desire of our present approbation counsell & prayers in Order to y^e Erecting of a Church, amongst & of your selues, & to y^e Calling an Officer to administer vnto you, y^e things of Christ: manifesting yo^r hopes of Enjoying Mr. Newman in that worke & function: & afterward (when you shalbe fully resolved of this) that accordingly we would condescend to yeeld you Letters of dismission to y^e worke of God * * * *

* * * * * And though we cannot but greatly approve of yo^r prudence in not determining that matter, or desiring Letters of dismission from vs to that worke, before you have recejved a full Answer from M^r Newman in y^e case w^{ch} if we vnderstand be once giuen, according to your desire expressed, so as he shall both joyne wth you in gathering a Church, & vndertake office amongst you * * * * * you shall not need question a readines & surenes on our parts to graunt you Letters of dismission, yea & our hearts & prayers shall goe along

wth them for his gracious presence & blessing to be vouchsafed in Jesus Christ. So desiring y^e God of all Grace to make you perfect, stablish strengthen settle you in his owne holy Truthes & waies, we take our leave at present, & rest.

Chelmsford

Yo^r Loueing Br.

24 of 2^d 59

in y^e bonds of y^e Gospel

Jo. ffiske

in y^e name and with y^e consent
of y^e Church"

Rev. Antipas Newman was ordained at Wenham, December, 8, 1663, a new meeting house having been built that year.

Mr. Fiske prepared a Catechism for the instruction of the young people of his flock, which was printed at the expense of the church in 1657. Copies of this little work are now exceedingly rare, probably not more than one or two remain in existence. One specimen was contained in the library of the late George Livermore of Cambridge, which was bought by the Lenox Library, of New York, for \$106, at the auction sale of the Livermore collection. It was entitled "The Watering of the Olive Plant in Christs Garden or A short Catechism For the first Entrance of our Chelmsford Children."

The address, "To the Church & Congregation at Chelmsford, Grace & Peace, through Jesus Christ," is as follows:*

"Beloved, What is here presented to Public view is yours: for looking to the poor-Penman, as Relating to you: to the external moving Cause, as arising firstly & freely from you, to the End & use as centering in you, to the reason of the Publishing thereof, as resting with you, and the care and costs, as to that end expended by you: It must not otherwise be determined but YOURS. Which being so, you have saved me the labour, of prefacing on behalfe, either of this so necessary & fruitfull an exercise of Catechising, or of this present draught: or of publishing

*Early New England Catechises, by Willbeforce Eames

it. The present encumbrances of our new-beginning you know to have declined me till of late, from the former, and mine own inabilities much more from the latter, as being rather desirous to have made use of some others labours that way, or at least-wise to have acted mine own feeble apprehensions in a more private manner amongst our selves. But God hath moved your minds, first to see, and seeing to cause, as it must be as it is. I shall add only a word or two touching use; 1. The Scripture quotations in the margent, are so severed by those distinct marks as it is not hard to discern to which answer they pertain. 2. They are orderly set down (for the generall) as they relate to the severall sentences or parts in the answers. 3. Where more than one, are mentioned to the same purpose, it is not without special cause, and may serve for help of memory, when we may have occasion to branch out such a subject, into its particulars. 4. Profitably you may reduce Promises to their proper heads in the Lords Prayer, and Dutyes or faylings to their proper places in the Decalogue. As for the annexing of these with the Doctrine of the Sacraments, by way of Appendix. It is because the same will more suit with such capacities as are already entered, then such as are but in their entrance. I say no more but this. If now you & yours, (as is hoped) shall gain any Spiritual fruit by these poor weak Travells of mine, I have my desire; and no small encouragement, in the midst of many wilderness-discouragements. To His Blessing therefore I commit both you & yours, who is the God of all Blessing: and Rest.

Yours in the Lord,

JOHN FISKE

Chelmesford this

25 of 1 mo: 1657."

Mr. Allen says (P 124) "This little work is moderate in its doctrines, catholic in its spirit." The conclusion however would not be warranted from this that it taught any milder Calvinistic doctrines than the generality of New England churches at that time.

The Puritan theocracy was still in force during Mr. Fiske's pastorate. Our Puritan ancestors who had escaped from religious persecution in England, proposed to avoid religious dissensions in their new home by founding a commonwealth to be composed of a united body of believers. The Cambridge Platform had been adopted in 1648, defining the creed and powers of the clergy. This was laid before the congregations and adopted by them. And the General Court had already in 1646 enacted a law for the banishment of heretics, prefaced by the declaration, "Although no Humane (human) power be Lord over the Faith and Consciences of men, yet because such as bring in damnable Heresies, tending to the subversion of the Christian Faith, and destruction of the souls of men ought duely to be restrained from such notorious impieties."

The Fiske Record gives some facts relative to the publication of the Catechism and the methods adopted by the church for catechising the children, viz:

"& together herewithal in the 4 place of the refusall (as we vnderstood), to disburse their pportion to the Catech. printing, wch the ch: stands engaged to see satisfied * * * (From a letter written to Esdras Read, under date of January 31, 1657-8, and copied into the Note-book)

"23 of 10, 58 Voted by the church that the 33shs 9d wch the church stood engaged to see pd. to Br. James Parker for the Catechises should be for p^rsnt lent to him out of the church stock, & if light app hraftē (appear hereafter) to the Church where it lies behind, to be taken in to the deacos hand on th eaccont of the catechizes in lew of this loan if not light, then this pte of the Church stock to be here levyed in his hands as assigned to the discharge of this debt of the Church * * * * *

"6 of 12 64 A church meeting Catechising. Agreed by the church, that the sã course of catechizg of all undere 16 years old, be attended at the house of the pastō viz. for mayds the day aftē the Lecture, & for youth^s the 2^d day of the weeke following the lecture.

It [em] That for all yong men aboue 16 yeers old, vnmarryd. That it be moved, who will voluntarily app to giue in their Names to Answr in publick, & for such as shall decline: if children of the church, that the church shall see that they attend to be catechisd by the pastō in his House upon the 2^d day of the week monthly aftē the lecture at the usual time, of meeting (viz. aboute 3 of the clock in afternoone & if they shall negl. to come on one day, to bring as much the next time, as may pportion the Time. This votd.

That we begin the worke in publ. aboute the begining of 2^d month.

The Catechases to be dd out by Bro. Kemp at 6^d p peece.

30 of 4. 69 The church mett * * * * After this, It was pposed the way of Catechising frō house to house. & the yong or vnmarried psos to meet at sō one house of 4 or 5, the maryed to be visited in their owne houses."

Of the six members of the church who came with Mr. Fiske from Wenham, two of them, Richard Goldsmith and Austin Killam, soon returned to Wenham where the former was killed by lightning in 1655, and the latter died in 1667. Esdras Read also withdrew from the church and went to Boston where he lived during the remainder of his life.

There were others however who came with, or very soon after, Mr. Fiske, but who presumably were not members of the church as their names do not appear in the Fiske record. One of these was John Shepley who sold, in 1655, to William Fiske (brother of the minister) a dwelling house in Wenham, and land "butting with a bound tree by the mill & so running up to the meeting-house."*

And in 1656 the names of Sister Shipley's children were recorded on the church book at Chelmsford.

Deacon Cornelius Waldo who, Allen says, came with the Fiske company, did not come for ten years. He was from Ipswich where there is evidence of his living till 1665.

* Essex Reg. of Deeds, So. Dist., Vol. 1 Leaf 27.

In June, 1656, there were nine additional members received into the church. The record of the meeting is as follows:

"Vpon 11 of 4, 56, a publick gnal (general) fast. In the close of the day was the Church Cov^t renewed repeate^d & voted by the Brethren.

It [em] there were received into o^r cov^t p^fessing their willingness to owne that o^r cov^t as had ben exp^rssed.

- | | | | | |
|----|---|---|----------------|----------------|
| 11 | William Fletcher | } | dismissed | |
| 1 | Bro: Adams his wife | | frō the church | Mary Adams |
| 2 | Bro. Vnderwoods wife | | of Concord | Sara Vnderwood |
| 3 | Anna Butterfield, the wife of Bro: Butterfield | | | |
| 4 | Mary Chamberlin, the wife of Bro: Tho: Chamblin | | | |
| 5 | Mary Lernett, the wife of Bro: Isaack Lernet | | | |
| 6 | Mary Thompsō the wife of Bro: Symō Thōson | | | |
| 7 | Rose parker, the wife of Bro: Abrā Parker | | | |
| 8 | Margaret Parker, the wife of Joseph parker | | | |
| 9 | Mary Chamberlin, the wife of Edmond Chamblin | | | |

dismissed to us frō the church of Ooburne.

Edmond Chamblin, the sō (son) of the 1st Mary Chamblin, baptised 29 of 4, 56. This d. the Lo: supp & here cōicatd with us. Rob. Proctor of Concord.

Rafe Hill & his wife	}	
Geo: Farly		of ooburn (Woburn)
Wm. Baker of the church of charlestowne."		

The church was for some time exercised over the question as to the relation which the children of the church members should sustain to the church. At a meeting 1 of 11, 56 (Jan. 1, 1657) a set of propositions were adopted determining such relations, the third clause of which was:

- "3 That the children of Church members, vnder the age of 14 or 15 y. when there pñts (parents) tooke the Cov^t are included in there pñts Cov^t & to be reputed members, & consequently to be baptised, not haueing ben before Baptised."

This question having been disposed of the "Brethren p^resented their childr, names & Ages," and then follow the names and ages of 75 children belonging to 17 families.

The action of the church in the case of Mr. Fiske's son Moses, who had been prepared for college by his father at the age of 16 years, shows the zealous care which the church exercised over its members.

"12 of 7, 58. This day Moses Fiske, being suddenly to depte to the Colledge was called forth before the Church: & owned thr his followeth Cov^t in the face of the Church, psonally in cov^t engaging himself to the Church, & the Church to him, as in the forme as follows."

The covenant follows and also the copy of a long letter addressed to the Church of Cambridge, commending the young man to their brotherly care and watchfulness.

The control exercised by the church over its members often affected their temporal interests. Personal interests must give way to those of the church, when they conflicted.

We are accustomed to think of the people of those early times as leading a simple life mingling together upon terms of perfect equality. But we find that social distinctions were sharply drawn. Men of humble calling were addressed as Goodman. The prefix Mr. was applied to the minister, the justice and men of distinction. Most of the meeting houses of the early days were without pews, the people being seated upon rude benches. That was probably the case with the first one here. Seating the meeting house was a most significant custom. A committee chosen by the town and composed of its most dignified men, assigned to each person the seat that he, or she, was to occupy each sabbath. The custom of the time was to assign them according to age, rank and estate. When a new meeting house was built in 1712, the town voted as instructions to the seating committee, "that the Eldest persons shall be seted in the foremost seats and Like Wise that thare be a moderate Regard to estats in seating the meeting house."

In 1678 the town chose "For a Comite to order the seating in meeting house Capt thom. hinchman Capt Sam^{el} Adams en Thom. Adams william vnderwod Josiah Richardson."

In 1702, after the meeting house had been standing about forty years, the town voted to repair it. As the record expresses it—"both wthout side to keep out rain and snow & also within-side such Inlargement as may bee needful & in perticular A long table from one allee to another." Persons were seated at the table who were held to be entitled to especial consideration. Soon pews came in and a few favored persons were permitted to build pews at their own expense for themselves and families. But such a privilege could only be obtained by a vote in town meeting. In 1712 "It Was uoted that Colonall tyng Capt Bowers Capt Barron and Jonathan Richardson shall haue the Liberty and Benefit of making Pues in that uacant Roome one the East side of the Pulpit in the New Meeting hous to the East Window."

Of this favored few, the first was Colonel Jonathan Tyng, of that wealthy and aristocratic family for which the town of Tyngsboro was named. The second was Capt. Jerathmel Bowers who lived upon what is now Brooks Street in Lowell, and, if tradition tells true, in the identical house now occupied by one of his descendants, Joseph Bowers, and the birthplace of the Lowell City Engineer, George Bowers. The third pew owner, Capt. Moses Barron, was Chairman of the Selectmen and Town Clerk, and the last, Jonathan Richardson, was a military officer and the proprietor of a mill at the mouth of Stony Brook, at the present thriving village of North Chelmsford.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, in her work "The Sabbath in Puritan New England," states that "often it was stipulated in the permission to build a pew that a separate entrance-door should be cut into it through the outside wall of the meeting-house." (Page 33). And I find records which look as though such favors had been granted in Chelmsford. For what other purpose could have been the doors ordered by the following votes in 1696, forty

years after the building had been erected and supplied with suitable entrances? "it is voted y^t two men shall be ordered to make two dors at y^e back side of y^e meeting hous" and the years following "it is uoated that thare shall be A doar mad out at the noarth sid of y^e meeting house and A pillor set under y^e bame."

It is pleasant to find that those who came long distances, and so were obliged to remain during the long intermission between the morning and afternoon services, looked after the comfort of their horses, the town voting in 1719 "that Stephen Peirce senor and several of the inhabitants of the Neck shall haue Liberty to buld a Stable Nere the meeting house." From time to time others were given the like privilege. It is not for some time after that we find noon houses mentioned. These were small houses built by families living at a distance, as a place in which to spend the intermission, by a comfortable fire and eat their mid-day lunch. The diary of Judge Sewall of Boston mentions one bitter cold Sunday, "The communion bread was frozen pretty hard and rattled sadly into the plates." Several of the old noon houses are still standing about the village.

This church, organized two hundred and fifty years ago, is now the First Congregational Society of Chelmsford, but has become Unitarian in belief. It has been a favorite theory of some of the later ministers of this church that liberal views have been preached there from the first. Such an opinion was probably based upon Allen's statement in regard to the catechism as being moderate in its doctrines and catholic in its spirit. But, as Cotton Mather tells us that Mr. Fiske used the Assembly's Catechism in his public expositions we must conclude that the Calvinistic doctrines there taught must have been acceptable to him.

The council which decided that Mr. Fiske should come to establish and preside over the Chelmsford church was not composed of men who would have tolerated views such as would now be considered liberal. At its head, as already mentioned, was

Gov. Endicott, one of the most bigoted of Puritans. He it was who when presiding at the trial of one of the Quakers, when the people had lost all heart for the floggings and executions which had been inflicted upon those people, and the magistrates hesitated, Endicott, losing patience, smote the table with fury, upbraided the judges for their weakness, and declared, "You that will not consent record it, I thank God I am not afraid to give judgement." The prisoner, Wenlock Christison, was condemned to death, but the sentence was not executed.

Another member of the council, Richard Mather, was the man who drew up the Cambridge Platform.

If Mr. Fiske had been preaching liberal views, such a council, instead of planting him over a new church, would have been more likely to have consigned him to the fate of Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson.

We must look therefore to the Westminster Catechism and the Cambridge Platform, for the doctrines taught by Mr. Fiske, concerning God and his dealings with his children.

Where there was but one church and that one holding the doctrines mentioned, it maintained a wonderful power over the people.

All were taxed for its support, and rigid discipline was maintained over its members. Any breach of moral conduct must, if proved, be followed by public confession before the congregation. Think of the power required to induce a man to stand up in the meeting house and confess before all the people to the "Sin of Unrighteousness, dishonesty & falshood—publicly acted" as Parson Bridge records of a case in 1765.

Attendance upon divine worship was compulsory so that all must attend the services whether they liked the preaching or not. And this law was not a dead letter—persons were often brought before the court for absence from meeting. I found in the court house in Cambridge a manuscript list of "Cases Presented" to the "grand jury at Cambridge," in 1674 and among them.

"In Concord: John Hoar, for absenting himself from the public ordinances on y^e lords days, Constantly that part of y^e day that m^r Buckley preacheth, with: Richard Hassell, Jn^o Smedley, Sen^r."

This John Hoar, was an ancestor of the late Senator George F. Hoar.

And the law even went so far as to order that during the week day lecture all taverns within a mile of the meeting house should be cleared "of all persons able to go to Meeting, during the time of the exercise (except upon extraordinary cause, for the necessary refreshing of strangers * * * "

In Mr. Fiske's time the clergy of New England were at the height of their power. They largely framed the laws as well as defined the creeds. But the people in the meantime were doing some thinking upon their own account and a reaction gradually set in, so that after a time the work of the synods were little heeded.

I have been surprised to find a record as early as 1749, contained in the diary of Rev. Ebenezer Bridge of Chelmsford, which reads, "I discoursed wth Jonas Robbins again about old M^r Byham his denying y^e Divinity of our Sav^r, as S^d Jonas charges him * * * "

And it is equally surprising to find Mr. Bridge's pulpit occupied in May, 1751, by Rev. Charles Chauncy of Boston, who later published a book entitled "Salvation for All Men."

We would not like to go back to the preaching of the time of Mr. Fiske. But he labored faithfully according to his light.

We wonder at their narrowness and intolerance. But nevertheless, in spite of their limitations the Puritan church was a mighty power for good, and from such influences has developed a society as good as the world has ever seen.

After twenty years of faithful service the aged pastor, Rev. John Fiske, became physically unable to carry the burdens of his

labors alone, and the town took measures to provide him an assistant in the ministry. The following is the wording of the record:

"The 13 Day of the 10 mo 1675 att a Genorall metting of inhabitants of Chelmsford was voated as Foloeth

1^{ly} in Consideration of mr. Fisks Age and infermitis Acompaning the same ther is ned of sum hilpe to Joine with mr. Fiske in the woorke of the ministry

2^{ly} that besids teh eighty pownds Formerly grauntid yerly to the ministry ther shall be Fourty pownds more Raised— yearly For the obtaining of mr. Clarke to bee a help in the worke Aforsaid if hee may bee Attained

Recorded

by order of the selectt men the 28 10 1675

SAM ADAMS

*Clerk**"

Mr. Fiske now rapidly declined in health, although he continued his labors notwithstanding his weakness. "On the second Lord's day of his confinement by illness, after he had been many Lord's days carried to church in a chair, and preached as in primitive times sitting * * * on January 14, 167 $\frac{6}{7}$ he saw a rest from his labors."

Mr. Fiske's will is dated June 18, 1674. It is a lengthy document written by himself in an excellent hand. His library was appraised at £60 and the entire estate at £703-3-10, including 154 acres of land, pair oxen, 4 cows, mare, 12 sheep, carpet 7 quushions and 4 silver spoons.

His gift, or legacy, of a silver communion cup to the church has been in use to the present time and I have brought it here for your examination. The cup was made by John Dixwell, Jr., son of the regicide Judge of that name. He was a goldsmith at Boston. On the bottom of the cup is stamped the maker's mark, a fleur-de-lis, and the initials I. D., and surrounding them

*First book, page 129.

the letters I. F. L. C. C.—John Fiske's Legacy Chelmsford Church.

He is buried in "Forefathers'" cemetery, but the exact spot is not known, as there are no inscriptions of so early a date.

A memorial cenotaph has been recently erected in the cemetery by the Fiske family of Chelmsford, to commemorate the life and the virtues of the first Pastor of the Chelmsford Church, the Rev. John Fiske.

LIST OF PAPERS READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY IN 1905

"Mrs. Sarah W. Francis." By Miss Mabel Hill. Read February 8, 1905.

"Childhood Reminiscences of Middlesex Village." By Hon. Samuel P. Hadley. Read February 8, 1905.

"Rev. John Fiske, the first pastor of the Chelmsford Church." By Henry S. Perham. Read March 18, 1905.

"Childhood Reminiscences of Middlesex Village." (continued). By Hon. Samuel P. Hadley. Read May 10, 1905.

"The Voyages of Thoreau and his companions along the Concord and Merrimack." By Hon. Frank B. Sanborn, of Concord. Read October 11, 1905.

"Union Generals in the Civil War who have been associated with Lowell and its vicinity." By Charles Cowley, Esq. Read December 13, 1905.

"Experiences as a sharpshooter during the war and before Gettysburg." Remarks by Capt. George E. Worthen, December 13, 1905.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR 1905-1906.

PREPARED AND READ BY SOLON W. STEVENS, PRESIDENT,
FEBRUARY 14, 1906.

To the Officers and Members of the Lowell Historical Society.

It again becomes my pleasant duty to present the annual report of the executive committee: and such a report ought to be a brief resume of the proceedings of the Lowell Historical Society during the year which tonight reaches its close.

A little reflection will warrant the assertion that the past year, in so far as it relates to our peculiar line of work, has been such as to afford encouragement, and to inspire hope for greater results as time passes by. Our work is not at all sensational in its character. We do not try to compete with the "Vaudeville" in affording amusements, we do not seek to rival lecture courses in their announcements of song and instrumental combinations and brilliant speakers, who assume to discuss "live topics" and "vital questions," with rhetorical accomplishments and sometimes with historical accuracy, restful, entertaining, and instructive as all this may be; our sphere of endeavor in this organization is to study the past, especially as it relates to our immediate community; to rescue from oblivion some of its traditions, to step in imagination in the footprints of others who in their time were the recipients of honor and universal esteem, to familiarize ourselves in some degree with the scenes which once were visible, but have since vanished at the approach of modern customs, to learn, if we can, how the old fashioned ideas of New England life developed men and women who were strong physically, spiritually, and intellectually; to foster a reverence for some things that are old, not simply because they are old, but, because having been tested by time, they are ever new, and perchance, in tenderness of touch and with a reverential spirit, to wipe off the dust from some memorial urns. Such subject matter as this demands of our organization especial attention, and because there is some evidence of an increasing interest in the promotion of such investigation on the part of our citizens, we are growing

confident that by perseverance in our customary quiet way of research and analysis along the lines of examination which come within our province, the time may not be far distant when the work in which we are engaged will rise to the dignity of appreciation on the part of the general public.

There are two suggestions which have occurred to the mind of the President and which with propriety may find expression in an annual report.

First, that a scrap book of proper and convenient size be procured and placed in the charge of the librarian wherein newspaper clippings and other similar material containing items of interest, like anecdotes, reminiscences of people, the history of public buildings and private houses and all other analogous data which may have a bearing on the history both of Lowell or its adjacent towns, may be collected and preserved carefully for use and reference in future times; and that any person on finding such material may regard it as a privilege to send the same to the Lowell Historical Society for permanent care and second, that for the accomplishment of this design a letter-box be placed in the hall below near the entrance of this building marked "Lowell Historical Society," for the reception of such material as has thus been indicated and described. In this way many important items of information may be rescued from oblivion and made useful in innumerable ways.

At the last annual meeting of our Society a very interesting appreciative and scholarly sketch of the late Mrs. Sarah W. Francis was read by Miss Mabel Hill.

At the same meeting a paper on "Childhood Reminiscences of Middlesex Village," was read by the Hon. Samuel P. Hadley. The high esteem universally entertained for the speaker, his personal participation in many of the scenes graphically described, the characteristic perspicuity of style in which the story is written, the diction and the Addisonian turns of expression all combined to give an unusually large audience an evening of rare enjoyment.

At a special meeting on the evening of March 18th, we had the pleasure of listening to a highly interesting paper on "The Rev. John Fiske, the first pastor of the Chelmsford Church," given by Mr. Henry S. Perham.

At the regular meeting on May 10th we were entertained and instructed in listening to the concluding portions of "Childhood Reminiscences of Middlesex Village," the same being the part of the paper read by the Hon. Samuel P. Hadley at the meeting on February 8th which was omitted then for want of time.

On the evening of October 11th, a large audience had the pleasure of listening to the Hon. Frank B. Sanborn of Concord, Massachusetts, in a delightful talk about the voyages of Thoreau and his companions along the Concord and Merrimac." The personality of the speaker added much to the enjoyment of the evening. The fact that he had known intimately many of the famous people who have made Concord historic in the literary world awakened in the mind of the hearer a peculiar desire to catch every word which fell from the lips of this distinguished gentleman, who is an acknowledged authority both in historical incidents and in literary criticism.

At the regular meeting on December 13th we were delightfully entertained by Charles Cowley, Esq., of this city who spoke to us about the "Union Generals of the Civil War, who have been associated with Lowell and its vicinity." Incidentally photographs of distinguished military gentlemen were shown to the audience, and after the address remarks akin to the subject which had been ably discussed were made by several gentlemen who were present and had served in the civil war.

The obituary record of the society is as follows:

James G. Buttrick,	died April 6, 1905
James M. Pearson,	died Oct. 3, 1905.
Alonzo L. Russell,	May 22, 1905
William Shepard,	died July 28, 1905
Henry A. Fielding, of Bozeman, Montana,	
a corresponding member,	died Oct. 29, 1905

Mr. James G. Buttrick was born in Lowell, Mass., March 7, 1835 and was seventy years and one month old at the date of his decease. He was a direct descendant from Major John Buttrick, who commanded the Minute men of Concord, and gave the order to fire upon the British troops on the historic 19th day of April, 1775. He was variously employed as bookkeeper for many years in several well known business houses, both here and in Boston, and in 1871 he assumed the duties of the Office of Treasurer of the Thorndike Manufacturing Company, which position he retained for many years. He retired from active business life several years before his decease. He was a very religious man and his influence as such was widely felt in the community. He joined the Appleton Street Congregational Church, now known as the First Presbyterian Church, in 1856 while the Rev. John P. Cleveland was pastor. He was interested in the promotion of the interests of the Eliot Church. He was one of those who started the "Faith Chapel" and when the Highland Congregational Church project originated he gave to the enterprise time, energy, and money until the church was built. From that time he continued an active worker in this church as Sabbath school superintendent, and as deacon. He presented to this church its organ, and in various ways contributed liberally of his means for the support and general welfare of this church.

It is a matter of record also that jointly with his sister, Miss Martha Buttrick, he gave to the Young Women's Christian Association, the John Street Congregational Church building which has since been remodelled into one of the finest Association buildings in the country.

As a citizen he was conscientious and was always heartily in sympathy with every enterprise having for its object the maintenance of good government.

He leaves behind the record of a faithful friend, and zealous Christian man.

Mr. James Munroe Pearson was born in Deerfield, New Hampshire, March 10th, 1827, and died at Lowell, Massachusetts at the age of seventy-eight years and four months. He was widely known as one of the firm of J. & J. M. Pearson, dealers in foreign and domestic fruits, on Shattuck Street. The partnership was dissolved a little over a year ago, both men retiring from active business. He was a prominent member of the Methodist church and was one of the earliest members of the Old Residents' Historical Association. He was a quiet, unassuming man, firm in his convictions, but never anxious to obtrude them, and always retained the highest respect and friendship of those who were favored with his acquaintance.

Mr. Alonzo L. Russell was born in Bethlehem, New Hampshire, March 15th, 1839, and came to Lowell in 1860, where he died at the age of sixty-six years and one month. He was widely known as Treasurer of the Thorndike Manufacturing Company and as a dealer in real estate. He served in the City Council of Lowell in 1872, 1883 and 1884. He was actively interested in the origin and prosperity of the Chelmsford Street Church. He was always interested in public affairs, was highly respected, and in his death lamented as an enterprising citizen and a man possessing the entire esteem of the community in which he lived.

Mr. William Shepard, a resident of Lowell for fifty-nine years, died at Hampton Beach, New Hampshire, at the age of seventy-nine years. He was prominently known as a commission broker in government bonds and other securities. He was closely identified with the securities of the Lowell manufacturing companies, and for many years was considered an authority in giving advice to business men in their pecuniary investments. He was for many years closely identified with the Worthen Street Baptist Church. He was greatly esteemed as a citizen and as a man of strict Christian integrity.

Mr. Henry A. Fielding was a corresponding member of this Society.

He was born in Torrington, Connecticut, February 19th, 1828, hence at the time of his decease was seventy-seven years and five months of age. He came to Lowell as a little child in 1832. After employment in the firm of Chase and Sargent, tailors, he entered the firm of J. B. Fielding & Co., paints, paper hanging, etc., and subsequently formed a co-partnership with George H. Bartlett, under the firm name of Fielding and Bartlett, which was the predecessor of the present well known firm of Bartlett and Dow.

About twenty years ago he removed to Bozeman, Montana, at which place he died. He leaves two sisters, Mrs. Sarah A. Harris, and Miss Philena J. Fielding of this city, and a son, Mr. Fred A. Fielding, now of Bozeman, Montana. He was a genial upright man and is well remembered by the older of our citizens, especially as one worthy of the good opinion and the affectionate remembrances of his friends and acquaintances.

The average age of these five men is a little more than seventy-four years. Their lives were long, useful, strenuous, and victorious, and when the summons for their departure came they were regarded as men of mark, of honor, and worthy of genuine esteem. It is well to heed the lesson which these reflections suggest, for none can tell when the long night shall come wherein no man can work.

ADDRESS OF ALFRED P. SAWYER, ESQ., AND PRESENTATION OF THE
LOWELL HISTORICAL SOCIETY PRIZES FOR THE BEST HISTORICAL
ESSAYS BY MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1906 OF
THE LOWELL HIGH SCHOOL, AT THE GRADUATION EXERCISES
OF THE CLASS, LOWELL OPERA HOUSE, JUNE 25, 1906.

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Class of 1906, and Ladies and
Gentlemen:

For the first time the name of the Lowell Historical Society appears on the graduation programme of the Lowell High School. For the first time it offers prizes for historical essays, and as I have been requested to present these prizes, I wish to say a few words concerning the donor and its reasons for offering them. The Lowell Historical Society was organized in 1902, "for the purpose," as stated in its certificate of incorporation, "of collecting and preserving books, manuscripts, records, and objects of antiquarian and historical interest; of encouraging the study of local history; of maintaining a library; and of publishing from time to time whatever may illustrate and perpetuate the history of Lowell and adjacent towns." It acquired the library, publications, and other property of The Old Resident's Historical Association of Lowell, which was formed in 1868 by men who were residents of the city at the date of its incorporation in 1836, that being a condition of membership. The by-laws of the Lowell Historical Society are broad and liberal, welcoming to membership all men and women of this city and the adjacent towns, and it also provides for life, honorary, and corresponding memberships. It has a library of about 1,000 volumes, and it has over \$1,000 in its treasury. It is an historical society, but it aims to extend its activities in a broad way for the city's good, and while it recognizes the truth of the declaration upon our city seal, that "Art is the Handmaid of Human Good," it is not forgetful of the admonition on the seal of Chelmsford, our mother town,— "Let the Children Guard What the Sires Have Won." Although the work of the Society relates to the past, it is ever mindful that the deeds and words of today,—of this very night,—become history tomorrow. History is not today a study of a dim and

misty Past,—“a fable agreed upon,” as Napoleon cynically defined it,—nor is it a mere compilation of the facts and data of more recent years. It is a Philosophy. The Past is the storehouse of the World's experience; it contains the wealth and dross of all the Ages. Only as we apply that experience to our present needs and to our future guidance, is it of use to us, either as individuals, or in our political or national life. We live in the present, but we realize that our city has a past of which we may all be proud. We also realize that these classes passing year after year through the portals of our great City University,—for it is nothing less,—and entering upon the paths which lead to citizenship, contain the men and the women who will to a great degree control and direct the destinies of Lowell. We wish them to know its past, that the lives of the men who founded it, and the deeds of those who have served it well, may be an incentive to civic manhood. And so the Lowell Historical Society, in part fulfillment of its duty “to encourage the study of local history,” and with the consent and approval of the school committee and the faculty of the school, offers these prizes to the graduating class of the Lowell High School for the best historical essays.

“The Lowell High School; Its History, and the History Its Boys and Girls Have Made,” was the subject announced by the Society for this year's competition, under the following rules and conditions: “The essays shall contain not less than 1,200 nor more than 2,000 words, and the two prize essays shall become the property of the Lowell Historical Society, with the right of publication. An envelope containing the name and address of the writer of the essay and marked on the outside with the writer's pen name only, shall be sealed and placed with the essay also signed with the writer's pen name only, in an envelope to be sealed, addressed, and delivered on or before June 1, 1906, to the Society's Chairman of Committee on Prize Essays. The essays will be submitted to competent and disinterested Judges to be appointed by the Society, whose decision and award will appear on the graduation programme, and the prizes will be presented

as a part of the graduation exercises of the Class of 1906." The following Judges, residents of Lowell, were appointed by the Society:— Rev. Charles T. Billings, pastor of the Unitarian Church, well known as a classical scholar, and possessing fine literary style and taste; Miss Mabel Hill, teacher of History in the State Normal School, and a writer on historical subjects; and Dr. Thomas F. Harrington, the author of the History of the Harvard Medical School. The envelopes containing the essays were opened by the Committee and Judges, the envelopes containing the writers' names were removed, and the essays delivered to the Judges. They held several meetings, and after careful examination, returned the essays with their findings to the Society's Committee, awarding the first prize to the writer of the essay signed "Holt," and the second prize to the writer of the essay signed "H. P." The sealed envelopes so marked were then opened by the Chairmen of the Committee and Judges, and the envelope marked "Holt" was found to contain the name, Alfred M. Caddell, and the envelope marked "H. P." contained the name, Harold P. Conklin. These young men are therefore entitled to receive the prizes. Mr. Caddell, it gives me great pleasure in behalf of the Society to present you its first prize of \$10 in gold; and it is with equal pleasure, Mr. Conklin, that I present you the other prize of \$5 in gold. Although these prizes possess some pecuniary value, the labor and perseverance which enabled you to win them are of much greater worth. The research, the study, and the preparation which all the writers in this competition have given the subject, must give you a knowledge of your school which you would not otherwise possess, and you will all pass through the metamorphosis which is soon to change you into alumni, with a deeper appreciation of the honor your diplomas confer upon you.

But whatever honors may come to you gentlemen, you will ever possess the distinction of being the first recipients of the prizes which the Lowell Historical Society first offered to the Class of 1906.

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LOWELL HIGH SCHOOL HISTORICAL ESSAY, AWARDED THE LOWELL
HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S FIRST PRIZE OF \$10 IN GOLD. BY
ALFRED M. CADDELL, OF THE CLASS OF 1906.

THE LOWELL HIGH SCHOOL, ITS HISTORY, AND THE HISTORY
ITS BOYS AND GIRLS HAVE MADE.

The history of the Lowell High School, as compared with similar institutions in the state, stands in the first class. Wherever its name is mentioned, either in our own city, or in any other nearby place, the first thought is, without a doubt, that it is a grand, and, we might say, an envied school, both for educational and athletic purposes. It is a very desirable ornament to be looked upon by the citizens of Lowell, and Lowell feels, or ought to feel, quite proud of owning such a beneficial factor,—a school that has graduated many prominent men and women, and one to which the city looks forward to for her support and honor.

The institution was first established in December, 1831, in a small building, which had been previously, the Hamilton Corporation counting room, on the corner of Elliot and Middlesex Streets. "After due public notice," forty-seven boys and girls passed the examination given by the school committee, and "comprised the school." Among that forty-seven were General Benjamin F. Butler, of Civil War fame, Gustavus V. Fox, who served during the same war as Secretary of the Navy, and who later became a distinguished envoy to the Emperor of Russia, and Governor Straw of New Hampshire, Thomas M. Clark, then a young man, but afterwards Episcopal Bishop of Rhode Island, was chosen principal at a salary of seven hundred dollars a year. He served ably in that capacity for two years, and was succeeded in turn by several others, all of whom held the office only for a short time. Thus our school, so established, holds the honor of being the first permanent high school to be founded in New England, under the amended statute law of 1826.

During its first nine years the school wandered from place to place, like an Arabian caravan, and "pitched its moving tent,"

wherever there was room. The first change was from the room on Middlesex Street to the attic of the old south school house, but, like a sea of crowded waters, it had to give way for the rising grammar school, and again it was the "ark in the wilderness." Thus the high school led a very nomadic life until 1840, when a building was erected on Kirk and Anne Streets. The school committee boasted at the time that the new house was the largest and most up-to-date building ever consecrated to the cause of education in the public schools. In later years, however, it was severely criticised for its lack of architecture and accommodation, but, nevertheless, if the building itself were judged poor, the name was never injured.

Previous to the opening of this new structure the girls and boys sat in the same room, and mingled together in society, but their social inclinations interfered with the school work and the committee deemed it wise to have them separated. Therefore, on entering the new building we find the sexes in different rooms, the boys under Moody Currier, who was afterwards Governor of New Hampshire, on the lower floor, and the girls under Miss Lucy E. Penhallow, on the second floor. Thus with a larger school and better accommodations came more pupils and the school started a new life.

Moody Currier, who had been principal since '36, was given a raise in salary to one thousand dollars, and Miss Penhallow to six hundred, while Mr. James S. Russell, who had been teacher of mathematics since 1835, and who served faithfully 'till 1880, received seven hundred, as did also John W. Brown, a teacher of languages.

In 1837, it had become a fixed rule that the schools of Lowell should open every morning session with devotional exercises. This practice greatly benefitted the scholars, and the superintendent said that more morality, decency and respect was the result.

In 1842 Franklin Forbes, who had been principal during the year 1835-1836, returned to the school and renewed his duties. He was a self-made, conscientious, and esteemed man, and did much to lay the foundation of the school's success. His career as principal ended, however, in 1845, when he resigned to take a position as agent of the Lancaster mills in Clinton, Massachusetts, and there he found his vocation at last.

Mr. Forbes' successor was Charles C. Chase, a man of exemplary character, and a man who will never be forgotten by the educational people of Lowell. He made the High School what it is, and established a firm foundation for his worthy successors to build upon.

In the years preceding Mr. Chases' administration the school had capable and conscientious teachers, but the system employed and the management of the school were so unmodern, that it is often wondered how they were ever endured with patience. There were no regular courses of study, as there are now, and pupils could study as many subjects as they chose, and as long as they desired. There was no limit to the length of attendance, nor was it in any way compulsory. The pupils "visited" when they pleased and graduated without ceremony when they felt ready, and that was as far as any one ever seemed to get. The school committee of 1851 described the instruction as being "irregular, intermittent, and fragmentary," and their reports were full of tiresome scoldings over the irregular attendance, but, never mentioned any changes by which the school could be improved. The percentage of attendance, during the foregoing years, averaged about two-thirds of those who called themselves pupils, and of that number, nearly one-third were absent most of the time. Each teacher had a dozen or so recitations to hear every day, and, in fact, matters were so far below the standard that the private schools, which had almost died out when the High School opened, increased in numbers and strength again until the school got to be a "mere reception room" for the cast-offs of other institutions.

Like a good many other things, however, the High School lived through its dark age and began a new life in 1852, when the two department system was abolished, and Mr. Chase, who, as will be remembered, was principal of the male part since 1845, was given the principalship of the whole school. The studies were arranged in courses, and matters became more methodical. In 1858 diplomas were awarded the graduates for the first time, and in the next year "Carney Medals," the generous gift of James G. Carney, the first treasurer of The Lowell Institution for Savings, were bestowed on the six most proficient graduates, three boys and three girls. The competition for these medals greatly increased the interest in the studies, and even the scholars of to-day work hard to achieve the honor of winning a "Carney Medal."

Since then the school continued to prosper until, in 1864, an addition and remodeling became necessary. This enlargement gave only temporary relief however, and in a few years overcrowding began again. Recitation rooms were fitted up in the main hall, and a chemical laboratory was put in the basement. The daily sessions were changed so as to last from half-past eight to one o'clock, and the number of required studies were decreased, in order that the main subjects might be learned thoroughly. In 1881, military instruction was introduced to the boys, and eight years later physical culture was taught to the girls. These good movements greatly increased the popularity of the school, and benefited the scholars immensely. By this time, however, the school had grown so, that a room had to be fitted up in the attic of the Worthen Street Primary, and the remainder of the school hall was sectioned off to accommodate the increased numbers.

In 1883, Lowell lost the man that held the secret of the High School's success, Mr. Charles C. Chase. He served the school faithfully for thirty-eight years, a record that surpassed all the former principals put together, and as good an eulogy as any one could desire. The next incumbent was Mr. Frank F. Coburn, and he held the office until 1897, when he resigned to

take the Normal School principalship. His successor, Mr. Cyrus W. Irish, our present worthy head-master, rose to that office from a teacher and has shown himself to be capable, energetic and steadfast.

In 1891, the building now standing was erected and numbers increased immediately, thus showing the necessity for it. But that, like all other enlargements, served only temporarily, and nine years later the Annex on Paige Street had to be built. According to the predictions now, that building will also become inadequate, and it is evident that another addition of some sort will be necessary in a few years hence.

Besides its own, our boys and girls have given the school a history that will never shame it, nor fade into the depths of its walls. Many of the graduates have risen to eminence, some of whom are Bishop O'Connell, of the Roman Catholic Church, Ex-Governor Allen of Porto-Rico, Professor MacDaniels of Hobart College, Professors Dow and Proctor of Dartmouth, Professor Tobin, the head chemist of the United States Government, and but recently deceased, and those first mentioned, besides many scientific women and political people of our own city and state.

The students of today have made the school very popular, especially in the athletic circles, in which it leads among other New England Preparatory schools. The girls, by their graceful, as well as artistic basket-ball playing, have excited much comment in our own city, and have won for themselves, much fame throughout New England, and even to the heart of the nation, where President Roosevelt recently congratulated them on their grand success. The boys with their track team have astonished other schools, and have won the championship of the Merrimack Valley circuit. They have proven themselves qualified against our own city athletes, as was clearly shown on Memorial Day on the South Common. Together with their own ability, the secret of success, both for the girls and boys, lies in their instructors, and also, in the fine accommodations in the drill shed at the Annex

In 1899 an athletic association was formed in the school, the originator and chief supporter of which was Carl Staples, who is now superintendent of schools in Ponce, Porto Rico. This movement has proven itself successful, as it supports the various school teams and covers all incidental expenses. In 1903, the girls split off from the boys, and formed an association of their own, thus showing their independence and confidence in supporting it.

Besides educational and athletic interests, there is much attention given to social gatherings of a body called the Alumni, which consists of graduates of the school from 1840 up to the present time. This movement was first started in 1863 by some class-mates; but no real association was formed until 1900, when one was incorporated under the leadership of Winnifred C. MacBrayne, Harold Caverly, Solon W. Stevens, Esq., and a few other prominent graduates. The object of the association is to bind classmates together, who would otherwise probably forget the school to which they owe so much, and also to help along some students who cannot afford the necessary expenses for a college education.

Long may our High School prosper and long may its history be bright in the annals of Lowell.

LOWELL HIGH SCHOOL HISTORICAL ESSAY AWARDED THE LOWELL
HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S SECOND PRIZE OF \$5 IN GOLD. BY
HAROLD P. CONKLIN, OF THE CLASS OF 1906.

THE LOWELL HIGH SCHOOL AND THE HISTORY ITS BOYS AND
GIRLS HAVE MADE.

In the year 1830, the General Court of Massachusetts passed a law making a high school compulsory for every city or town having more than five hundred families. At this time Lowell was only a small town, and a census of its citizens showed that there were less than the required number. Through the efforts of the Rev. Theodore Edson, however, a high school was decided upon. No account of the schools of Lowell can give too much credit to this worthy Episcopal clergyman, who has been very appropriately styled, "The Father of Lowell's Schools."

The Lowell High School was opened for the first time on a Monday morning in December, 1831. This school has the great honor of being the first permanent co-educational school in the state. For the first year the sessions were held in one room of a little wooden building at the corner of Elliot and Middlesex Streets. The principal, Thomas H. Clark, was only nineteen years of age, but was very popular with the scholars. After leaving the school, Mr. Clark went to Rhode Island and eventually became a very successful Episcopal bishop of that state.

At first, candidates for entrance were submitted to an oral examination by the school committee. In later years, however, a written examination became necessary.

For the first nine years the high school moved about, from place to place, like the ark of old in the wilderness. Now it was found in the lower room of the Free Chapel on Middlesex Street. Next it was in an upper room of the present Edson School. Then it was situated in Concert Hall, near the spot where A. G. Polard's store now stands. The Bartlett School furnished the next location. Then it was moved to an attic room in St. Mary's Church on Suffolk Street. This proved to be a wretched place. The air was bad, and there was hardly room for the scholars to

turn around. As soon as possible the school was moved back to the Free Chapel. During all this time, there were frequent periods when the school was closed, either from lack of a teacher or lack of a location.

In 1841, the high school was moved to a building on Kirk and Anne Streets, which was built especially for it. Here the school remained for fifty years. During the greater part of this half century, Mr. Charles C. Chase was principal of the school. Under his able management great advances were made. From 1840 to 1867, the sexes were separated and the school was divided into two parts, called the male and female departments. For the first thirty-six years there were two sessions a day. In 1867, however, upon complaint of the parents, one session of four and one-half hours was substituted. After a term of thirty-eight years, Mr. Chase resigned and Mr. Frank F. Coburn took his place.

The school again outgrew its quarters in 1891. It was moved into temporary quarters in the old Mann School and in the attic of the Worthen Street School. The old high school building was demolished, and a new, up-to-date structure was erected in its place. This building was dedicated in December, 1893. It is constructed of buff brick, is three stories high, and contains eighteen recitation rooms, two well-equipped laboratories, and a large assembly hall.

The teaching of manual training in connection with the high school work was begun in 1894. At first this was taught in two rooms in Odd Fellows block, but one year later it was moved to the old Moody School. Meanwhile, the high school building had become overcrowded, and the need of a new building for the manual-training and commercial courses became imperative. In 1900 the high school annex was built at the corner of John and Paige Streets. This has relieved the over-crowding of the main building, for the present at least.

In 1903 it was found necessary to increase the length of the session from four and one-half to five hours on account of the ever-increasing requirements for college. The present headmaster, Mr. Cyrus W. Irish, is liked and respected by scholars and teachers alike. Under his guidance the school has attained a higher state of efficiency than ever before. At the present time there are about one thousand pupils belonging to the school. What a difference between this number and the forty boys and girls with which the school started!

But more important than the school and its history is the history that its graduates have made. Many are the distinguished names that are recorded on the list of graduates of the Lowell High School. Among these names a few are worthy of especial mention. In the first class that ever entered the school, that of 1831, there are at least two names which should be well known to every American. These two are Gustavus V. Fox and Benjamin F. Butler. Of the two, the latter is by far the more widely known. But he rendered his country no greater services than did the former.

After leaving the Lowell High School, Gustavus Vasa Fox entered the navy as midshipman. He fought through the Mexican War and rose to the rank of lieutenant. At the close of the war he retired from the navy. At the outbreak of the Civil War Lieutenant Fox was called to Washington by General Scott. He was placed in command of a schooner with supplies for Fort Sumpter, but the fort surrendered before he reached it. Upon his return to Washington he was made Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He held this post throughout the war. It was his clever mind that planned the capture of New Orleans and the opening of the Mississippi. In fact, almost all the movements of our navy during the Civil War were directed by Lieut. Fox. After the war he retired to civil life once more. He was soon sent to Russia, however, as a special envoy to congratulate Emperor Alexander II on his escape from assassination. This visit

resulted in the purchase of Alaska by the United States. Although this purchase seemed unimportant at the time, Alaska has since proved to be a region of untold riches. It has already paid for itself several times over. Every citizen of Lowell should be proud of this man, at one time a pupil of the Lowell High School, who brought about a transaction so advantageous to our country.

General Benjamin F. Butler is, perhaps, too well known to have his history repeated here. He it was, who occupied Baltimore without bloodshed. He was in command of the land forces that occupied New Orleans, and was in command of the city for some time. At the close of the war he returned to his practice of law and was elected Governor of Massachusetts in 1882. His life was devoted to his country and he served her well.

Among the later graduates are Governor E. A. Straw of New Hampshire, a man whom everyone respected; President C. A. Aiken of Union College; H. H. Huse, speaker of the New Hampshire House of Representatives; J. C. Ayer, J. C. Southwick, and J. D. Prince, three men particularly distinguished for their financial ability; George Stark, a celebrated railroad manager; and many other men prominent in their chosen professions.

Graduates of the high school were not found wanting at the time of the Civil War. General John C. Caldwell and General Michael T. Donohoe were both graduates of the Lowell High. Captain James A. Sladen, another graduate, was a delicate young fellow and although mutilated by the loss of a limb early in the war, he served bravely to the end. Captain Edward G. Abbott died while facing Jackson's charge up Cedar Mountain. He allowed his men to lie down, but he himself stood erect and was shot down while cheering his men. Many other graduates were as brave as he.

Among the more recent graduates are Frederic T. Greenhalge and Charles H. Allen. Mr. Greenhalge was at one time mayor of Lowell and later became Governor of Massachusetts. He was a man whose sense of justice was never obscured, and

who never allowed personal influences to interfere with the proper discharge of his duties. He died while in office and his loss was mourned by the whole state.

Charles H. Allen was a Member of Congress for several years, and at the outbreak of the Spanish War he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He filled this position so acceptably that, at the close of the war, he was appointed Governor-General of Porto Rico. This was a trying position just at that time, but Mr. Allen was equal to the occasion and affairs in Porto Rico soon assumed a far more promising aspect than they had ever done under the Spanish regime. After a few years Mr. Allen retired to civil life and is at present living in New York.

It would be unfair not to mention at least three women who are among the alumni. Miss Marietta Melvin was a graduate of the Lowell High School and later became a teacher of languages and elocution in the same school. After several years she resigned her position in order to go to China as a missionary. She did a great deal of good there by translating our literature into Chinese. She also published a religious paper in Chinese. A few years ago she died at her self-appointed post of duty.

Miss Edna Foster, another graduate, has been very successful as a member of the "Youth's Companion" staff.

Graduates of the high school may be found in nearly all our local schools, but Miss Mary A. Webster, teacher of English and mathematics in the high school, takes the lead in point of long and faithful service, having nearly completed a half century in this position.

Although the Lowell High School may not have as many distinguished graduates as some other schools, yet it is certain that no school has furnished the state and the country with better citizens than our own. And, after all, is it not the good citizen upon whom the making of our country's history devolves? This being so, we may feel assured that in the future, as in the past, graduates of the Lowell High School will be found in the front ranks of the makers of our country's history.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF DANIEL WEBSTER. BY HON. SAMUEL
P. HADLEY. READ DECEMBER 12, 1906.

From Whittier's "Lost Occasion."

Thou, whom the rich heavens did so endow
With eyes of power and Jove's own brow,
With all the massive strength that fills
Thy home-horizon's granite hills,
With rarest gifts of heart and head
From manliest stock inherited,
New England's stateliest type of man,
In port and speech Olympian;
Whom no one met, at first, but took
A second awed and wondering look.

There, are, doubtless, a large number of elderly persons, my seniors it may be by a number of years, whose opportunities for seeing and hearing Daniel Webster were far greater than my own, and whose recollections, could the world read, them, would be infinitely more interesting and instructive.

Still, I make no excuse for making public the following youthful recollections of him, trivial as some may deem them, and as they doubtless are, for the reason that I believe anything, however slight, concerning one of the most remarkable men and exalted characters this or any other country has ever produced, will be perused with interest by the young and those in middle life, and may, I hope, afford some pleasure to persons of my own age.

I do not propose to enter upon any eulogy of Daniel Webster. That has been done already. Let me say, however, that he was, beyond a doubt, intellectually, the greatest man this country has produced.

His fame is secure. He was a great lawyer, a great statesman, a great orator, and a great American. He was, as he himself said of Washington "an American production," and to this may justly be added his other words applied to the Father of his country: he was "the embodiment and vindication of our transatlantic liberty."

Even his most bitter political enemies were generous enough to admit his transcendent abilities, and earnest patriotism.

The whole country irrespective of party, regarded him as an intellectual giant; and such he certainly was.

To read and study his grand orations and public speeches so full of noble, patriotic and inspiring thoughts, clothed in the strongest and purest English, is the privilege and duty of the young of today; but how much greater the privilege had the young of fifty of sixty years ago, in listening to these immortal words, as they came from his own lips, in the tones of his magnificent voice, and delivered in the great man's impressive and unequalled manner.

To have ever seen Daniel Webster is something to remember; to have both seen and heard him, is an experience to be cherished.

Mr. Webster had an extraordinary personality. He was unlike any other man I ever saw. He impressed the beholder by his appearance alone, as a great man. Meet him anywhere and under any circumstances, and you knew he was no common mortal. There was in his face, form, bearing and every other outward expression, that which made one feel his superiority to other men. Some Englishman who met him in London, said he "looked like a great cathedral;" while Sidney Smith, with a characteristic coarseness of comparison, it is true, said he "looked like a steam engine in trousers."

He was, indeed, the embodiment and incarnation of intellectual power. That he had his faults and failings, his most devoted friends and admirers will readily admit; but all things considered, as Hamlet says of his father, "He was a man, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

I saw and heard Daniel Webster for the first time at the dedication of the Bunker Hill monument, June 17th, 1843, on which occasion he was the orator of the day, as he had been at the laying of the corner-stone by General Lafayette, eighteen years before.

I was then a boy of eleven years and rode in a carriage with my parents from my home, then in Chelmsford, to attend the celebration. How vividly I recall almost every incident of that delightful ride. The day was one of those delicious ones of sunshine and shower which a New England June so often gives us, "When Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune." The fields were clothed in deep green, the foliage of the trees was fully expanded, and the moist atmosphere was laden with the perfume of June blossoms.

We rode through Billerica and Bedford, stopping to bait the horse at a tavern in Woburn. On reaching Charlestown, my father found great difficulty in getting accommodation for his horse, such was the crowded condition of the stables; but after a time succeeded in securing a comfortable shelter for the sorrel mare in an improvised stall at the Bunker Hill House stable.

As for ourselves we were invited to partake of the hospitalities of relatives who lived quite near the Monument.

Boston, Charlestown, Roxbury and Cambridge were full of people.

The morning of the celebration opened gloriously and was greeted with the roar of artillery. The showers of the day before had laid the dust, the sun was bright, the air cool and delightful.

In the early morning we took a walk to Bunker Hill, gazed with admiration at the newly completed monument, and noted the preparations making for the Dedication. Flags were waving in all directions, and most of the houses were decorated.

After breakfast we walked over to Boston to see the decorations on the route of the procession, and to witness the assembling of the Military and other bodies on the Common. That famous pleasure-ground presented a very lively and holiday appearance, and was crowded with well-dressed well-behaved people.

A fine looking regiment from New York City was moving to take its place when we arrived, and its fine marching and the

music of its splendid band, inspired the crowd with great enthusiasm.

We remained on the common a considerable part of the forenoon, and then returned to Charlestown, where our friends had secured for us a window in a house on Main Street, from which to observe the procession, and, after dinner, we took our places and waited for it to pass.

The streets were lined with thousands of well-dressed, orderly people, and every sitting and standing place was occupied.

Soon the sound of music announced the approach of the procession, which was a grand and imposing pageant.

The National Lancers, on noble horses, in their scarlet uniforms, with Polish caps, and bearing their lances with red pennons, led the Military escort, and—as I remember them—seemed twice as numerous as they do now, and certainly ten times as military.

They were followed by a large body of troops, including the regiment from New York City, which attracted great attention.

Then followed President John Tyler and his cabinet, with the exception of Mr. Legare. The president rode in an open barouche drawn by four white horses. He was bare-headed when he passed us, and gracefully and benignantlly acknowledged the applause of the people as he passed through them. President Tyler was a tall, spare, scholarly looking man, and bore a strong resemblance to the pictures of the Duke of Wellington. He had a nose, the exact counter-part of that of the "Iron Duke."

He was not popular, having seriously offended his own party, the Whigs, by his official action, and of course the democrats were not very enthusiastic over him—the "Tyler too"—of their terrible defeat of 1840.

As I remember it, however, his reception was respectful and kindly, but in marked contrast to that of Mr. Webster, who

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was heartily cheered at all points. I shall never forget the impression made upon me, boy as I was, by my first sight of this great man.

He was then in the prime of life, his form was erect and noble, his grand eyes looked forth from beneath a splendid brow; his dark face was lighted at times with a smile, and such a smile! Those who have seen it, will understand me; no one else can—and his whole manner was impressive and noble. Boy as I was, I felt I was in the presence of a superior being. Mr. Webster had but recently resigned his position as Secretary of State in the Cabinet, and his successor, Mr. Legare, was then lying upon his death-bed at the Tremont House in Boston.

Then followed a long procession of Civic organizations headed by bands of music, so long, indeed that I was weary at gazing at them.

When the procession had passed, we hurried to the monument in order to obtain a comfortable place from which to hear the exercises of dedication. We were fortunate in securing a good position in front of the speaking stand, which was placed on the north side of the hill, and some distance from, and below the level of the base of the monument, and gaily decked with flags. The crowd was immense but very orderly. Frothingham says that 100,000 persons were present. New England was a different place then from what it is now in the character of its popular assemblies. Some time elapsed, after our arrival, before the exercises began, and I remember I became very tired from standing, in the crowd and keeping close to my father's side. Besides the officers of the day, the President and Cabinet, Governor Morton and the Governor of Rhode Island, and other invited guests, there were seated on the platform, thirteen survivors of the battle, and among them Jona Harrington, who played the drum on that memorable morning of April 19th, 1775 when the minute men were marshaled on Lexington green.

I cannot recall much of the exercises aside from the oration. That performance, doubtless, so overshadowed and diminished everything else, as to leave no impression on my memory.

When Mr. Webster was introduced as the orator of the day, he was received with deafening shouts of applause, in which my father and myself joined lustily. My father was a democrat, but he was an ardent lover of his country, and a great admirer of Mr. Webster. Ah! how grand he looked as he began that immortal oration! The great assembly was hushed almost to silence, in eager waiting for the opening words.

Turning his great eyes towards the completed Monument, standing before him in the garish light of the June day, extending his right hand towards it, with his face lighted up with a triumphant smile, in a noble impressiveness of tone; he spoke the words so familiar to us all:

"A duty has been performed, a work of gratitude and patriotism completed. This structure having its foundation in soil which drank deep of early Revolutionary blood, has at length reached its destined height, and now lifts its summit to the skies."

Portions of his oration I recall as Mr. Webster delivered them, and more particularly that in which he presented his celebrated analysis of the character of Washington.

I can remember the triumphant manner in which he spoke the closing words: "I claim him for America. In all her perils, in every darkened moment of the state, amid the reproaches of enemies and the misgiving of friends, I turn to that transcendent name for courage and consolation."

I remember how many men about me sobbed with emotion, as he uttered these words.

The conclusion of this portion was greeted by a burst of admiring applause on the part of the great assembly.

When Mr. Webster had finished, my father looked down upon me, and said with eyes filled, as I remember, with tears of

emotion, "Well,—What do you think of that? Do you wonder they call him "the god-like?"

During the delivery of the oration, a staging on the left of the stand broke down from the great number of persons sitting upon and clinging to it, and occasioned for a few moments some confusion.

As Mr. Webster drove away from Bunker Hill, he stood up in the carriage and acknowledged the plaudits of the thousands who surrounded it. Boy fashion, I swung my hat, and shouted with the crowd.

My next sight of Mr. Webster was had at the trial of William Wyman in this city, in the fall of the same year. Wyman was President of the Phoenix Bank, Charlestown, and with his cashier, Thomas Brown, Jr., was indicted for embezzling the funds of the bank to the amount of \$300,000 dollars, a large amount of money in those days, at the June Term of the Court of Common Pleas, held I think in Concord, which was then one of the shire towns of Middlesex County. Both were tried, Brown was acquitted, the jury disagreed over Wyman, and were discharged.

The case of Wyman came on for trial before a new judge and jury, at the October Term of the Court of Common Pleas held in this city in 1843.

Considering the eminence of the counsel engaged, the large amount of money embezzled, which I believe was the ruin of a number of stockholders, the social and business prominence of the accused, and the fact that it was one of the first, perhaps the very first case of the kind brought before our courts, this Wyman trial was one of the most important cases ever tried in Lowell. However common this crime may be in our day, (and it is certainly unpleasantly frequent) in those days it was not common. It excited great interest in the community, and I can recall it not only as a newspaper topic, but it was the common talk of the street, the shop, the office, and the home.

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The application of the then existing laws of embezzlement to the facts presented in this case, was the problem which presented itself for solution, and it may readily be seen that both court and counsel were called upon to proceed with great care and caution into a comparatively untravelled region of enquiry. Embezzlement is not a common law offence, but merely one of statute, and did not take its place in the English code until as late as the 39 of Geo. 3, and our statutes are framed from this act, and others auxiliary thereto. How far, if at all, these provisions, which had been codified by the Commissioners on Revision, were applicable to the officers of Banks, was the question involved.

I was present at this trial in company with my father, and in some way we obtained seats in the rear portion of the bar. The court room was the same now occupied by the Police Court, the bench being then on the westerly, instead of the easterly side as now. Judge Charles Allen presided, wearing, I remember, a pair of blue glass spectacles. The Commonwealth was represented by District Attorneys Asahel Huntington and Daniel Wells, of the Northern and Western Districts, respectively, and by Rufus Choate; Wyman by Daniel Webster and Franklin Dexter, the latter a very tall spare bushy headed aristocratic looking gentleman, wearing a pair of gold bowed spectacles.

The court room was crowded long before the opening of court, a large number of ladies being of the number, and the audience was in a fever of expectancy awaiting the entrance of the two great lawyers, Webster and Choate. While waiting for the opening of court an amusing incident occurred which caused a laugh. The bar was crowded with lawyers, and seated near the middle of it was an old gentleman who wore a greyish brown wig. In crowding by him, some one, with his elbow rubbed this wig out of place, over the old gentleman's eyes, exposing his bald head, at which he was greatly wroth, and glared around at the offender, and manifested his indignation in a very amusing way, as he adjusted the wig into place.

I can well recall the sensation which was created as the door opened and the grand figure of Mr. Webster entered, clothed in a brown dress coat, with brass buttons, blue satin vest, black stock, high dickey, dark trousers, and polished boots and passed to the table at which he sat during the trial. Mr. Choate came next, and soon Sheriff Chandler ushered in the Court. As soon as the judge was seated, Crier Parker made the usual proclamation, and the trial proceeded.

Daniel Wells of Greenfield, who was, as I have said, District Attorney of the Western District, the year following, was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, succeeding Judge John Mason Williams. He resigned in 1854, and died the same year. I recall this little incident during the trial. The court room was crowded during the trial with ladies and gentlemen, the jury seats on the left of the bench being occupied exclusively by the ladies. The defendant Wyman was a sleek looking, smooth faced, black haired, (which hair was worn in "soap locks" as they were called), genteely dressed man, about forty years of age. His personal appearance was decidedly prepossessing, and he was said to be much in favor with the ladies, and won their sympathy at the trial. District Attorney Wells in opening the case to the jury, after stating the nature of the crime and what the Commonwealth expected to prove, said that he hoped and expected the jury would pass upon the guilt or innocence of the defendant without fear, favor or prejudice, and added that the Commonwealth was to be congratulated that the case was to be heard by the jury before him, rather than by the jury occupying seats on the opposite side, at the same time turning around and waving his hand in that direction. This sly allusion to what were thought to be the sentiments entertained by the female portion of the community in favor of Wyman, caused a little laugh, which was promptly suppressed by the rap of General Samuel Chandler, High Sheriff, who sat behind an elevated desk, on the corner of which was inserted, his sword of state, without which

with his brass buttoned coat and tipstaff poles, any trial would in those days have been irregular and incomplete.

By the way, General Chandler was a fine looking man, and was an ensign in the war of 1812, participating in two severe engagements on the Canadian frontier. He was afterwards Major General of the Massachusetts Militia. He died in 1867.

I recall another incident of the trial. One of the bank directors was under cross-examination,—a highly respectable looking person, who while testifying, nervously handled a pair of gold bowed spectacles. His face wore a continual smile, and at one time in giving his testimony, he laughed outright. "What are you laughing at, sir?" demanded Mr. Webster in his deepest and sternest tones. "Can you not testify without laughing?" "This is not the time or place for laughter, sir." Judge Allen turned around in his chair and looked at the witness through the blue glasses, but said nothing. The poor bank director seemed ready to hide himself in his boots, and his face, during the remainder of his examination, wore a pensive and thoughtful expression. He did not even smile again. I remember that I pitied him.

It was during this trial that the famous passage occurred between Judge Allen and Mr. Webster, which is well told in Cowley's History of Lowell. Also the good natured dispute (of which the audience in the court room had no knowledge) between Webster and Choate over a quotation from Pope's splendid but wicked and vitriolic satire Dunciad, which being settled against Mr. Webster by the production of a copy of Pope, Mr. Webster wrote on a fly leaf of the volume, "Spurious edition of Pope,—Daniel Webster." I wonder where that volume is now; I hope some one preserves it.

These were the lines as given in Mr. Cowley's History:

"So, where Meotis sleeps, and hardly flows,
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows."

May I for a few moments speak of this incident? How did this quotation come into the mind of Mr. Webster on this occasion? Mr. Cowley says it "was while engaged in some by-play with Choate." No doubt, but why these lines from Pope. Did they come to him as the musical couplets of Pope's heroic measures will come to those familiar with them, spontaneously, in their truth and exquisite rhythm, like an old song or melody, which stands ready to spring to the lips without any apparent cause or suggestion, or was it called forth by their resemblance to some supposed condition or feature of the case on trial?

The lines are in classic dress—as Pope usually wrote, but they are merely descriptive. They do not contain a concise apothegm, sententious precept, or exalted sentiment, as Pope's couplets usually do. They simply refer to the quiet inland sea of Azof, and to the sluggish flow of the river Don* into the sea from the cold regions of Russia "through its frozen wastes." They are smoothly and musically and poetically climatic and geographic, nothing more.

May there not have been some feature of the cause on trial which suggested them? I have talked with some old members of the bar about the trial, and they say that, at times, the trial seemed to drag, and that court and counsel were all out of soundings on the law. Mr. Webster may have thought the course of the trial was like that of "the freezing Tanais through a waste of snow."

Well, we never can know.

One thing this little incident suggests which is, that the old poets of the Classic Age of English poetry, as it is called, were much more familiar to educated men, and their writings entered more extensively into the college curriculum of English literature, seventy years ago, than at present. Pope, Dryden, Milton, Addison, Swift, and the others, were more in evidence at Dartmouth in the days of Webster and Choate than they are

*"Tanais" is the ancient name of the Don.

today. Scott, Campbell, Tennyson, Browning, Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, and even Walt Whitman, had not begun to "roll their eyes in a fine frenzy" when Webster and Choate were at Hanover.

I did not hear Mr. Webster's argument to the jury, but I heard him argue with Mr. Choate, a question on the admission of certain evidence, as my father told me. Of course I did not comprehend one word of the argument, but I remember I was with Webster all the same.

The result of the trial was that the jury convicted Wyman, his counsel took exceptions to the rulings of Judge Allen which were argued before the Supreme Court.

The case was reported in 8 Metcalf, P. 247, and is very interesting reading. The opinion given by Judge Hubbard, then of the Supreme bench, sustained Webster on one point only of the three presented.

This decision was made at the October Term of the Supreme Court of 1844, and the next General Court remedied the defect which this trial revealed, and in 1846 strengthened their work; so that if Wyman had been tried under present law, he would not have escaped the punishment he no doubt richly merited.

I next heard Mr. Webster at the time of the delivery of his famous speech in Faneuil Hall on October 24th, during the presidential campaign of 1848, when General Taylor was the whig candidate, and of whose candidacy Mr. Webster at the time it was announced, said that "it was not fit to be made." The speech was made in the afternoon. The old hall was crowded with the solid men of Boston, anxious and also curious to know, in view of what Webster had said, how he stood in supporting the candidate—"old Rough and Ready," as he was called.

I was fortunate in securing a place very near him when he spoke. On the platform were assembled a large number of the "solid men of Boston," among them the venerable Colonel Thomas

Handyeside Perkins, who wore his hair in a queue. Mr. Webster was introduced by Rufus Choate, who presided, in a speech of great brilliancy, which fairly electrified the great audience.

When Mr. Webster came forward, it was some time before he could begin, such was the enthusiasm of his welcome. When the applause ceased, a silence fell upon the audience so deep, that one could almost have heard a pin drop. Then came the opening words: "Once again, friends and fellow citizens, once again, and quite unexpectedly, I find myself in Faneuil Hall." Here he paused. Then turning his great solemn eyes to the portraits of the sages and patriots which hung about him, he proceeded with deep emotion, "And I feel all the recollections of the past gathering around me; I hear a thousand voices silent elsewhere, but always speaking here, admonishing me, admonishing you, who do me the honor to be here, to perform the whole duty which we owe to our country." The speech occupied about an hour, as I recollect, and I remember that during a portion of it, which was almost conversational in its character, he took out his pocket handkerchief and played with it, taking it by the corners and revolving it with both hands as he spoke. Occasionally he would pause at the close of some sarcasm, and his dark face would light up with that marvellous smile, so full of meaning, so suggestive of much more than was spoken, that the great audience would break into applause, and it would be a full half minute before he could proceed.

My next meeting with Mr. Webster was under somewhat peculiar circumstances. It was, if my memory serves me right, in the fall of 1851, about a year before his death. I was returning to my home in the early evening, and had reached a point in Middlesex Street near the residence of Mrs. Samuel Tyler, in Middlesex Village, when I heard the noise of a railroad train coming from the north. Suddenly I heard a crash—the noise of the moving train ceased, and I heard the sound of escaping steam. Knowing an accident had occurred, I ran up the street,—(I could

run then) and across the intervale to the scene of what I found was a serious accident. A drove of oxen, to the number of six or eight, which had been pastured in the field between the railroad and river, just off the then location of Woodworth's saw-mill, had in some manner found their way out of the pasture, and were proceeding up the railroad, just as the train from the north was rushing down at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The oxen were encountered, the engine and tender thrown off the track, down the embankment, where the forward wheels were nearly buried in the soft soil of the intervale. The forward car, which was a baggage car, was thrown upon its side across the track; the second car had its forward trucks pushed back nearly to the rear ones, while the car itself rested upon the body of a large ox, which prevented it from going down the embankment. The rear car alone remained upon the track. I entered the forward passenger car, and found that no one in that car had been seriously injured, although all had been badly shaken up, and thoroughly frightened. From the first I proceeded to the second passenger car, in which there were only a few persons. About the center of the car I saw a man engaged in rubbing the bare foot and ankle of an elderly gentleman, and naturally thinking he had been injured by the accident, I enquired if such was the fact. The old gentleman looked into my face when I enquired, and I saw before me—Daniel Webster. "Oh no, said he "I was not injured by the accident, but, young man, can you tell if any one *was* injured." I replied that I believed no one was seriously hurt. "Thank heaven," said he, "what a wonderful escape!" The attendant was all this time rubbing his foot and ankle, and he appeared to suffer some pain. At last he said, "Oh camphor! camphor! camphor, ! what a blessing is camphor! Then addressing me he said, "young man, did you ever see a camphor tree?" I replied that I never had seen one. "I have seen them growing in Georgia," said he, "they have them in Georgia."

In a few minutes it was announced that the passengers were to leave the disabled cars, and walk down the track a short distance to take a train which had been backed up from Lowell. As Mr. Webster left the train he appeared to walk with difficulty. As he passed the broken cars he manifested a good deal of curiosity to see the extent of the accident, and made some further remarks upon it, which I cannot now recall. Walking slowly, and feebly, he reached the waiting train, was assisted into the car by his attendant, and proceeded on his journey to Marshfield, whither he was journeying from his Franklin farm in New Hampshire. I had not reached my twentieth year at the time of this interview.

Some persons have persuaded themselves to believe that the oratorical, declamatory style of address used by Webster, Clay, Everett, Calhoun, Sumner and other giants of the past, has become obsolete and antiquated, and that the public mind of to-day fails to respond to this style of appeal. That the style of address of public men in Congress has changed within the past thirty or forty years is doubtless true; but that the people in their popular assemblies are not to be aroused by eloquence in speech and grace in delivery as much as in the old days, I do not believe. Give the people Websters, Clays, Choates, Everetts, Calhouns and Sumners to address them and we shall have no more of this sort of talk.

LIST OF PAPERS READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY IN 1906.

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, in Observance of Lincoln's Birthday. Annual meeting, February 14, 1906. Hon. Samuel P. Hadley spoke of Lincoln's visit to Lowell while a member of Congress from Illinois; Mr. Albert L. Bacheller gave incidents in the life of Lincoln and exhibited certain relics and letters; and remarks were made by Messrs. George B. Coburn, Solon W. Stevens, John A. Bailey, and others.

"The Manning Manse in Billerica." By Mrs. Amasa Howard, Chelmsford. Read by Alfred P. Sawyer, Esq., May 9, 1906.

"Capt. John Ford." By Miss Josephine H. Earle. Read May 9, 1906.

"Rambles Abroad." By Rev. A. St. John Chambre, D. D. Read October 10, 1906.

"Some Reminiscences of Daniel Webster." By Hon. Samuel P. Hadley. Read December 12, 1906.

"General Cass, and his Oration in Tammany Hall." By Hon. Samuel P. Hadley. Read December 12, 1906.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR 1906-07.

PREPARED AND READ BY SOLON W. STEVENS, ESQ., PRESIDENT, FEBRUARY 13, 1907.

We have reached the close of another year in the existence of the Lowell Historical Society. The customary Report of its doings must necessarily be very brief. Four meetings have been held at each of which in addition to the regular business of the evening, some informal talk has been given by some few of our members in some reminiscent and historical vein which in every case has proved interesting and instructive, and led to the often repeated inquiry as to the reason why the attendance of our meetings is not larger. For instance, at the last annual meeting there was an informal talk reminiscent of Abraham Lincoln and his early visit to Lowell, suggested by an address given by the Hon. Samuel P. Hadley. At the meeting in October the Rev. A. St. John Chambre gave a very interesting address on "Rambles abroad," it being substantially the story of reflections aroused in the mind of the speaker by interesting sights and experiences during his recent visit to Europe. And on the evening of December 12th, the Hon. Samuel P. Hadley addressed the society on "Some Reminiscences of Daniel Webster." At each of these meetings after the principal speaker had finished, the subject was discussed informally by several other members, and in this way much interesting information was given which intelligent people will try to remember.

If the attendance is surprisingly meagre on such occasions as these, if it be thought that such experience is not ample compensation for the annual dues required, would it not be well to remember that the ideas for which this Society stands are such as to respond to the tastes of but comparatively few of our people, that those who attend these meetings do so purely and simply for the love of the work in which we are engaged, and that if others whom we would naturally suppose would sympathize with our aims do not choose to co-operate with us, the loss is their own, and that they voluntarily exclude themselves from giving encour-

agement to a work which loyalty to the history of the city of their residence ought seemingly to prompt them to zealously maintain.

This organization stands for opportunities and privileges of collecting and preserving facts, written documents, and traditional evidence relating to the city of Lowell and surrounding towns. It offers a field for work congenial to the student, the antiquarian, and the writer. It is in the indulgence of tastes along the line of personal interest in historical research, and in literary expression of the result thereof, that the "quid pro quo" is to be found if return is desired for a small subscription fee. Our work is not publicly displayed, except as occasion demands it and we do not care for such display. The people of Lowell know of our existence, and we are glad of sympathy and congenial support and we are glad to state that during the past year there have been unmistakable signs of a growing interest in this Society on the part of thoughtful people in our midst, all of which is very gratifying. By persistent, patient labor on our part, we shall be entitled to feel that in loyalty to the history of our city we are collecting and preserving valuable, yes, priceless material, which sometime will be confidently regarded as the only basis of truth on which the history of Lowell can possibly be written. This is our pleasurable task and in its faithful execution rests the hope of reward.

In this connection your attention is invited to the report of the committee having in charge the matter of awarding prizes to certain High School scholars who shall write the best historical essays upon certain assigned subjects relating to local affairs. It will thus be seen that in this way we are endeavoring to bring the young people into sympathy and co-operation with the objects to be attained by this Society.

During the year now reaching its close we have lost four of our members by death. It is possible there may have been others but the following are those to whom attention has been called.

Mr. Henry S. Perham of Chelmsford died at Daytona Beach, Florida, whither he had gone in the hope of regaining his health, on February 25, 1906. He was the son of the late Deacon David Perham and was born upon the farm where he lived sixty-two years ago, and where with the exception of a few years, when he lived in Salem, New Hampshire, he had always made his home. He was of the seventh generation of Perhams to occupy this farm. For a little while in his younger days he was a pupil in the Westford Academy, while Hon. John D. Long was its principal. He was a veteran of the civil war, served as corporal in company K, Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, and as corporal in Company B, Sixth Massachusetts Regiment.

Mr. Perham had a strong partiality for historical studies. At the time of his decease he was engaged in writing the history of the town of Chelmsford. During the days of the recent celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the town of Chelmsford, Mr. Perham delivered an historical address of unusual interest. He was greatly interested in public affairs. He was a member of Post 185, G. A. R., the Chelmsford Veterans Association, Company K. Associates, the State Board of Agriculture, Old Middlesex Chapter Sons of the American Revolution, and the Lowell Historical Society. He was a man of rare ability in many respects. He will be greatly missed where he was known because of his ability, his integrity, and his genial ways.

Mr. Edwin B. Caldwell, who died in Dracut on the 29th day of July, 1906, at the age of seventy-three years, is recorded as a member of this Society.

He was but little known. He served as civilian boat-builder with General Butler's expedition at Ship Island, in the time of the civil war, and was master-mechanic at the Lowell Hosiery for many years. He was afterwards employed in the Lowell Machine Shop Company and was in the employ of this Company at the time of his death.

Mr. Frederick Warren Baker died at his home on Myrtle Street, on January 26, 1907, at the age of seventy-seven years, five months and twenty-one days. Mr. Baker was born in Salisbury, Massachusetts, and came to Lowell in 1843. He was employed in the repair shop of the Merrimack Manufacturing Company previous to 1860, and during the Civil War and subsequently he held an important position in the navy yard at Charlestown. He was acting Assistant Engineer in the United States Navy. He was for many years the victim of impaired health. He was a descendant of Puritan stock, counting among his ancestors Mr. John Baker of Norwich, England, who settled in Ipswich, Massachusetts, in 1637. Of those who survive him, besides his wife, the three children, Mr. Frank Leslie Baker of the staff of the New York Herald, Miss Adelaide Baker, a teacher in the Lowell High School, and Miss Amy Baker, who resides with her brother in New York, are well known among Lowell people. Mr. Baker will be remembered always as a man of strong character, intelligent, refined, and highly respected as an upright citizen.

Mr. Henry Morrill Ordway died at the age of eighty-two years, at his home on Nesmith Street, on Thursday, February 7, 1907. Mr. Ordway was born in Concord, New Hampshire on the 8th of April, 1825. He was of English ancestry and a descendant of Mr. James Ordway, the first of the Ordway family to come to this country, somewhere between 1625 and 1641. The great grandfather of the subject of this sketch, Mr. Jeremiah Ordway of Amesbury, Massachusetts, was a physician by profession. He formed and equipped a company for the battle of Bunker Hill, and the grandfather of Mr. Henry M. Ordway on the mother's side, Mr. Jacob B. Currier, also was a loyal fighter in that battle, which facts go to show that our deceased associate came of American Revolutionary stock.

Mr. Ordway was long known in Lowell as a prominent jeweller.

He was always active in church affairs, and he will long be remembered as an enterprising citizen, an upright man and a reliable friend.

Hon. George A. Marden died at his home on Fairmount Street, on the 19th of December, 1906, at the age of sixty-seven years, four months and ten days. He was born in Mount Vernon, New Hampshire. He was educated in the schools of his native town and in 1857 entered Dartmouth College where he graduated in 1861. This is not the proper place to attempt any detailed account of the incidents in his career. He was known and loved as a journalist, a scholar, a soldier, a fascinating public speaker, a legislator, a speaker of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, and assistant Treasurer of the United States. In addition he held many positions of trust both of a private, and a semi-public nature. He filled a large space in the history of the time in which he lived. He was a man of great versatility, of strong mental calibre, and of marked executive ability. He was generous, sociable, and always willing to give a helping hand when help was needed.

For more than a quarter of a century he was identified with the Daily Courier in all the various changes of title which that paper has assumed. He had the gift of literary expression, he was a master of terse, vivid English, and at times could wield the pen of a poet in lines which had a humorous and a pathetic meaning. He was one of Lowell's most distinguished citizens during the last quarter of a century. Some of us who knew him will miss him more than words can express.

He died in the prime of life, leaving behind tender memories, as a sincere friend, an influential public man, a man of spotless character, and a quiet gentleman.

We are about to commence another year of experience in our peculiar line of work. In grateful remembrance of those whose absence causes sorrow, and with confidence in the helpfulness of our labor for others, let us with renewed zeal strive for

greater success than any which has yet crowned our efforts. We are not only students of local history, we are makers of history as well, and let us feel that it is our province to keep in touch with current events as truly as to cultivate an acquaintance with the past. In this way we may feel that we are doing something toward gathering data which may some day be the basis of a history of Lowell of which no one need be ashamed.

and the other two, however, are not. In fact, the only computerized library in the country is the National Library of Medicine, which is a government agency. The other two are private libraries, and they are not computerized. The National Library of Medicine is a government agency, and it is the only library in the country that is computerized. The other two are private libraries, and they are not computerized. The National Library of Medicine is a government agency, and it is the only library in the country that is computerized. The other two are private libraries, and they are not computerized.

LOWELL HIGH SCHOOL HISTORICAL ESSAYS, 1907.

The Lowell Historical Society announced as the subject for the Lowell High School Prize Essays, "The Concord River in History and Literature," and a neatly printed notice of the subject and the terms and conditions of competition was sent to each member of the graduation class. The committee of Judges appointed by the society were Rev. Charles T. Billings, Miss Mabel Hill, and James F. Savage, Esq. They awarded the first prize of \$10 in gold to the writer of the essay signed "Montague," and the second prize of \$5 in gold to the writer of the essay signed "N. L.," and Misses Edith C. Erskine and Annie Louise Naylor, who wrote under these pen-names, became the recipients of the prizes which were presented to them with appropriate remarks by Judge Samuel P. Hadley in behalf of the society, as a part of the graduating exercises of the class of 1907.

In the last report of the committee having this matter in charge they state that they are "advised that there appears to be an increased interest in the school in these prizes which we offer and in the work necessary to prepare the essays, and if such shall prove to be the case we should make them an annual event, for the Lowell High School is an institution of which we may well be proud. Its work is efficient, its pupils far outnumber those of many of our colleges, and with its many courses and departments of study it is in fact our City University. To these courses of study the Lowell Historical Society in reality offers another,—optional however and entirely outside of the school curriculum—the study of local history. The essays which may be prepared for this competition not only represent the laudable ambition of the writers to win the prizes offered by our society, but they reflect to a certain extent the work done and the mental discipline and training acquired during the school course, as well as the ability to clothe with proper language the results of the study and re-

search necessary in the preparation of the essays. We therefore feel that we are not merely complying with one of the provisions of our incorporation,—“of encouraging the study of local history,”—but that we are adding to the efficiency of the school by the incentive we offer for the work.

The Prize Essays are herewith published.

LOWELL HIGH SCHOOL HISTORICAL ESSAY AWARDED THE LOW-
ELL HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S FIRST PRIZE OF \$10 IN GOLD.
BY MISS EDITH C. ERSKINE, OF THE CLASS OF 1907.

THE CONCORD RIVER IN HISTORY AND LITERATURE

The Concord River, or the Musketaquid, grass-grown, River, as it was called by the Indians, first took its place in civilized history when the fame of its grassy meadows and many salmon attracted settlers from England in 1635. It was then for the first time called Concord from the name of the first settlement on its banks. Since that time it has been celebrated both in the pages of our history, and in the writings of our poets.

The river is formed by the joining of the Assabet and Sudbury rivers, in the southern part of Hopkinton, whence it loiters through green meadows, under low browed hills, and by delightful woods, until it creeps under a score of bridges in Lowell, to meet that larger and swifter stream, the Merrimack.

Thoreau says, "The white man has come with a list of ancient Saxon, Norman, and Celtic names, and strewn them up and down this river, Framingham, Bedford, Carlisle, Billerica, Chelmsford."

The town of Concord, in which the river proper really rises, has perhaps, done the most to make it famous. By its banks in early times the Apostle Eliot preached among the Indians. Around this town the dread Indian wars and massacres raged. Here the colonists held their first provincial congress in 1774. Here, too, in this little town, beside the banks of this quiet river, was fought the first battle of the American Revolution, which marked the beginning of the history of our land as a free nation.

It is perhaps this event which gives the Concord River its greatest historic renown. The name Concord itself, instantly suggests a picture of that night, when Paul Revere took his famous ride, and dashed through the town, with the news that startled all to action; a picture, too, of the haughty redcoats fleeing in confusion before the brave and determined attack of the colonists, in

and the other two, which are the same as the first two, are the same as the first two, and the third is the same as the first two.

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their rough, gray homespun. Many years after, Emerson wrote in commemoration of that battle, the stirring lines:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard 'round the world.
The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps."

Besides its historic interest, the town of Concord is noted for its famous people: - Emerson, the philosopher and poet; Thoreau, the great naturalist and writer; Hawthorne, with his magic pen; Channing, the historian; Agassiz, the geologist; Miss Alcott, loved by all children for her enchanting stories; Margaret Fuller; and Mrs. Ripley, who listened over her peapods to the men who came to seek her sympathy and inspiration. And all of these have added a word in praise of their beloved Indian Musketaquid.

Emerson said, when he decided to make his summer home in Concord, that he had not realized, "the indescribable luxury of our Indian river, which gives all summer access to enchantments, new every day." He has also written two poems dedicated to the river, in one of which he says:

"I bathe in the morn's soft and silvered air,
And loiter willing by yon loitering stream."

Thoreau gives us a picture of the beauties of the peaceful river, in a book, telling of a fascinating week spent on its waters, and in Hawthorne's magic descriptions "the gentle river," has not been forgotten.

In the records of the town, is found another tribute to its varied charms, in the law that no apprentice shall be compelled to eat salmon more than five days in the week.

Mr. Alcott says, "The river runs slowly because it hates to leave Concord." At last, however, it does turn from this fascinating old town, and gently flows through the green meadows to Bedford.

According to an old saying—"A rib was taken off Billerica to make Bedford." The town of Bedford really began when Gov. Winthrop and Deputy Gov. Dudley selected this spot for their thousand acre grants from the King. The Governor, in his Journal, tells us that, as they sailed down the Concord River from Billerica, they made up a little tiff on the way, and finally exchanged a friendly handshake over the Two Brother's Rocks. These are twin rocks in the river, dividing the two farms, and so named to indicate the friendly relations between the owners. In this town, one may still see the great Wilson oak, where the Minute-Men assembled on the 19th of April to march to Concord. In the library is an interesting flag, which, sent over from England a century before, was taken from the garret of the Page homestead to answer the Lexington alarm.

Then on the river flows until there appears the churchspire of Carlisle, "the city of the woods," which seems to have been set apart as a place of rest, yet which in the stormy times of the Revolution, was not behind its sister towns in loyalty and devotion. Next comes the old gray town of Billerica, which, with its elms and mighty oak, rivals Concord in historic interest. The ancient "Billerickey" from the English Billericay, declared by the records of 1661, a hopeful plantation, extended from Cambridge to the mouth of the Concord, and inclosed a greater part of Lowell.

In 1658 there are records of a great bridge built over the Concord near the Fordway in Billerica, and also of grist mills, where the early colonists took their corn to be ground. Naturally this town, situated so near the colony of Salem, did not escape the witchcraft terror. "Stories of sorcery and midnight carousals filled with terror the simple and imaginative country folk." There were those who declared that they had seen the forms of witches, crossing and recrossing the Concord from the old tumble-down mill, which was supposed to have been a favorite gathering place of these witches. In the latter part of the eighteenth century its

bustling taverns and rumbling stages were many and noted. Neither did this town escape the Indian massacres.

Billerica has been known also as a literary centre. Among her names of distinction are Gov. Talbot of Massachusetts, Gov. Stearns of New Hampshire, Miss Peabody, and Rev. Minot J. Savage.

From Billerica the river flows through an unbroken stretch of four miles to Lowell, where it "falleth into the Merrimack River." Near the falls of the river at this junction, in olden times, lived the Wamesit Indians, a brother tribe of the Pawtucketts, who had their camp-fires on the banks of the Merrimack. Here, too, the Apostle Eliot followed them, "to spread the net of the Gospel and fish for their souls." Now, where once moccasined feet softly trod green meadows, hurry the throngs of a busy city, and where once floated the smoke of Indian camp fires, now rises the smoke of humming factories.

Although Lowell is associated more closely with the Merrimack river, yet the Concord, quietly stealing through its busy streets, deserves some of its fame. Lucy Larcom, daughter of the forests, might well have said of the Concord, as she did of the Merrimack:

"River of inspiration sweet."

Some one has aptly said, "a river is a musical poem. Like the strains of an orchestra its various streams unite and pour forward in rhythmic melody."

So, down through the long pages of our history has come the Concord, noted for the valiant men who gave their lives to defend it, and for the poets to whom it has been an inspiration, and who have rejoiced to give it honor and praise.

Whittier, the gentle Quaker poet, although not living on the river himself, has written some of the most beautiful lines about it.

"Close beside the meeting waters,
Long I stood, as in a dream,
Watching how the little river
Fell into the broader stream.
Calm and still the mingled current,
Glided to the waiting sea;
On its breast serenely pictured
Floating cloud and skirting tree."

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LOWELL HIGH SCHOOL HISTORICAL ESSAY AWARDED THE LOWELL
HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S SECOND PRIZE OF \$5 IN GOLD. BY
MISS ANNIE LOUISE NAYLOR, OF THE CLASS OF 1907.

THE CONCORD RIVER IN HISTORY AND LITERATURE

"Would you know what joy is hid
In our green Musketaquid,
And for travelled eyes what charms
Draw us to these meadow farms,
Come and I will show you all
Makes each day a festival.
Stand upon this pasture hill,
Face the eastern star until
The slow eye of heaven shall show
The world above, the world below."

Thoreau, who was probably the greatest American naturalist, says in his "Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers": "The Musketaquid, or grass-ground river, though probably as old as the Nile or Euphrates, did not begin to have a place in civilized history until the fame of its grassy meadows and its fish attracted settlers out of England in 1635, when it received the other but kindred name of Concord from its plantation on its banks. It will be grass-ground river as long as grass grows and water runs here; it will be Concord River only while men lead peaceable lives on its banks."

The author of a "Boating Trip on New England Rivers" tells us: "The Sudbury River seems to rise in two rivulets, one of these flows from Whitehall Pond in Hopkinton; the other, beginning from an indeterminate place in Westborough, joins the Hopkinton branch just above Southville; together they form the Sudbury which joins the Assabet at Egg Rock and forms the Concord." The river then flows northeasterly to Lowell where it empties into the Merrimack River. The same author speaks of the beautiful view from Billerica to Lowell looking down the Concord River valley. The Concord, which is a lazy sluggish river, flowing between low banks bordered by low-lying meadows is well described by Amos Bronson Alcott in "Concord Days"; "It was these broad meadows beside the "Grass-Ground River" that tempted alike the white and redman—the one for pasture, the other for

fishing—and brought the little colony through the wilderness to from the settlement named “Musketaquid” after the river of that name (signifying grass-ground), and later taking that of Concord, not without note in history.

“Beneath low hills, in the broad interval
Through which at will our Indian rivulet
Winds unmindful still of sannup and of squaw,
Whose pipe and arrow oft the plough unburies;
Here, in pine house, built of new-fallen trees,
Supplanter of the tribe, the planters dwell.”

Mr. Alcott explains the sluggish current by saying; “The Concord runs slow because it hates to leave Concord.”

So many of our writers have come from Concord and been influenced by the river that it is mentioned by them in one or more of their writings. Ralph Waldo Emerson’s description of his home in his “Essay on Nature” shows the common use of boating on the Concord as a recreation in the remark: “My house stands in low-land, with limited outlook, and on the skirt of the village. But I go with my friend to the shore of our little river and with one stroke of the paddle I leave the village and personalities, yes, and the world of villagers and personalities behind, and pass into a delicate realm of sunset and moonlight, too bright almost for spotted man to enter without novitiate and probation.”

Mr. Alcott speaks often of the river in his works, while the river described by Louisa M. Alcott in “Little Women” and “Jack and Jill” is beyond a question the Concord.

Nathaniel Hawthorne’s “American Note Book” is full of references to the river, as he was living in the Old Manse at the time when part of the notes were written. Some of the prettiest selections are: “It comes creeping softly through the mid-most privacy and deepest heart of a wood which whispers it to be quiet while the stream whispers back again from its sedgy borders, as if river and wood were hushing one another to sleep. Yes, the river sleeps along its course and dreams of the sky and clustering foliage.” “The banks of the river actually laughed when the

sunshine fell upon them; and the river itself was alive and cheerful, it had swept away many wreaths of meadow-hay, and old rotten branches of trees, and all such trumpery." "The best aspect of the Concord is when there is a northwestern breeze, curling its surface, in a bright, sunshiny day. It then assumes a vivacity not its own. Moonlight, also, gives it beauty, as it does to all scenery of earth and water." Again in speaking of the river as seen from the hill-top opposite his house he says: "It was visible through a course of two or three miles, sweeping in a semicircle around the hill on which I stood and being the central line of a broad vale on either side. At a distance, it looked like a strip of sky set into the earth, which was so etherialized and idealized that it seemed akin to the upper regions. Nearer the base of the hill I could discern the shadow of every tree and rock imaged with a distinctness that made them even more charming than the reality." The Concord River runs into Margaret Sidney's "Little Maid of Concord Town" as it does into almost every book about the place. Mr. Stearns in his "Sketches of Concord and Appledore" has two pretty references to the river. He writes: "No doubt the sloping hillsides and the broad sunny plain with the sluggish river dinding through it looked very restful to him after the rugged country through which he had pessed." "The Concord River with its grassy banks, picturesque bridges, and continual change of hill and meadow scenery is one of the prettiest that can be found anywhere."

In his "Autobiography of Seventy Years" the late Senator Hoar writes: "The sluggish Concord River used to overflow its banks and cover the broad meadows for miles. The boys could skate for ten miles to Billerica and ten miles back, hardly going over deep water, except at the bridges." He concludes by quoting from Thomas Parker Sanborn:

"When winter binds the river bright
With hard and gleaming ice—a swift-forged chain—
Even in that chill season 'tis delight
To roam across that broad and glittering plain."

Or skim its surface, as the short days wane,
Gliding along with swift and steel-bound feet;—
Truly the changes of the year are sweet."

George William Curtis describes the Concord flowing under its different bridges in his "Emerson"; "Near the town, the river is crossed by three or four bridges. One is a massive structure to help the railroad over. The stern, strong pile readily betrays that it is part of good solid stock owned in the right quarter. Close by it is a little arched stone bridge, auxiliary to a great road leading to some vague region of the world called Acton upon guide posts and on maps. Just beyond these bridges the river bends and forgets the railroad, but is grateful to the graceful arch of the little stone bridge for making its curve more picturesque; and as it muses toward the Old Manse, listlessly brushing the lilies, it wonders if Ellery Channing, who lives beyond, wrote his poem of "The bridge" to that particular one."

Frank B. Sanborn, today the authority on Concord history, writes in "A Concord Note Book": "I inherited Thoreau's river boat from Hawthorn, and kept it in repair for some years before it went to pieces."

Some of the other poems which allude to the Concord are "The Dirge" and "The River" by Emerson, "Lines" by Lowell, while George Parsons refers to it in "Two Rivers" and Lothrop in "Fair Haven Bay."

From Frank Preston Stearns "Sketches from Concord and Appledore" comes the description of the Concord River Valley region. From these heights one perceives beyond them an irregular line of pale blue mountains, of which Wachusett is the most southerly peak, and which is in fact a portion of the White Mountains extending through New Hampshire into northern Maine. The watershed between these two forms the valley of the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, which is the first military line of defence in New England, west of the sea coast. It is for this reason that the first struggle for American Independence

THE HISTORY OF THE
REIGN OF
HENRY THE SEVENTH
OF ENGLAND

By Sir Thomas More
Knt. of the Bath, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and
Privy Counsellor to King Henry the Seventh.
The first Part.
LONDON, Printed by I. I. for I. I. at the Signe of the
Anchor, in the Strand, 1562.
The second Part.
LONDON, Printed by I. I. for I. I. at the Signe of the
Anchor, in the Strand, 1562.
The third Part.
LONDON, Printed by I. I. for I. I. at the Signe of the
Anchor, in the Strand, 1562.
The fourth Part.
LONDON, Printed by I. I. for I. I. at the Signe of the
Anchor, in the Strand, 1562.
The fifth Part.
LONDON, Printed by I. I. for I. I. at the Signe of the
Anchor, in the Strand, 1562.
The sixth Part.
LONDON, Printed by I. I. for I. I. at the Signe of the
Anchor, in the Strand, 1562.
The seventh Part.
LONDON, Printed by I. I. for I. I. at the Signe of the
Anchor, in the Strand, 1562.
The eighth Part.
LONDON, Printed by I. I. for I. I. at the Signe of the
Anchor, in the Strand, 1562.
The ninth Part.
LONDON, Printed by I. I. for I. I. at the Signe of the
Anchor, in the Strand, 1562.
The tenth Part.
LONDON, Printed by I. I. for I. I. at the Signe of the
Anchor, in the Strand, 1562.

took place on the banks of the Concord River and not elsewhere. From this same book comes the interesting statement that the site of the Old Manse was formerly an Indian encampment as the sunny exposure and the fine landing place for their canoes attracted them. Probably battles have been fought there and invading forces repelled on the very ground where the Americans later repulsed the British. As long as the United States endures the Concord will hold an important place in history; for it was on its banks that the first important armed resistance to British tyranny was made for the possession of the Old North Bridge. Standing on the bridge and looking at the bronze Minute-man on one side, the older monument on the other, with the peaceful river flowing between them, and the beautiful bit of the old Carlisle Road, we are not surprised that Emerson could write the ringing words:

“By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled;
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard 'round the world.
The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.”

The two unknown British soldiers who were the first invaders to lose their lives are buried where they fell almost beside the “Grass-ground” River. This grave was the occasion of Lowell's writing one of the many poems mentioning the Concord River, while Emerson, our Washington in the field of literature, as Mr. Frank Sanborn calls him, wrote a poem called “In Memoriam.”

“Behold our river bank,
Whither the angry farmers came
In sloven dress and broken rank,—
Nor thought of fame:
Their deed of blood
All mankind praise;
Even the serene Reason says
‘It was well done.’”

The English troops tried to leave Boston without being seen but, as everyone knows, the alarm was given by Paul Revere and Dr. Samuel Prescott. Rev. William Emerson, Ralph Waldo Emerson's grandfather, wrote a very fine account of the preparations for the reception of the British. He says in part: "In the meantime, the guard set by the enemy to secure the posts at the North Bridge were alarmed by the approach of our people, who had retreated, as mentioned before, and were now advancing, with special orders not to fire upon the troops unless fired upon. These orders were so punctually observed, that we received the fire of the enemy in three several and separate discharges of their pieces before it was returned by our commanding officer. The firing then soon became general for several minutes, in which skirmish two were killed on each side, and several of the enemy wounded. It may here be observed, by the way, that we were the more cautious to prevent beginning a rupture with the king's troops as we were then uncertain what had happened at Lexington." This fine account was unknown until Ralph Waldo Emerson found it among family papers when he was writing his centennial address.

Another interesting account of this battle is given in a letter to a friend written by Amos Barrett, then a young man of twenty-three and a participant in the fight, also a nephew of Col. James Barrett. This was the last time the banks of the Concord River have ever echoed to the feet of an invading foe.

Turning from the story of war and bloodshed, let us leave the river with these peaceful words from Emerson:

"Thy summer voice, Musketaquid,
Repeats the music of the rain;
But sweeter rivers pulsing flit
Through thee, as thou through Concord Plain.
Musketaquid, a goblin strong,
Of shard and flint makes jewels gay;
They lose their grief who hear his song,
And where he winds is the day of day."

17

CONTRIBUTIONS

of the

Lowell Historical Society

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Incorporated, May 21, 1902

Vol. I No. 2

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY, JULY, 1911

WITHDRAWN
"*'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours*"—Young
From the C. H. S.

LOWELL, MASS.
BUTTERFIELD PRINTING CO.

1911

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THE MANNING MANSE. BY MRS. LOUISE C. HOWARD. READ
MAY 9, 1906.

William Manning, the ancestor of this extensive family, came to America about the year 1634.

He first settled at Roxbury, Massachusetts, where he remained only a few weeks, when he moved to Cambridge where his descendants have been represented ever since.

About the year 1662 his grandson, Samuel Manning, went to Billerica and bought land of that town on the west side of the Concord River about two and one-quarter miles from the center village on the south side of the road to Chelmsford, and a quarter of a mile from the boundary line between the two towns, and in the year 1696 built the present house which is over 200 years old.

The homestead was of good size, as it needed to be in that day of large families, and has always been considered a fine edifice.

The location of the house is particularly attractive, being situated in a region of moderate hills and surrounded with many large shade trees overlooking what the founders of Billerica called the plain, with the front away from the road according to the old practice, which gave "southern exposure" to the front of the house no matter where the road was. The main part of the house is forty-one feet long and nineteen feet and five inches wide, while an annex or lean-to increases the width to thirty feet and seven inches. The roof descends sharply, so that the height of the lean-to at the eaves is but five feet and nine inches.

In several ways the construction of the house presents novelties to us. The window casings are not set into the walls, but made of four pieces of heavy timber, which are mortised together and fastened to the outer face of the walls by great hand-made spikes, the rectangular heads of which are nearly one inch long. All nails were hand-made, those for finish for floors and for boarding, and for coat hooks, each having a special shape. The heavy timbers of the frame were all held together

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
CHICAGO, ILL.

TO THE HONORABLE SENATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED AT ITS MEETING OF
JANUARY 10, 1906

BY
THE HONORABLE SENATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED AT ITS MEETING OF
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THE HONORABLE SENATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED AT ITS MEETING OF
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by oak pins; all outer boarding was "feathered," that is, with edges beveled, so that the upper edge of one board fitted under the lower edge of the other. Apparently this was to shed water before the walls were clapboarded. The clapboards did not taper their full width, but were long one-half inch boards, beveled on the upper edge, and "feathered" again, instead of butted on the ends.

The inner walls of all the rooms were covered with wide boards fitted together with tongue and groove; the space between these boards and outer boards on the north and west sides were filled with brick or with solid timber for the purpose of giving additional warmth, and perhaps, incidentally, to add as a safeguard against Indian attacks.

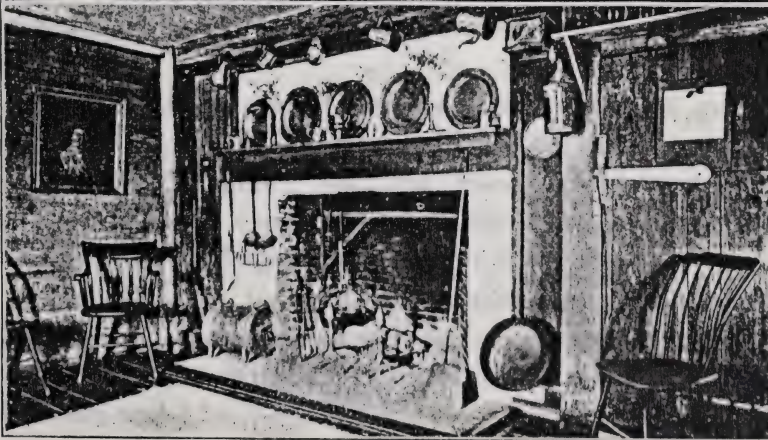
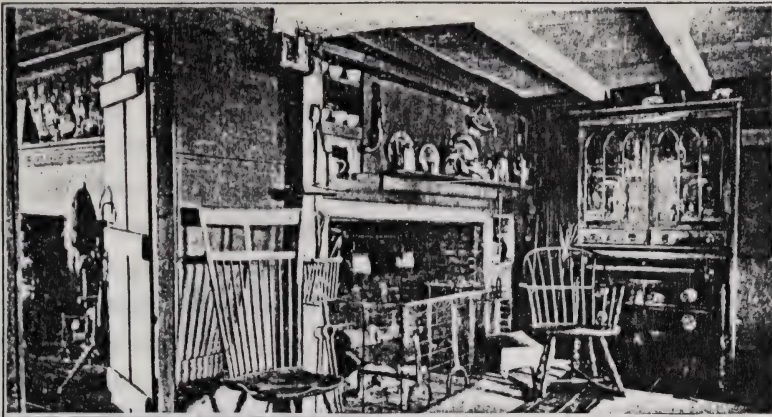
The chimney is of the old-fashioned sort, with a fireplace at three of its sides on the ground floor. As near as can be measured it is nine feet and nine inches by eight feet and five inches square at this point. Where it passes through the roof it is four feet and eight inches wide on one side, but irregular of shape as it narrows rapidly, the adjoining side also being slightly narrower.

The cellar stairs are of solid, triangular hewn logs, attached to heavy wood stringers by oak pegs, and they are as firm to the tread as granite.

Through the centre of the house from east to west extends a large beam as a part of the foundation of the second floor. Owing to its great size and after the fashion of that period, it extends below the ceilings of the ground floor rooms.

The stairs are of two landings and three short flights, the first leading north, the next west, the last and shortest, south.

There were no closets, and the whole upper floor of the main house was in two rooms originally. These rooms were separated by the chimney and small upper hall. Over the main house is an attic, as well as over the lean-to, the latter having a small finished room and being reached from the kitchen by a



THE MANNING MANSE



THE CAVE OF THE LION

straight flight of stairs. Originally the present kitchen was the pantry, the present dining-room was the kitchen, with a tap room or bar at the end; the present parlor was the living room; and the present dining-room was a sleeping room.

Erected in a time of Indian outbreaks and massacres, it was for a time one of the officially appointed "Garrison houses" to which an allotted number of families could hasten in time of imminent danger, there to unite and defend themselves from the attack of the enemy.

Neither record or tradition tells us whether this garrison was ever actually attacked, but as massacres by Indians did not cease in Massachusetts until 1724 we may be sure there were times when the building was filled with frightened fugitives, and armed men watched for the coming of the red foe.

In the year 1752 the records of Middlesex County show that William Manning, the proprietor of the farm, was licensed as an inn-holder, and the house in consequence was long known as the Manning tavern. The account books have been preserved, and are extremely interesting.

Those were the days when nearly every man indulged in drink stronger than water, and ministers did not dream of wrong-doing when they joined their parishioners in such indulgences.

The old tavern books have occasional mention of such articles as flour, sugar, hay, etc., but nearly all entries are of "rhum," "cyder," "todda," "flip," and "cheary-dram," however, sales of quantities in excess of a single drink were uncommon, showing that the beverages were consumed on the place.

At this tavern too, at one time during the Revolution, it is stated that a detachment of patriotic troops stopped here and were fed. In evidence of this is a list of officers and men in the old Tavern book.

the first of these is the fact that the first of the three

the second of these is the fact that the second of the three

the third of these is the fact that the third of the three

the fourth of these is the fact that the fourth of the three

the fifth of these is the fact that the fifth of the three

the sixth of these is the fact that the sixth of the three

the seventh of these is the fact that the seventh of the three

the eighth of these is the fact that the eighth of the three

the ninth of these is the fact that the ninth of the three

the tenth of these is the fact that the tenth of the three

the eleventh of these is the fact that the eleventh of the three

the twelfth of these is the fact that the twelfth of the three

the thirteenth of these is the fact that the thirteenth of the three

the fourteenth of these is the fact that the fourteenth of the three

the fifteenth of these is the fact that the fifteenth of the three

the sixteenth of these is the fact that the sixteenth of the three

Only a few yards from the west end of the house, at the foot of a large elm tree, may be seen a small excavation; this is the cellar of the so-called saltpetre house, which was a building about fifteen feet square where in the Revolution saltpetre was made for use as one of the component parts of gunpowder. This was sent to Lexington and Concord.

From the ownership of the builder, the homestead passed to his son, Ensign William of the fourth generation, then to Lieut. William Manning of the fifth generation, then to Lieut. William Manning of the sixth generation and last of all to his children, thirteen in number, of whom two died in infancy, and only three married, leaving eight to pass more or less of their lives at the old home in single life.

They passed away one by one, until the sole survivor was Miss Lucinda. With no protector near she was subjected to severe annoyances, for tramps were numerous, gypsies camped upon her grounds and her cows were often driven away and milked.

She finally decided that she must leave the place, which for one hundred and seventy-five years had been the home of all her nearest kin, and by her direction a house was built near relatives in Chelmsford only a few miles distant.

When the team came for her, on the day of the change, "she was standing by the dying embers in the fireplace of an empty room." As she passed out of the house she exclaimed, "I shall never come here again," and though she lived more than fifteen years only a short distance away, she never returned.

Miss Lucinda rented the place until her death in 1880, when by will she gave the house and land to trustees who were to lease it, and devote the proceeds to public worship and religious instruction in that part of the town of Billerica, known as School District No. 4, said instruction to be by teachers of the

Baptist, Methodist or Orthodox faith. From this time there were various tenants, and as few, if any, repairs were made the house went rapidly to decay.

In the past few years, several people, interested in the old place, have expressed a desire to save the house if possible. Mr. Warren H. Manning, of Brookline, Mass., the present occupant, realizing the importance of immediate practical work, on May 31st, 1899, personally leased the Old Homestead and commenced thorough repairs. His interest and unceasing efforts from that time show us today the house fully restored. A Manning Association has been formed and annual reunions are held at the Old Manse.

BOYHOOD REMINISCENCES OF MIDDLESEX VILLAGE. BY HON.
SAMUEL P. HADLEY. READ IN THREE PARTS, FEBRUARY
8, 1905, MAY 10, 1905, AND FEBRUARY 9, 1910.

"Let the dead past bury its dead,
Act, act, in the living present,"

are the words Mr. Longfellow says the heart of the *young* man said to the Psalmist; but the heart of the *old* man throbbing to a weaker and faltering measure says in tearful and loving persuasion: "No, let the dead of the dead past live again. Once more let us see their faces, hear their voices, feel again the sweet influence of their presence, enjoy once more the scenes which gladdened our youth."

And so I come tonight with these simple memories of a childhood home, inexpressibly precious to me, and I will try to give them the spirit of Denham's lines:

"We will revive those times, and in our memories,
Preserve, and still keep fresh, like flowers in water,
Those happy days."

When, on November 21st, 1821, less than ten years before my birth, Kirk Boott, Patrick T. Jackson, and four other persons, capitalists, and interested in cotton manufacturing in New England, visited that part of Chelmsford which is now Lowell, and perambulated the territory looking for a site for their new city, there existed at the head of the Middlesex Canal a large and thriving village.

I do not propose to spend much time over the early history of the territory occupied by Middlesex Village, previous to the building of the Middlesex Canal in 1803. The subject has been pretty thoroughly examined by others, and the results are among the contributions printed by the Society. It may be briefly said, that the territory between Black Brook and the present Chelmsford line was long a favorite Indian residence, and used by them

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for the purpose of their rude husbandry, and called "John Sagamore Plantation." The Indians sold to Henschman, and Henschman sold a part to Cragie and a part to the Howards. Cragie owned east of the present centre of the village, and the Howards all to the west. Cragie, or his grantees, sold to Capt. Tyler, and the Howards sold a part of their territory to Cyrus Baldwin. The original deeds from the Indians to Henschman are still in existence, and I have myself seen and examined the original deeds from Henschman to the Howards. They ought to be among our historical papers.

The name—Middlesex Village—was due to the fact that it was the Merrimack terminus or head of the Middlesex Canal. Previous to the completion of this water way between the Merrimack and tide water at Charlestown, it could not be called a village. I cannot find that previous to this date there were more than three or four houses on the whole territory, namely, the old tavern, the Willard Howard house, the Jerathmel Bowers house, the Timothy Clark house at the ferry, and a cottage house and barn which stood on the west side of the ferry road, between the old tavern and the ferry, and known in my childhood as the Sawin house, that being the name of the family who occupied it. I do not know who built it.

There is a tradition in the village, that the Dea. Eben Adams house on Baldwin Street was originally a shop of some kind, and once stood on the corner of Middlesex and Baldwin Streets, and was moved to its present site and converted into a dwelling house. From an examination made by me some years ago, I became satisfied that this may have been the case. The timbers used and the internal arrangements were not such as would be likely to be adopted in a building originally designed as a dwelling house.

With the exception of a few houses to which I shall refer presently, most of the houses were built between 1820 and 1830,

the new road between the centre of the village and Pawtucket, now Middlesex, Street not having been built until 1819.

The growth of the village during the decade named was very considerable, and its future seemed very promising. The glass factory was in full operation, giving employment to a considerable number of workmen, and so also was the hat works of Bent and Bush, the Chelmsford Courier was printed there; there were at one time three groceries, a currier's shop, a blacksmith's shop, a livery stable, two or three carpenters, a paint shop, a shoemaker's shop, and probably others, and to crown the whole, it had a brand new church, designed and built in the best New England style, and a new school house.

Situated at a mean distance of two and one-half miles from Wyman's Exchange, in Lowell, with a distance of a full mile between the easterly limits of the village and the westerly settled portion of Lowell, in my boyhood the residents of the village were not in close social touch with the people of Lowell, and were very much as Tewksbury, Chelmsford Centre and Tyngsborough are today, dependent on their own resources for social pleasures, and improvement. Moreover, the village was a part of the town of Chelmsford, and to a considerable extent they were interested in the traditions and social life of their town. And, indeed, there was a great deal of sociability and pleasant intercourse among them.

The old resident householders were fairly well off, as the times went, were kindly and hospitable after the old New England fashion, while the ladies and gentlemen, for such they were, employed in the hat factory, and many employed in the glass works, were well educated, fairly accomplished and thoroughly respectable, and like hundreds of the operatives early employed in the Lowell mills, were from good old New England families, and were not a whit ashamed of toiling by day with the loom or needle to earn an honest livelihood.

Pleasant gatherings, particularly in the winter months, were held in the various homes, and if these occasions were not characterized by so many artificials and by so much of what is now termed good form, they were none the less hospitable and enjoyable. Whist parties, singing parties, and among the younger portion, kissing parties, were common enough; while the elders met once a week at the house of Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. Wood, Dea. Adams, Mr. Smith or Mr. Tyler, for prayer and meditation, or the study of the Scriptures, in what was known as the Bible Class.

Now and then an itinerant lecturer or showman would give an entertainment at the tavern hall, and, in winter, balls were given in the same place which were something more than a mere local attraction.

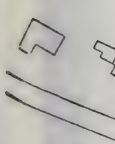
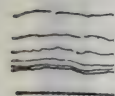
Lowell had few attractions to offer the villager in those days. It had no theatre worth the name, and vocal or instrumental concerts were extremely rare. As a result the residents of Middlesex in the '30s stayed at home and made the best of it.

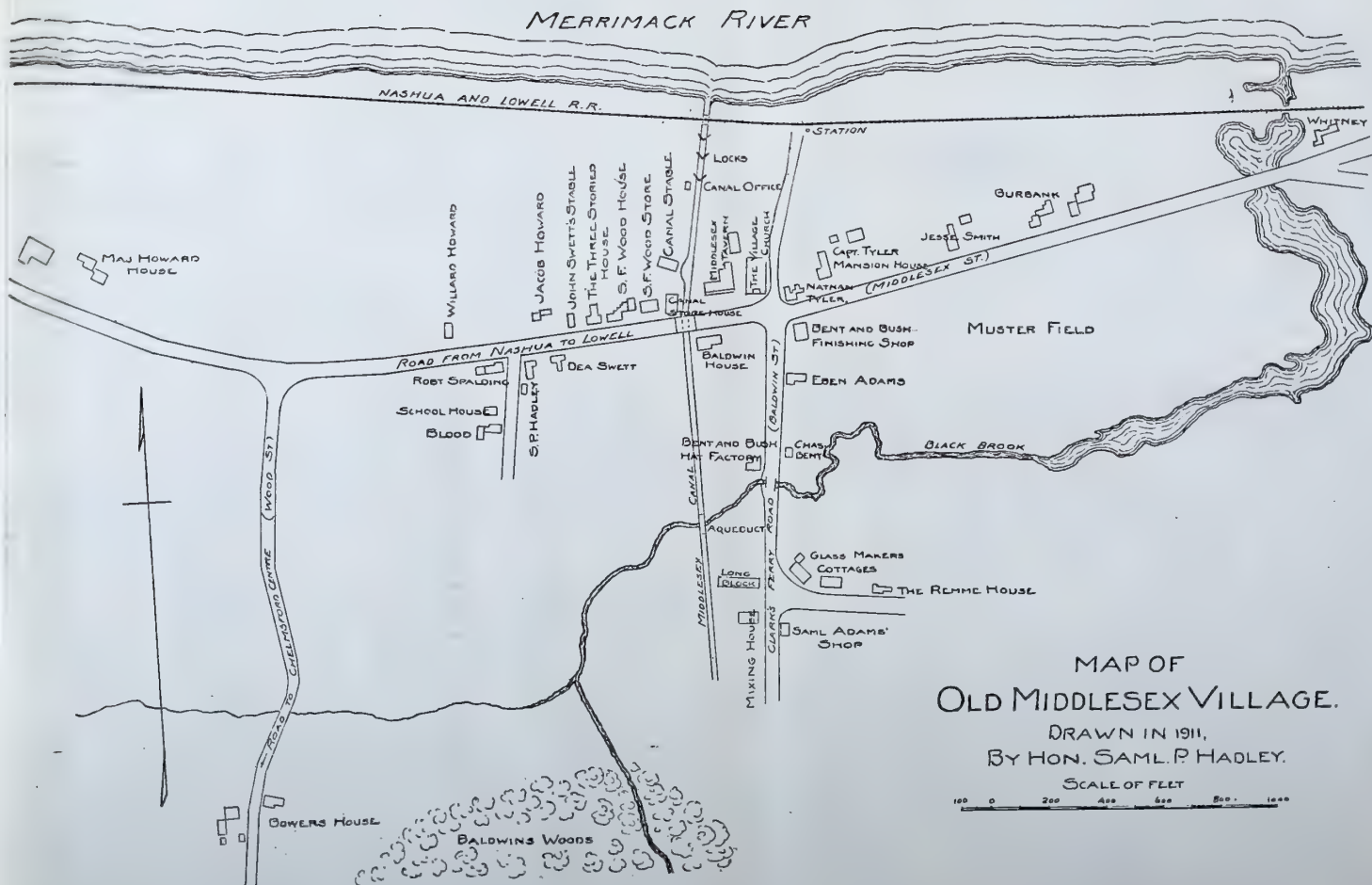
Let us take a walk through the village beginning at the westerly end and note some facts in regard to each house as we pass along.

On what is now Wood Street, there lived in what is now supposed to be the oldest house in Lowell, Col. Joseph Bowers and his family, his wife, three daughters and one son, another son living in the three-storied house on Middlesex Street. Col. Bowers was a typical New England farmer, honest, energetic, upright and downright. He cultivated his large farm with great industry and intelligence, in which he was assisted by his equally industrious sons, Alpheus and Sewall. He was famous for good cattle. He always kept a number of yoke of strong oxen which, in the canal season, he used in towing rafts of masts, spars, and lumber logs from the head of the canal at Middlesex to tide-water at Charlestown. One of his daughters became the wife of the late Capt. Christopher Roby of West Chelmsford,

another the wife of the late Gen. Stark, of Nashua. Col. Bowers was the grandfather of the present city engineer, Mr. George Bowers.

Up the road towards North Chelmsford, on the north side, stood and still stands, the large and fine dwelling house built by Maj. Nathaniel Howard, late in the '20s. I cannot remember Maj. Howard, who was a man of wealth, standing high in the estimation of the people of Chelmsford, where he was town clerk for many years. In my childhood the family consisted of Mrs. Howard, his widow, and her two sons, Samuel and Otis. Mrs. Howard was a Parkhurst, and an aunt of Mrs. Abner W. and Mrs. John A. Buttrick of Lowell. When a child I was very fond of visiting the Maj. Howard house, and often did so, for I was sure of a welcome from Mrs. Howard, who always greeted me when I entered, with the cheery salutation, "Well, here comes my little spider." She was a dear old lady, with bright, animated ways, and as neat as wax. She always gave me the run of the house from cellar to attic, and commonly sent me home with her love to my mother and my pockets full of red apples. The Howard brothers were the owners of the large estate left them by their father, lying mostly in Chelmsford, and about the homestead. Their farming operations were for many years conducted on a large scale. They raised fine livestock of all kinds, and made a point of having the finest oxen in Chelmsford. Every season their ample barns were filled with vast stores of hay, grain and vegetables. They maintained in their home a generous and jovial hospitality, and many a glorious time I have shared with others, while the glowing wood fires threw out warmth and cheer upon the happy ones assembled about them. Alas! the change that came over this happy old New England home! I never pass it without experiencing a feeling of sadness, as I recall the old days of my childhood. After the death of their mother the brothers met with business reverses, one misfortune followed another, until they were





Howard, a revolutionary soldier. It occurred sometime in the



obliged to abandon the old homestead to the control and ownership of others. We old people of Middlesex Village always call this old place, and we desire others to call it, the old "Major Howard Place." Any other designation however literally correct, is not pleasant to our ancient ears.

Down the road on the same side as the Major Howard Place, there stood, in my childhood, the ancient house, known and called the "Willard Howard house." This house of two stories, running down in the rear pitch of the roof to one story, was a fine specimen of the old New England homestead of about the latter half of the 18th century. It was unpainted, but externally and internally was an excellent piece of joiners' work. It had a fine portal for the front door, with moulded and dentilated door head,—the window heads were similarly finished, and the eave-cornice was proportionately and similarly moulded and dentilated. It had a mighty chimney. The rooms of both stories were wainscoted in the best style of the day, and with the best materials, and each room was provided with an ample fireplace.

The house faced towards the east, with its south end to the road, a fashion of placing houses which I never have been able to explain. In front of the front door was a great flat stone. The barn of this place it still standing,—the other farm buildings have disappeared. Just beyond the north end of the house stood a magnificent button-wood tree, one of the largest trees I ever saw alive. I once measured its immense trunk at the ground, and found it twenty-one feet in circumference,—seven feet in diameter. I have never ceased to regret the pulling down of this dear old New England house, the home of Willard Howard, a revolutionary soldier. It occurred sometime in the '50s. We would not permit it to be done in these days, if within our power to prevent it. Living very near it, I was very often in the house, and remember old Mr. Willard Howard with perfect distinctness. The old soldier having lost his wife, lived in this house with a nephew, and was cared for by the family of

his younger brother, Jacob, who lived in the small house, just opposite my father's, and which is still standing.

Mr. Jacob Howard's family consisted of his wife, a daughter of Capt. Butterfield Varnum of the Revolutionary Army, and sister of Mrs. Cyrus Baldwin, a son, Charles, and four daughters, Clarissa, who late in life married a Chadbourne, of Standish, Me., Mary, who remained single, and lived in the old place until her death in December 1886, Caroline, who married and lived in Newburyport, and Harriet, who married Josiah Edwards, and lived in the new house now called the Edwards house, until her death, which occurred only a few years ago. In his early married life Mr. Jacob Howard was the landlord of the old Middlesex Tavern; but being unfortunate in business, the small house, and the estate connected with it, consisting of intervalle lying between the road and the river, became the property of Mrs. Howard. The old gentleman retained, however, some fishing rights on the river, near the Lawrence corporation, and every spring he set his nets, which were knitted by his wife, in the river, and caught large numbers of river shad. I can still hear my mother's voice saying to me when a boy, "Sam, step over to Mrs. Howard's and see if uncle Jacob can let us have a shad."

In winter, after a severe storm (and it does so now), a heavy drift would form in front of his house, and the old gentleman, armed with a large potato shovel, had his hands full in opening a path through it to the road. When a boy, working at a similar job at our door, I confess I used to enjoy hearing him grunt and talk to himself about the drift he was digging through, and expressing in pretty strong language his opinion that he had more than his share of snow. "Gol darn it all, seems to me all the snow in New Hampshire has landed in front of my door." In a spirit of boyish mischief I would call across to him and say, "We had a nice snow storm, Mr. Howard." He would pause in his work and staring at me through his muffler, would

reply "Nice! I wish the old Harry had the whole ont, its the darndest mean storm ever I see."

Just above my house stands a house much changed in appearance from what it was when I was a child, and called in early days the Robert Spalding house. This house I believe to be one of the oldest houses in the village. The present house is an enlargement of the original one which was built by a man named Ayer, at about the time of the completion of the canal. This enlargement was made by Mr. Robert Spalding. Mr. Spalding was a shoemaker, and had a shop in which he employed a number of journeymen, which stood just west of his house nearly on a line with the road. Mrs. Spalding was a sister of Mr. Levi Snow of Westford. She died when I was a small boy, and I can just remember her. Among her children was the late John V. Spalding of the old firm of Spalding, Hay and Wales of Boston, and Miss Harriet Spalding now living in Boston, about my own age.

In my boyhood the north portion of this house was occupied by Mr. Charles Swett and family, who many years ago removed to North Chelmsford. Their children, Mr. John French Swett, of Lowell, deceased, Mrs. Ann Maria Bacheller of Chelmsford, Mrs. Arthur H. Sheldon of North Chelmsford, and Mr. Charles H. Swett of Boston, were all born under this roof. Mrs. Bacheller is only three days younger than myself.

The house in which I live, and in which I was born, October 22, 1831, was built, (the main portion) in 1822 by a Mr. Harvey Burnett. Mr. Burnett lived in the main portion until 1827 when my father bought it, and in 1828 added a wing to the south. While Burnett lived in the house, Francis Brinley had a law office in the east room, and his sign was placed on the outside of the house. In 1830 Dr. Hezekiah Packard, pastor of the village church, with his daughter occupied a part of the house and the east room was used by the doctor for a study. The

doctor's son, William, a youth of 18 and a member of Bowdoin College, died in this room in 1833.

The Swett house, just below, was built by a Mr. Lamb in 1823. He was the father of Mr. William A. Lamb, once paymaster at the Lowell Machine Shop twenty-five or more years ago. Deacon Edmund Swett bought it soon after it was built, and only recently, on the death of his widow, it passed into the hands of her legatee, Mr. Russ of Boston.

I must not pass without a notice the stable, still standing just east of the Jacob Howard place, which in early days, before my time, was occupied by a Mr. Burke for a livery stable. In my childhood, this stable was occupied by Mr. John Swett, for the same purpose, and he did a thriving business. Mr. Swett removed to Lowell sometime in the '40s and for a number of years kept a stable on Green Street. He was long a resident of this city, and for a good many years followed his trade, that of a carpenter. He died at an advanced age, a few years ago, at his residence on the corner of Pine and Liberty Streets. He was the father of Mr. John H. Swett, the well known carriage maker near the Middlesex Street Station.

I wish to say a word about some things connected with this old stable when it was kept by Mr. John Swett. His stock consisted of from twelve to fifteen horses, and an assortment of vehicles, thorough-braced chaises, carryalls, wagons, etc. for summer travel, and a fine lot of sleighs, single and double, for winter use. Mr. Swett was a good horse-man and his stable was well furnished and kept. As was the absurd fashion of the day, most of his horses were bob-tailed. In those days, more than now, thanks to the humane efforts of Mr. Angell and his friends, it was the custom among stable keepers, not only to amputate the tail, but by cutting a muscle at the base to cause the poor animal to carry in an erect position what it had left. It was an abominable custom, and I am sorry to say is still practised in certain quarters. I remember going into this stable

when a boy, and seeing horses undergoing this mutilation. After the tail was amputated and the muscle cut, the tail was kept erect by a cord attached to it and carried in two strands over pulleys placed at the top of the stall, and held in this position by the weight of a brick attached to each end of the cord. A horse with a long flowing tail was the exception to the rule in the livery stables of those days. The harnesses were brass mounted, and the horse driven in hames and collar,—the breast plate for carriage driving came later.

East of the stable stands the old Bowers or "three-storied house." When my father came to live in Middlesex Village in 1822 he lived in this house, which was then the property of Samuel F. Wood. The first year of his occupancy he shared it with the families of Simeon Spalding and Moses Barrett, the following year with Silas Tyler and family. Mr. Artemas S. Tyler and my sister, Mrs. Paul Hill, were born in this house. During my father's residence in it, the hall in the second story was used as a lodge-room by the Pentucket Lodge of Masons, and my mother used to tell some amusing stories concerning the mysteries of freemasonry from an outside point of view. In my childhood, two immense willow trees stood in front of the house, on the street line, which every year or two were pollarded. They were long ago removed.

I do not know the date of the construction of this house, or by whom it was constructed. It was certainly before 1815, because Miss Mary Howard told me that the roof was blown off, and landed in the interval back of the house in the great September 23rd gale of that year, the same wind storm that blew down the Bowers barn.

The disgraceful quarrel between the respective advocates of the Andover and Cambridge platforms of the Congregational Church in New England, resulting in a division of the members and a contest over church property, occurred in my childhood in the Middlesex church, and, as in many other parishes, the

Trinitarian members withdrew, the Unitarian members greatly outnumbering them, and established a church with Rev. Mr. Southmayd as pastor, who, in a short time was succeeded by Rev. Dr. John A. Albro, so long a pastor in Cambridge.

The meetings of the new church were held in this hall of the three-story house. I was too young to know much about the particular manifestations of mutual dislike, not to say hatred, shown by the two parties which this contest engendered; but I distinctly remember the atmosphere of rivalry which obtained, and the meetings held in the hall. My family attended the old church, and I can remember looking up to the west windows of the hall, on my way to church on Sunday, and seeing the neck of a double bass resting against the window sill; and child as I was, feeling a profound satisfaction that I went to a church that had a steeple, a bell and a handsome pulpit, and not to one held in a dwelling, and destitute of these important accessories, as some children did. This Trinitarian church so formed, was the nucleus of the present Congregational church in North Chelmsford.

We have now reached the old Samuel Fox Wood homestead, next east of the three-story house on the same side of the road. I cannot say when this house was erected, but I am sure it was not far from the time of opening the canal in 1803 or 1804. It was kept for many years by Mr. Wood as an inn and boarding house largely for the use of boatmen on the canal and river. When I was a child it had two front entrances, and I can recall a lattice, on the right on entering, behind which was a bar, and other conveniences for public entertainment. It had a large and profitable patronage during the prosperous years of the canal. Long before the closing of the canal, Mr. Wood ceased to carry it on as a public house and many changes were made in it both externally and internally. The public east entrance was walled up, and the public room turned into a large sitting room, the present entrance porch was added, and a large parlor, the width

of the house in length, was made of what had once been two rooms.

Mr. Wood was a man of wealth, for the times, shrewd in his investments and careful in his dealings. He had somewhat peculiar manners. His unfailing salutation to a friend or neighbor on meeting, spoken in a strained, throaty voice was, "How de do sir?" He always prefixed a statement with the unvarying preliminary "The fact is." If he met me and enquired for my father his question always was, "How does your sir do?" the word "sir" meaning I have no doubt, "sire." He never said "hen's nest" but "hin's neest" and had a sort of Quaker way of using his pronouns, as in saying "They know about it" he would say "Thee know about it."

Mrs. Wood, who was a Burnham, and a sister of the old landlord of the Pemegewassett House at Plymouth, N. H., was a most excellent person, with a fresh, sweet, motherly face; indeed I was not alone in thinking her handsome. Their only child and daughter married Samuel Parker, a Harvard graduate and Lowell lawyer, well remembered by many of us. The original house of the Jonathan Tyler Stevens mansion, on the corner of Andover and Park Streets, was the newly married home of Mr. and Mrs. Parker. I think Mr. Wood built the house for them.

On the death of Mrs. Parker a few years ago, the estate passed into other hands. Squire Parker was not only a lawyer, an uncompromising foe of the liquor traffic, but he was also quite a musician; indeed I think he rather prided himself on his exact and thorough knowledge of that delightful science, and both sang, and played upon musical instruments. I do not think those who heard him sing were much impressed with the sweetness or purity of his tones, but on the double-bass viol, and that now somewhat archaic instrument, the orphicleide, which latter instrument he afterwards played in that famous musical organization called the "Chelmsford Appolonian Temperance Brass

Band," he was fairly acceptable, I believe. He used to practise on the orphicleide in a corner room of the Wood house, marching about the room, and keeping step to his own music, and when this remarkable performance began, we small boys used to gather on the street, to hear him. As he practised only the scales, and the part written for the instrument, and not the air of any tune, the performance was not very inspiring, in a martial way, but that did not much matter; so availing ourselves of whatever of rythm there was in it, we boys would also march and countermarch, in youthful military style, the company, as is usual in such cases, being composed wholly of officers, who yelled out all sorts of orders, which no one obeyed, until Mr. Parker would cease in his playing and marching, come to the window, throw open the blinds, and thrusting forth his gold-spectacled face, in manner unmistakably indignant, and in language perfectly clear and devoid of any possible ambiguity, would order us away, assuring us severally and collectively that we were a parcel of saucy young rascals, who severally and collectively deserved a sound flogging. We boys never could understand why he was so sensitive. It did not add to his popularity among the boys, and unpopularity in that quarter means more than is sometimes thought.

Just below the Wood homestead was a two-storied hip roofed house, the property of Mr. Wood. It had two front entrances, the lower portion being used as a country grocery store, and the upper portion by a dwelling, having an entrance on the east end which was reached by a stairway built upon the outside. In my childhood this second story was occupied by a tailor named McKenney as a shop and dwelling. The lower portion was occupied by Mr. Samuel Burbank, who subsequently removed to Lowell, and after him by Mr. Warren Wilson, of Dunstable. The last occupant was Mr. Fred S. Geer, so long in the employment of the Pearson Brothers on Shattuck Street. About 1856 this building was removed to Lowell, and is now a

dwelling on Willie Street, a little south of Broadway. McKenney, the tailor, I can perfectly remember. He was a little waspish fellow, an Irishman, full of talk, and something else at times, who had a perfect genius for making misfits; and I have heard my father say that he kept a goose that was mighty fond of cabbage, a figure of speech relating to the sartorial calling not so well understood now as seventy years ago.

On our easterly walk we have now reached the bridge over the canal, the tow-path of which passed under the bridge, on the west side, between the abutment and the water, the shore being planked at this point, to ensure safety to passing horses. Looking to the south one would have seen on his left the somewhat pretentious Baldwin house, just east of the canal, standing among its great elms, most of which are still standing. Before him he would have seen the long level surface of the canal three rods wide, extending as far as the eye could reach, spanned at a distance of about a quarter of a mile to the south by another bridge, similar to the one on which the observer would be standing, this long level surface of water being narrowed at a point twenty rods away, by the aqueduct over Black Brook, to about twelve feet in width for a distance of seventy-five feet. This beautiful ribbon of water was inclosed in green banks, the tow-path running along on the westerly one. Supporting and sustaining these green banks on both sides the observer would have seen long lines of tall Lombardy poplars placed about one hundred feet apart, in summer beautiful in their tapering, steeple shaped forms, and light green foliage, precisely as the same kind of tree is for the same purpose planted and grown in France today, and which form a marked feature in the landscape of that charming country. To the right, the observer would have seen through the trees, a long level field, near the southerly boundary of which he would have seen the banks of a winding brook, fringed now and then with alder clumps, while beyond buttressing the whole view, he would have seen a grand old forest of stately

oaks and pines, crowning the heights far on to the south. "Baldwin's woods" where, when a child, I spent many happy hours, have long since disappeared.

Crossing to the other side of the bridge and looking north, one would have seen for a short distance the same green banks and the same lines of poplar with the canal passing between two wooden wharves, one in front of the storehouse with two hitch posts, one for each end of the boat, the wharf opposite being similarly constructed. These were the landings. Just beyond the storehouse, and directly in front of a large stable for horses, was a circular pond or cove, a part of the canal, used for turning boats. There were a number of these coves on the line of the canal used for a similar purpose. Beyond to the north were the locks into the Merrimack, and the collector's office, which is still standing.

Perhaps the observer would have noticed two boats on the level to the south and noticed them about to pass. This is what he would have seen. They are to pass on the right. The outer boat stops its tow horse and slacks its towline and so allows it to sink in the water to the canal bottom, and the inner boat passes over the sunken line between the outer boat and the tow-path, the tow-horse of the inner boat steps over the tow-line of the outer boat between the tow-horse of the outer boat and the water. The inner boat has not, as you would have observed, stopped its headway.

The canal storehouse, as it was called, stood on the westerly bank, (the cellar walls are still to be seen), was a large two-storied building sixty feet in length and forty feet in width. About one-third of the building, to the south, was finished into a boarding house for boatmen, and there was an opening at the south end into a finished cellar in which was a bar. This boarding house and cellar at one time were kept by Mr. John Young, familiarly called Dad Young, whose descendants still live in Westford. By the way, Mr. Young was our amateur village dentist,

and was very skillful at extracting teeth. He pulled my first tooth. When I was a child the boarding house was kept by a Mr. Pettengill, who had a brother living in Tyngsborough. The remainder, the larger part of the building, was given up to the storage of all sorts of merchandise, lime, flour, and salt predominating. The windows of the whole building were protected by heavy wooden shutters. Previous to 1832 the canal office was in a room in the finished portion, that year being the one in which the present office was erected. There was a cellar under the whole building, and two bulkheads on the westerly side. After the closing of this canal, this building was sold to a Mr. John Greenleaf of Lowell, taken down, carried away, and its parts reunited at Ayer's City, where it may still be. The timbers in this old building were immense.

MIDDLESEX TAVERN

This old tavern, or rather I should say tavern stand, for its present appearance is the result of many additions, was in existence as far back as the middle of the 18th century. Some sort of a public house was maintained on this spot long before the building of the first bridge at Pawtucket Falls, when "Clark's ferry" was in use as a part of the route to Boston from southern New Hampshire. The earliest landlord of whom I have any knowledge was our neighbor, Mr. Jacob Howard. He kept the tavern previous to 1816. How many years he kept it I do not know. About 1816 Mr. Jesse Smith became the owner, and kept the tavern until it was taken by Mr. Simeon Spalding about 1820. Mr. Spalding kept the tavern until it was sold to Mr. Enoch Merrill by Mr. Smith, who subsequently acquired a title to it and in 1833 made the improvements and alterations giving it its present appearance.

In my childhood, this old tavern was kept by Mr. Thomas Parker, a native of Bedford, N. H., a brother of Mr. William Parker, the agent of the Glass Company. I remember Mr.

The first of these is the fact that the British Empire has been the most successful in the world in the last century. This is due to a number of factors, including the superior technology of the British Empire, the superior organization of the British Empire, and the superior leadership of the British Empire. The second factor is the fact that the British Empire has been the most successful in the world in the last century. This is due to a number of factors, including the superior technology of the British Empire, the superior organization of the British Empire, and the superior leadership of the British Empire. The third factor is the fact that the British Empire has been the most successful in the world in the last century. This is due to a number of factors, including the superior technology of the British Empire, the superior organization of the British Empire, and the superior leadership of the British Empire.

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Thomas Parker very well. He was a tall angular man, not celebrated for industry or personal neatness, but somewhat remarkable for being a skillful performer on the violin; indeed it was one of the attractions of the village, to go into the tavern and hear Tom Parker fiddle. He appeared to take delight in his own music, caressing the instrument with affectionate fondness, closing his eyes as he bowed forth old contra-dances, hornpipes, jigs and music of that description. I believe the tavern was well kept for the times. In winter it was much patronized for balls, suppers, and other social occasions, as well as by the country produce people, who made it one of their stopping places. In summer it was extensively used by the boatmen on the canal and by transient guests.

After Mr. Parker left it, in '40 or '41, it was kept for a number of years by a Mr. Daniel Poor, a native of Stoneham, and on the swinging sign which hung before the door was the following in gilt letters: "D. Poor Middlesex House." There was no punctuation mark between the words "Poor" and "Middlesex," and the wicked village boys, taking advantage of this omission, used to add a few letters to the initial of the given name, with a result which made the reading decidedly uncomplimentary to the character of the house.

In the winter, balls were given in the hall of the old Village Tavern, then kept, and well kept, by Mr. Thomas Parker. They were attended by the very best people of both sexes, and were admirably conducted. The hall was gaily decorated, and the ladies and gentlemen appeared in the full fashions of the day. The music consisted of a half dozen pieces and was inspiring. Dancing began at about 7 and continued until 12, when the whole company sat down to a hot turkey supper with all the other dishes. After supper the dancing was resumed, and often continued until daybreak.

There were no round dances in those days. Fisher's Hornpipe, Money Musk, Chorus Jig, Portland Fancy, Lady Washington's Reel, Speed the Plough, and other old contra dances, which called for real dancing, and the cotillion, were in order.

When I was a small boy I was permitted to go down to the hall, dressed in my very best, and sit on a seat near the entrance to observe the gay dancers. I had to be in my bed at nine o'clock however.

The Nathan Tyler, Jr., house, long the residence of Miss Mary Elizabeth Tyler, was built by Capt. Nathan Tyler, and was originally designed to accommodate a store, but the plan was abandoned, and the house completed in its present form. When I was a boy the house was occupied by Mrs. Pearce and family, three daughters and two sons.

The daughters, Martha, Abby, and Deborah, were employed in the hat finishing shop opposite by Messrs. Bent & Bush, as hat trimmers. They were very intelligent and well educated young ladies, and also musical, all being singers in the church choir. Abby, in particular, was a very beautiful soprano, according to the then existing standards of excellence. The son Joseph, the oldest of the children, was an artist and musician, and long resided in Boston. He played the French horn for many years in the orchestra of the old National theatre, and was a member of other musical organizations in Boston. He was an excellent portrait painter, and some of his work is still to be seen in the homes of many old Bostonians. In his old age he was in the employment of the Metropolitan Railroad Co, as a car decorative painter. He died about ten years ago, aged about ninety years. A year before his death, I called upon him at his home in South Boston, and found him feeble in body, but in good mental condition, full of pleasant memories of the old family home in Middlesex. He told me that he had a sketch in oil, made in his young days, of the view of the village taken from the west

window of the Tyler house, which he promised to find and send me. He did not long survive my call.

Just across the street from the Nathan Tyler, Jr., house, on the corner of Middlesex and Baldwin Streets, stood a building originally used as a law office of Mr. John R. Adams, a son of Capt. William Adams of North Chelmsford. Mr. Adams removed to Lowell in 1823, and the following year the building was used by Mr. William Baldwin as the printing and publishing office of the "Chelmsford Courier." Rev. Bernard Whitman was editor. This was the birthplace of the Lowell Daily Courier. When the Courier was removed to Lowell, the building was bought by Bent & Bush, greatly lengthened towards the south, and converted into a finishing shop for hats. It was destroyed by fire a number of years ago.

In the two-storied house with hip roof, the first dwelling on the east side of Baldwin Street, lived Dea. Eben Adams and family consisting of his wife, and an adopted daughter, Martha, a sister of William and Luke McFarlin of Lowell. Mr. Adams was for many years the clerk and paymaster of the Chelmsford Glass Company. Uncle Eben Adams, as we always called him, was a member of the famous Braintree family, and had the personal characteristics of head, face and form peculiar to the Braintree Adams. He was long the village squire and postmaster, was a deacon in the village church, and had that other family distinction,—he was an earnest and ardent whig in politics. The democrats used to call him an "old Fed." The family was highly respectable, and connected on both sides with relatives of wealth and distinction. It was a home of much refinement and culture. Mrs. Adams was a courtly and dignified lady, some years older than her husband. Their two sons, Austin and John, were gentlemen of education and refinement of manners, were residents of New York, and their summer visits to their parents, with their families, were occasions of great interest to our village people, bringing as they did into our somewhat dozy

village existence something of the atmosphere of their city life, which was quite inspiring and improving. Both gentlemen had travelled much, and I remember how delighted I was when a boy, in hearing Mr. John Adams give an account of his visit to the Holy Land, and also to the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. He was a pleasing raconteur, and his calls were always very entertaining. He was also very fond of music, and had a repertoire of old sentimental songs, which he sang with excellent voice and expression, accompanying himself on the piano. One song in particular I recall,—a simple ditty, but he made a touching thing of it, "Poor Bessie was a sailor's wife, And he was off to sea."

Uncle Eben was, as I have said, a strong whig, as also were Mr. Bent, Mr. Bush, the Howards, the Tylers, Dea. Swett, Mr. Wood, and some others, while Col. Bowers and sons, Squire Parker, and my father, were democrats, and many an exciting political discussion did I hear, seated on the meal bags in Mr. Smith's store between my elders, who in winter surrounded the old Franklin stove in the center of the room. Deacon Adams was a great smoker of "short six" cigars, as they were called, the others being "long nines," and during an argument he was constantly removing his cigar to enable him to express himself without difficulty, and when he had fired his battery at the confounded "locofocos" as he called them, he would replace his cigar in his mouth for a fresh pull, and as he always removed it from his mouth between his fore and middle finger, he often in his excitement returned the lighted end into his mouth, causing him to spit and sputter, much to the delectation of the audience of urchins on the meal bags, who laughing at the incident, would be unceremoniously ordered home by Mr. Smith for flagrant disrespect to their elders.

We have now reached the Tyler homestead, standing high above the road, on a ledgy eminence, a large, square, two-storied and well proportioned New England home, having a hip roof,

two massive chimneys, the entrance being through a portico, having well proportioned Ionic columns. This fine old house, was built by Capt. Nathan Tyler, the father of Jonathan, Silas, Samuel, William, Nathan, Otis, Mary, Elizabeth, Fanny and Ignatius Tyler, in 1822.

Having disposed of his property in Lowell, about 1821, Capt. Tyler moved to Middlesex Village, having purchased of Cragie the estate so long known as the Tyler farm, and while building his fine new house, just mentioned, lived in the Clark house at Clark's ferry.

On the death of Capt. Tyler, the family estate remained undivided in the hands of his children, and was the home of Nathan, Otis, William, Samuel, Mary and Elizabeth. On his marriage Nathan moved into the house formerly occupied by Mrs. Pierce, where he resided the rest of his life, and where his daughter Miss Mary Elizabeth Tyler recently died.

We have now reached the fine old homestead of Mr. Jesse Smith, so long the owner of the Middlesex tavern. In my childhood this house was called the Mrs. Warren house. Mrs. Warren built the house in 1823. She was the widow of Joseph Warren, who owned at one time a large amount of real estate in Lowell, east of Central Street. Warren Street was named for the family. She sold her Lowell property and at the instance of her neighbor, Capt. Tyler, bought of him the lot upon which the house stands and erected this pleasant old mansion. She was the mother of Mrs. Jesse Smith, and on her death the estate passed into the hands of the Smith family, who have ever since resided there. Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Smith were excellent people, and greatly respected and beloved in our village. Of their children, Mary, John H., Joseph W., and Fannie R., the latter the wife of the late Dr. T. P. Robinson, of Newton, have passed away; one daughter, Miss Abba, lives in the old homestead (1911). One of my very earliest recollections is of attending the funeral of a daughter of Mr. Smith, Mary, in June 1835. I

recall the fact that the music on the occasion was furnished by the church choir, including the instrumental performers, and that one of the tunes sung by them was that touching one in the old Boston Academy, Mt. Vernon, "Sister thou wert mild and lovely," etc.

The brick house was built by Mr. Samuel Burbank about 1826. It was long the home of Mr. Bush of the firm of Bent & Bush.

The house now the property of Mr. Ferrin was built by a Mr. Scammel, about 1824.

The two-storied house, on the north side of Middlesex Street, just east of Black Brook, and near the intersection of Middlesex and Pawtucket Streets, was built by Mr. Amos Whitney, a native of Townsend, and was his family residence for many years. Mr. Whitney was a widower, Mrs. Whitney having died in 1818, and his household consisted of his son, Mr. Amos Whitney, Jr., and a housekeeper, Miss Sybil Coburn. Mr. Amos Whitney, as I remember him, was a bright, lively, active old gentleman, wearing silver bowed spectacles, who frequently called upon my father at the canal office, and always crossed the lock by walking, cane in hand, on the top of the balance-levers and gates, a proceeding which we thought somewhat dangerous for a man of eighty years.

Mr. Amos Whitney died in 1854, aged 89 years, and I recall one incident at his funeral, which I attended, which illustrated the oddity of old Capt. Elisha Ford, the sage of Pawtucket Falls. I found the Captain standing with a few other old friends of Mr. Whitney, in the yard in front of the house, and bearing in his hand a stick, which had once served as the handle of an ancient umbrella. The day was cold and cloudy, and as the funeral services were about to begin, I asked him if he were not going into the house. To my surprise he replied with sharp emphasis, "No sir. I'm not going in, I stay right here," at the same time giving the umbrella cane a decisive punch into the ground. "Why not,"

I inquired. "Because," said he, "Minister Clark is conducting the funeral." "What is the trouble with Mr. Clark, Captain?" I asked. "The trouble is this," he replied. "He attended old Mrs. Baldwin's funeral the other day, and I was there. He prayed for every Baldwin under the sun, and never remembered old Mrs. Jacob Howard, Mrs. Baldwin's own sister, and I don't like such praying. I won't go in to hear him, but I'll stay right here," and he gave the umbrella handle another emphatic punch into the ground. And outside he remained during the funeral. His own funeral took place the following May.

Mr. Amos Whitney, Jr., was a much larger man than his father, a tall dignified gentleman of the old school, of courtly manners, very neat in his person, and precise in his dress, always wearing a high dickey and a white cravat. He was an out and out debonair old bachelor, very positive in his political and religious opinions, but always a gentleman. After the death of his father he lived, for many years, in this house, tenderly cared for by the old housekeeper, Miss Coburn, but finally, to the surprise of everybody, sold the house and removed to the Jonathan Bowers house at Pawtucket Falls, where he died in 1874, leaving nearly the whole of his considerable estate to Tufts College. Father and son were much respected by all who knew them. They were buried side by side in the School Street yard.

Miss Sybil Coburn, the housekeeper, was a woman of marked characteristics in many ways. "Aunt Sybil" as she was called, had a way of plain speaking, and never failed, on occasion, to express her opinions on all subjects, particularly that of religion, in a very blunt fashion. She was a notable weaver of rag carpets, which work she carried on in a little building standing in the yard of the main house, near the railroad. On the death of Mr. Whitney, Jr., she returned to Middlesex Village, and lived the remainder of her life with a sister, in the Ebert house, on Baldwin Street.

In river freshets this Whitney house, on account of its situation, was often surrounded by water, causing great annoyance and inconvenience to the occupants, who were obliged to live in the second story until the flood subsided. I can recall one freshet,—I think it was in the '50s, which was so high that the family was removed from the second story in a boat.

The house called the Baldwin house, which is still standing a number of rods on Middlesex Street westerly of its original site, was erected by Cyrus Baldwin, one of the brothers of the famous Woburn family, in 1800. The house stood about twenty-five feet easterly of the canal, fronting to the south, although there was a hall entrance to the house from Middlesex Street, from which it was separated by a yard and fence. In front of the house, on the south, was a large enclosed flower garden, while beyond was an orchard and vegetable garden. In the lower part of the west end of the house, on the left, entering by the south door, was a large parlor, occupying the whole width of the house, rather elegantly finished in moulded and dentilated cornices, and having heavily capped dados, while the walls were hung with magnificent French wall-paper, representing scenes in and about Paris,—beautiful buildings and pleasure grounds with ladies and gentlemen riding and walking, with country scenes, long avenues of Lombardy poplars, as seen in France today, and having all that attractive variety which one familiar with the French wall-paper of the time of the Directory will readily recognize. On the west side of this parlor, in the centre, were two glass doors, swinging inwardly, in French fashion, opening out upon a piazza or stoop with side seats. It was through these glass doors that, when a child, I used to look in upon the beautiful pictures on the walls, and think it the finest room in the world. On the right, as you entered from the south door, was a very pretty drawing room, also elegantly corniced and dentilated, filled with rich old mahogany furniture; and I particularly remember a beautiful

gilt-framed, oval mirror, which diminished the size of objects reflected in it. This room may still be seen, and is well worth examination by any one interested in such matters. In the rear of this room having a hall entrance, was a larger room, used by the family as a sitting room, but being on the north side of the house was illy lighted by day, and less elaborately finished. The fine parlor was divided and shorn of its attractive features to suit the requirements of subsequent owners. The chambers in their finish remain in their original condition.

In this pleasant home, amid these evidences of gentility and good taste of the early part of the last century, with abundant means, lived, when I was a boy, Mrs. Cyrus Baldwin, widow, and her sister, Miss Mercy Varnum, both dignified ladies of excellent lineage, daughters of an officer in the revolutionary army. Mrs. Baldwin, who from her marriage had been brought into touch and association with her husband's wealthy and somewhat distinguished New England family, was high bred, and loyally attached to social usages and habits of living, which did not obtain in any marked degree among her village neighbors. I always associate this excellent lady in my memory with a rich black silk dress, an expensive wrought-lace collar, a quietly ribboned lace cap, a pair of silver-bowed spectacles, and a decidedly pronounced odor of Farina cologne. She had, as I know, a dry caustic humor, a Varnum quality by the way, which sometimes wounded more than she intended, no doubt; and a rather uncompromising adherence to religious opinions; but these defects, if indeed they may be called so, were lost sight of in her charities, which were many, her ever-ready sympathy with the sorrowing and afflicted, and her graceful and well-bred personal manners. She had, as everybody said, very strong likes and dislikes, but I, for some reason which I cannot explain, enjoyed the distinguished honor of being much in her favor. I was always welcome to call upon her, and generally left with some token of her regard swallowed or unswallowed. The following may farther illustrate this point.

At a very early age, but never since be it said, I took a good deal of interest in the work of garden making,—the construction of flower beds, and one spring when I was ten years old, she actually entrusted to my young judgment the entire reconstruction of her flower garden, to which I applied myself with boyish enthusiasm, not unmixed with pride at the honor, having at my command and disposal the services of a very black serving man to aid me in my work, and I put into the new garden so much original juvenile geometry, as well as artistic bordering, that she appeared greatly pleased, complimented my skill in very flattering words, and prophesied my future fame in that branch of science,—a prophecy however, never fulfilled. I took it all in at the time, with great satisfaction, but I now strongly suspect, although I would not charge the old lady with insincerity, that she was after all only jollyng her “little man” as she called me,—a bit of Varnum humor, I will call it.

The famous Countess of Rumford was a friend of Mrs. Baldwin and used to visit at this house.

The Baldwin house was moved up the street to the west to give place to the Pratt house, where it now stands, owned and occupied by Mr. John C. Melloon.

On the west side of Baldwin Street, just beyond the great elm, which marks the site of the glass works, stands the house once owned and occupied by Mr. William Parker, the superintendent and principal owner of the Chelmsford Glass Works. It is somewhat changed in appearance by the use of modern outside finish. The original color was a colonial yellow. Mr. Parker was a native of Bedford, N. H., and a man of great business ability and universally respected. On the removal of the glass works to Suncook, N. H., he went with his family to that place to reside, and remained there the rest of his life.

The two-storied house opposite the Parker house on the hill, now owned by Mrs. Agnes H. Green, was built by Mr. John Wilson, about 1825, and was long occupied by him and his

numerous family. One of his daughters was the wife of Mr. Frederick S. Geer, so long in the employment of the Pearson Brothers.

Mr. Wilson was the owner of a number of canal boats plying on the waters of the Merrimack River and the Middlesex Canal, and did a large business in that way. Among his accomplishments was that of being a great rifle-shot, at "arms length," and he was usually present at the shooting matches held in the neighborhood. Politically he was an ardent whig, and used to tell with a great deal of satisfaction, that he carried the great political banner in the immense whig demonstration held on Bunker Hill, in the excited campaign of 1840. He was a very large, fine-looking man, six feet in height, with black eyes, swarthy complexion, with a head of thick, curly black hair. When angry, like the army in Flanders or the proverbial "trooper" he swore scientifically and terribly. He was, however, a man possessed of many good qualities.

The house standing on Hadley Street, just beyond the school house, and called by old residents the Blood house, was built by a man named Van Dorn, for some time a resident of the village. About 1821 Van Dorn sold the property to Mr. Benjamin Blood of North Chelmsford, and it remained in the Blood family until sometime in the seventies, when it was bought by Mr. Isaac H. Smith, who improved the house, giving it its present appearance.

The square house on what is now Baldwin Street, on the easterly side, and just north of Black Brook, now somewhat changed in appearance, was the home of Mr. Charles Bent and family. Mr. Bent was senior member of the well-known firm of Bent & Bush, hatters and furriers, doing business for many years in Lowell and Boston. The hat factory was on the opposite side of the street; the finishing and trimming department was on the corner of Middlesex and Baldwin streets.

Mr. Bent was a very intelligent, agreeable and excellent man, full of good sense and good nature, and a lover of humor of which he had a considerable gift. He had a fund of good stories which he enjoyed telling, and which others enjoyed hearing. In person he was a stout, jolly-faced man. His family consisted of a wife and three children. Mrs. Bent died in 1837, and I recall her funeral, which I attended with my parents in the village church. One of the tunes sung by the choir on the occasion, was "Hamburg"—"Kingdoms and thrones to God belong."

His only son, Charles, who went to California in 1849, and spent most of his life there, died in this city about ten years ago. His elder daughter, Mary, became the wife of Mr. Joseph W. Smith, second son of Mr. Jesse Smith, and mother of Mr. Jesse J. Smith of this city. His daughter Sarah is now (1910) residing in Lowell.

Mrs. Bent's maiden name was Sarah Bond, a native of Watertown, and she was a sister of the first and second wives of Gen. Benjamin Adams of North Chelmsford.

The old house on Pine Street, latterly owned and occupied by Mr. James F. Holden, was built by Mr. Frederick Remme, a German by birth, the superintendent of the glass works, about 1824, and was his residence many years. He disposed of the property, and removed to what is now the Ferrin house on Middlesex Street, which was his home until within a few years of his death.

Mrs. Remme was a Chelmsford woman, and was a sister of Haskell and Weld Spalding of Lowell. Their adopted daughter, Annette, was the wife of Mr. Brown of Waltham.

This old church in Chelmsford known as the 2nd Congregational Church was completed about 1823, and the church was organized April 27, 1824, with 13 members. This church had no settled pastor until Nov. 21, 1827, when Rev. John A. Albro, a graduate of Yale College and Andover Theological

Seminary, was ordained and installed as pastor. In 1830 there arose the controversy between the divisions of the Congregational body to which I have already referred, in speaking of the old three-story house. The Supreme Court made a decision which opened the way to this separation. The church was built by a man named Parker who lived, while he was engaged in the work, in the building near Black Brook, which was afterwards owned and occupied by Bent & Bush for a hat factory.

As I have said, my family attended the old church, of which Rev. Dr. Packard was pastor, and my attendance there in my childhood is one of my happiest recollections. In the hallway or vestibule of the church, on the right hand corner, rested two white poles with ends painted a light blue. These were the tything-man's poles, with which to keep order in church. They were symbols of authority, and so remained, for I never saw them put to any practical use. Our pew had, in one corner, a large doric pillar which, with others, supported the gallery, and I can remember standing on the pew cushion during the service, with my arm around the pillar, and looking over the church and congregation.

The great square pulpit, which had behind it on the wall, a blue painted arched window, the arch being ornamented with a row of golden stars, was an object that aroused my most profound admiration. In front of the pulpit were two doors, only one of which appeared to be practical, (as the theatre people say) the other being ornamental—at least I suppose so, for I never saw it opened. The left one was the practical one, and usually open. The pulpit which was a great square structure, moulded and paneled, of excellent joiner's work and of great height, had a sort of bay windowed front, with a fluted support, terminated by a gilt ornament or corbel, the parapets being trimmed with red damask and beautiful silken fringe. A stairway led up from the interior in the rear to the pulpit platform above, and I can recall watching Dr. Packard as he entered the

pulpit and counting to see how many I could count before his white head appeared in the pulpit above. The inside of the lower story of the pulpit was used as a Sunday School library.

The old church had side galleries, and opposite the pulpit, at the other end of the church, were the singing seats. The parapet in front of the choir had upon it a row of mahogany balusters, through the upper part of which was strung a large iron wire, and on this wire, between the balusters, were hung red moreen curtains. The balusters had holes in them at the top in which to place a candle. When the hymn was given out and read, these curtains were drawn for some mysterious reason, so as to hide the choir, and when they stood to sing, their heads and shoulders appeared above the drawn curtains. How well I remember the drawing of those curtains! The noise caused by the sliding of the curtain rings on the wire, still lingers in my ears. And the curtain mystery still remains unsatisfactorily unsolved. Were they drawn to conceal the preliminary finding of places in the singing books, or to enable the female singers to make a few preparatory prinks before appearing in so public a manner before the congregation? Why were the red curtains drawn? I wondered as a boy, I still wonder as an old man.

On Sunday my father, who was a member of the choir, allowed me to sit beside him one day in the singing seats, and when the choir stood up to sing, lifted me up and placed my feet upon a cleat, nailed on the inside of the parapet, so that my nose was on a level with the top of a baluster, and I got my nose greased with the candle grease, which filled the hole. That Sunday Mr. Solomon Adams made me a present of a large egg plum, and allowed me after service to draw his bow over the strings of his bass viol. Little did he then think that his instrument would become the property of the little boy he amused.

Something must be said about the old village church choir as I knew it seventy years ago. The vocal portion was composed of Miss Abby Pierce and Miss Martha Adams, the

former a delightful singer,—Miss Susan Bradstreet,—sopranos—Miss Mary Pierce and Miss Deborah Pierce, altos,—Mr. Francis Bush, who had a good voice, but opened his mouth when he sang as though he was catching flies, my father, who had a really good baritone voice and sang with good expression, and a very light-complexioned, pasty-faced young man, named Harri-man, who did not know one musical note or tone from another, and was the laughing stock of all the girls, and finally joined the Mormons, sustained the bass; while Mr. Robert Hardie, father of the celebrated artist of that name, a fine singer, and another man whose name I cannot recall, attended to the tenor.

The instrumental portion of the choir was composed of Charley Bent and Mr. Thomas Gilmor, who played flutes, Solomon Adams, who, with his back to the preacher, sawed the air (I mean the air of the tunes, of course) upon a bass-viol, accompanying his instrument with his voice, but singing no words, on account of the difficulty of looking upon a hymn book and a music book at the same time, but making the sound “sol”—“sol”—“sol”—“sol”—do duty as such—Gen. Benjamin Adams, who puffed his upper lip over the reed of a big yellow box-wood clarinet, which had the unfortunate habit of squeaking out at a right angle to the tune when least expected, and Col. Thomas Adams, who sawed out a rather doubtful part from a double-bass. Sometimes a Mr. Blaisdell, who had a very rubicund face, which wore a very anxious expression as he played, performed on the last named instrument. Mr. James Whittemore, of North Chelmsford, a capital musician, now and then added his well played violin to swell the instrumental portion.

I do not think the choir troubled themselves much about rehearsals, and their performances, it may well be imagined, were rather inartistic, according to modern standards. Still the choir, like Merutio's wound, served, and the congregation was not critical. Noise was the object sought, and they certainly succeeded in making it.

One incident in connection with this village church choir, which made quite a sensation at the time, and was very amusing to many of the younger and less serious ones of the congregation, is worth narrating, I think. It happened one Sunday morning that both the leading female singers, soprano and alto, were absent, and their places were filled by Martha Adams and Susan Bradstreet, respectively, both indifferent singers, and exceedingly prone to fall off the key. Charles Bent was the leader of the choir, if the choir can be said to have been led,—and played the flute. Dr. Packard gave out the first hymn, which went off very well. The second hymn was to be sung to Dr. Wainwright's old tune of "Liverpool," from the Boston Academy, and it was evidently selected by Charley Bent in a spirit of mischief, for the tune contains a duet in thirds, between the soprano and alto, which the rogue knew would trouble the girls. He did not count on his own part in it, or the discomfiture which followed. As was the custom, the orchestra played the tune through, and it was then taken up by the choir. The voices and instruments went very well until the duet was reached. Here the rest of the choir paused, and the duet began with Charley's flute obligato, "Then should my hours glide sweet away." The duet was simply dreadful; both voices were off key, and out of harmony with each other and the flute. The discord was too much for Charley, who was blowing for dear life his accompaniment. The spirit of Momus took possession of him. His sense of the ridiculous overcame him, his risibilities burst forth into a broad, resounding, hearty laugh. The singers sat down disconcerted, and the performances, so far at least as that tune was concerned, ceased at once. Dr. Packard looked forth from the pulpit towards the singing seats in surprised and offended dignity, and the congregation turned around to see the cause of this ill-placed outburst of mirth. In a grieved and solemn tone the Doctor rising said, "Let us pray."

Poor Charley had a fearful reckoning to settle with his parents and good Dr. Packard for this extraordinary behavior in the Lord's house; while Susan Bradstreet said that "the rogue gave out that awful tune to plague the girls and she never would forgive him." She did nevertheless.

The old church was once the scene of a great political meeting, held during the excited "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" campaign for President in 1840. Although I had not yet reached the mature age of nine years, I was nevertheless present, and remember the events of the meeting as well as though they had happened yesterday. The principal orator was Hon. John C. Park, of Boston, who from in front of the pulpit delivered an impassioned tribute to the character of Gen. Harrison, and a horrible phillippic on that of Mr. Van Buren, amid tremendous applause which was followed by the singing of the Harrison Glee Club of Lowell. I ought to have said that Mr. Park now and then paused in his speech to take a drink of hard cider, a pitcher-full of which beverage stood upon the table before him. "Hard Cider" was a catch-word of the whigs during the campaign. The church was crowded, and the ladies of the village were there in good number.

Just before the speaker was introduced and while the audience was in momentary expectation of the event, Clarissa Howard, who sat in Mr. Remme's pew on the east side of the church, gave forth one of her great horse-laughs for which she was famous, and which on this occasion, was of such a startling and infectious character, that the whole audience roared, greatly to Clarissa's mortification. I have heard Clarissa explain the cause of this sudden outburst of merriment, for which I believe she held Martha Adams in some way responsible. One of the songs sang by the Glee Club was the famous one "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," beginning "O what is the cause of this great commotion the country through? It is the ball that's rolling on, for Tippecanoe and Tyler too," etc.

I remember that on one Sunday Dr. Packard or Mr. Whitney perhaps, exchanged with Mr. Tracy of Framingham I think, and at the close of the forenoon service was about to pronounce the benediction, when a large grey-haired man arose from a pew in the rear of the church and began to address the congregation, throwing out a pretty strong intimation that in his opinion the clergyman had not done his duty in his sermon and totally disagreeing with him. He was interrupted by Mr. Tracy, who said that this was not the time or place for such controversy, and the grey-haired stranger sat down. The congregation received the benediction. The stranger was William Wyman, a famous character in the early history of Lowell, who had accidentally dropped in. He was not an attendant, being a Methodist, but was quite given to this sort of thing when he saw an opening. The original building of Wyman's Exchange was built by him. Late in life, and within easy recollection he built the famous Wyman's Church on Merrimack Street, where Robert Crossly, who sadly misplaced his Hs, used to make the services pretty warm, so much so indeed, as to call for the cooling influences of the police to reduce the temperature by the removal of the exhorting, protesting and malaspирating Robert to a dungeon cell in the station house, where he would glory in the crown of martyrdom, sing sacred songs with great unction, and quote Paul and Silas until the arrival of the angel in the form of his friend, the clerk of court, who after remonstrating with him on his conduct and receiving his promises to appear if wanted, generally secured his release.

Mr. Charles Richardson, a very tall and ungainly man, was a pretty constant attendant at church, and occupied a pew on the left of the pulpit, looking towards the pulpit. When looking at the minister he was obliged to throw his head far back in order to see him, on account of the nearness and great height of the pulpit. Charles was somewhat of a butt among the

men and boys. He frequently appeared at church in a high-collared, long-tailed blue dress coat with brass buttons, a garment more common sixty-five years ago than now.

One afternoon service he marched solemnly up the aisle, just as service was beginning, having pinned upon his back a printed paper announcing in large letters a coming shooting-match, ornamented with a representation of a turkey, and bearing the heading, "Sportsmen Attend," in large characters. You may be sure he created a sensation. He deliberately walked into his pew, all unaware of his personal adornment, and was taking his seat, when Deacon Eben Adams came forward and removed the offending paper. It was of course the work of some joker in the vestibule, who was never discovered. This was certainly carrying a sorry joke altogether too far.

Some of the pleasant memories I have connected with attending the old church are the Sunday school picnics which in summer we were accustomed to have in the neighboring woods. A beautiful grove of oaks and pines not far from Stedman Street, between the abrupt elevation then called Mt. Misery and the canal, was a favorite spot. It had in it a large boulder which was used as a pulpit. On one of these occasions, at the suggestion of the pastor, Mr. Whitney, we voted to change the name "Mt. Misery" to "Mt. Pleasant." A beautiful and cool spring of water bubbled up near the edge of the meadow at the foot of the hill, from which we procured our water. It is the present "Mt. Pleasant" spring.

On two occasions we chartered a canal boat and tow-horse, and fitting up the boat with settees and chairs, with our baskets of provisions, tables, and other needed utensils, the whole school piled into the boat, and went down the canal, through the long, wooded, shaded reach of the canal between Middlesex Village and North Billerica, until we selected a charming sylvan spot, near the 3-mile bridge, perhaps a mile or so beyond the present almshouse, where we disembarked, fitted up our tables,

hung our swings, made our tea and coffee, spread our feasts, sang songs, listened to short speeches, and had a delightful time. By the way, one of the Sunday school songs we sang was the familiar, "Where do children love to go, When the summer breezes blow?" etc.

One of my boy companions in the district school, the Sunday school, and later at the old Lawrence Academy, was the late Mr. Frank Calvert of Westford. A short time before his death, some years ago, he entered a street car at the Middlesex Street Station, in which I was sitting, and after greeting me in his hearty, cordial manner, as was his wont, he turned to me and sang in my ear the first lines of this old Sunday school song. I joined in and we two old men sang together one verse of the song as we rode down town,—the old song we sang as children 65 years before. The other passengers smiled but they did not know our secret.

The old church stood for many years without being regularly used for religious worship, and was sadly neglected, being given over to the weather, wasps, and mischievous boys, until it was sold to the Catholics, placed upon rollers, and slowly propelled through the fields to the south of the road, until it reached a point near what is now called Broulette Street, when it took the road and was propelled to where it stands today in North Chelmsford. The outside has recently been changed a little, but internally, with the exception of substituting an altar for the pulpit, it is much the same.

The bell, which was originally purchased for the church by the voluntary subscriptions of the people of the village, was sold to the Pawtucketville Society, in the belfry of whose church it now hangs; but before it was placed in its new position, it was mounted on wheels and tolled through the streets of Lowell, by Mr. William McFarlin, on the day of the execution of John Brown. The tone of this bell is much sweeter than any other

bell in the city. It was cast by the old Paul Revere company at Canton, Mass. I have rung and tolled it more times than I am years old.

I have dwelt at some length upon memories of the old Middlesex Village church, but I cannot omit to revive the most precious memory of all, the venerable pastor of the church, Dr. Hezekiah Packard, to whom I have already alluded in this paper. Dr. Packard was born at North Bridgewater, December 6, 1761. He entered Harvard College in 1783, was graduated in the class of 1787, was a tutor in mathematics four years, studied divinity, was ordained and installed pastor of the Congregational Church in Chelmsford Centre in 1793, where he remained until 1802; removed to Wiscasset, Me., where he was pastor of the Congregational Church in that town, and principal of the Wiscasset Academy until 1830. During this pastorate he was made a Doctor of Divinity by Bowdoin College, of which institution he was subsequently, for many years, a trustee. In 1830 he received a call from the church at Middlesex Village, then called the Second Congregational Church, accepted, and was installed pastor in 1830, which pastorate he held six years. After leaving this pastorate he resided among his children until his death at Salem, April 25, 1849. Mrs. Packard died during his Wiscasset pastorate, in 1829, just previous to his settlement in Middlesex Village. Dr. Packard's successor in 1837 was Rev. Daniel Whitney, who recently died at an advanced age at Westborough.

At the time of his settlement over the church in Middlesex Village in 1830, Dr. Packard was unable to obtain a suitable house for his accommodation, and was obliged to make a temporary arrangement by taking a portion of my father's house, the same in which I now reside. This temporary arrangement became permanent, and continued for five years, and the intimacy thus occasioned was, I believe, pleasant to both families; certainly

so far as my own was concerned it was delightful, and the memories of these happy days were always cherished by my parents as the brightest of their lives. It was believed by them that association with this devout clergyman and his accomplished and devoted daughter exerted a powerful influence for good upon their lives and characters. It could not fail of so doing. Dr. Packard was a clergyman and scholar, a Christian gentleman of refined manners and high character. Association with him, therefore, could not fail of producing lasting impressions for good. Dr. Packard was greatly beloved by the people of his parish, and was regarded by them with high veneration and respect. In return he was their faithful teacher, counsellor and friend. In those good old New England days of sixty or more years ago the step between the clergy and the laity was much higher than it is now. He was very fond of children, took a deep interest in their training, and always greeted them with a cheery salutation.

I have already referred to the great sorrow which fell upon him while he resided under our roof, the death of his youngest son, William, a youth of seventeen years, a member of the sophomore class in Bowdoin college, a child of rare promise. I have often heard him speak with deep emotion of the loss of this dear son, and in his visits to our home it was his invariable custom, once at least, during his stay, to enter alone the room in which William had died, close the door, and engage in long and earnest prayer. To him this room, as he assured us, seemed a "sacred and hallowed place."

It is, however, of reminiscences of him after his dismissal from his pastoral charge in Middlesex and after he had retired from the active duties of his profession, and when I was of an age better able to understand and appreciate this dear family friend, that I now desire to speak. At the close of his Middlesex pastorate he resided among his children in Maine and in Salem, Mass. He long maintained a correspondence with his former

parishioners, and occasionally paid them a visit. We looked forward to these visits with pleasant anticipations. "Dr. Packard is coming!" How well I remember the happy announcement! And when his noble and saintly presence appeared, how he was welcomed with open hearts and affectionate devotion and respect! There are some present here tonight who will, I hope, recall these visits to their homes as occasions of great satisfaction, and will remember, as I do, how much interest they awakened among our parents and elders. He usually preached in the old church, one Sunday at least, during his stay. He had great fondness for sitting in the evening twilight, and joining my parents in singing with great unction some of the ancient fugues found in the old leather-bound singing-books of the last century, in which my dear mother, who had sat in the singing seats in her youth, would sing a weird and strange part called "counter," the relation of which to the melody a musician may explain, but I, certainly, cannot.

Dr. Packard was very fond of social intercourse, and was a delightful fireside companion and conversationalist. He enlivened conversation with story and anecdote, and his account of his Revolutionary experiences was to me very interesting. He was 14 years of age at the breaking out of the war of the Revolution, and on the 17th of June, 1775, while hoeing corn, he heard the roar of the cannon at the battle of Bunker Hill. Fired with youthful ardor, he with his brother Asa joined the Revolutionary forces as a fifer, and was with the army at Cambridge when Gen. Washington took command. I have heard him describe the event with great minuteness and animation. "When the general passed by me," said the doctor, "I was so awe-struck that I forgot to take off my hat."

I have heard from his own lips his account of his soldier's experiences—the retreat of the American army from Long Island—the fight at Harlem, where his brother Asa was severely wounded, his sufferings in the hospital, the long and

weary journey home. These and many other incidents of his early life formed the subject of many a pleasant fireside talk, to which my ears were ever open.

Although Dr. Packard was by some thought to be a gentleman of solemn and severe manner, he was really possessed of a great deal of quiet humor. I remember he once asked me to spell the word "squirrel." I did so. "Correct," said the doctor. "When I was teaching in Wiscasset I tried that word on a class of young people, and none could spell it correctly until one small boy held up his hand, and I told him to spell it. 'Sque—sque—sque—r-i-l,' said the small boy at the top of his lungs."

Dr. Packard was a man of deep religious conviction and of great earnestness in the work to which he was called. I know this particularly from his conversations and his correspondence. His letters to his parishioners, written while in his retirement at Brunswick, are full of deep, earnest and wise counsel, are expressive of a broad and catholic spirit, breathe love to God and man, and a sincere solicitude for the spiritual welfare and happiness of others.

He was a man of strong, sympathetic nature.

"By nature tuned
And constant disposition of his thoughts,
To sympathy with man he was alive
To all that was enjoyed where'er he went,
And all that was endured."

Truly he "allured to brighter worlds and led the way."

He loved his old Chelmsford friends, and took great delight in his occasional visits to the ancient town, where for nine years he had labored in the Lord's vineyard.

In personal appearance he was tall and erect, of commanding figure, with strong and benevolent features, black eyes, benignant expression, and, when I knew him, with hair as white as snow. His manners were refined and courteous after the fashion of the olden times. Intimacy with him elevated and ennobled.

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His very presence was an inspiration to better living and thinking. Very precious to the very few surviving members of his parish are their recollections of this Christian scholar, venerable patriot, and kind friend. Although more than sixty years have passed away since his kind, sympathetic and friendly voice was heard in our homes, its familiar tones in morning and evening devotion, in friendly conversation, or in singing the inspiring tunes of long ago, and of which, as I have said, he was very fond, still linger in their ears.

A few months ago I stood by his grave in the lovely village cemetery of the ancient town of Wiscasset, Maine, where he was pastor and teacher for nearly thirty years, and where his memory is cherished. It is a quiet, peaceful spot, looking out upon the ocean estuary of the Sheepscot. As I read the appropriate inscription upon his headstone, the words of the old hymn which I have often heard him sing with my parents in the twilight, came unbidden to my lips:

"Ye righteous souls that take their flight,
Far from this world of pain,
In God's paternal bosom blest
Forever shall remain."

I deem it but right that I should speak of the remarkable New England family of which Mr. Packard was the progenitor. His son, Alpheus S., was the beloved professor in Bowdoin college for sixty years, and at one time its acting president. He was born in Chelmsford. It was he of whom Longfellow, who was his pupil, in "Morituri Salutamus," alludes so tenderly.

His son Charles was long the faithful and beloved pastor of the Congregational church in Lancaster. His son George was the revered rector of the Episcopal church in Lawrence—the Dr. Edson of Lawrence. His son Hezekiah was a teacher in Portland for many years, and in later life connected with educational interests in New York, whom it was my very great privilege, when I was a young man, to know. His son Joseph

the first of these is the fact that the population of the country has increased in a very rapid manner. This is due to a number of causes, the most important of which are the discovery of gold and silver, the opening of the great western trade routes, and the immigration of large numbers of foreign laborers. The second cause is the fact that the country has been opened up to settlement by the government, and the third is the fact that the country has been opened up to commerce by the establishment of a free port.

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was a learned and accomplished professor in Fairfax seminary, Virginia, and one of the American committee on the revision of the Bible. He left two daughters, noble women both, Mary and Sarah.

Childhood reminiscences which omit those of school and school days, are sadly wanting in a very important particular. I must not commit the mistake. Mr. Lowell says "the little country schoolhouse was an original kind of fortification invented by the founders of New England. They are the Martello towers that protect our coast. This was the great discovery of our Puritan forefathers." Our fortification or Martello tower, was a hip-roofed building, placed on a lot of land given in trust for school purposes, by Cyrus Baldwin, Esq., about the beginning of the last century.

I went to school for the first time in the original building. The seats were placed on an inclined plane, and were divided by three aisles, one on each side, and one in the middle, the last named being the dividing line between the sexes; the older scholars occupied the higher seats, and the young children the lower or front ones. There was an open space in front of the teacher's desk, which was partially occupied by a large Franklin stove, which was ornamented on each corner with a large brass ball. There was a clear space under the scholars' desks, so that any rolling article dropped on the floor under the desk, would generally make its way down the incline, into the level space below. I remember seeing many a marble, ball, and sometimes an apple, make its appearance in this way. It was immediately confiscated as contraband. A short time after I began to attend school, the interior of this room was entirely changed in accordance with a plan suggested by Dr. John O. Green.

Two rows of seats, one for the older, and another for the younger pupils were placed on three sides of the room, giving a much larger floor space for the hearing of recitations;

but on the whole, I do not think the change was much for the better. The old Franklin stove, which in winter held a good, open, wood fire, was a tempting mark for mischievous boys, who, when the teacher's back was turned to them, would throw percussion caps into the fire which, exploding, would create quite a disturbance. The culprits were seldom caught, but when discovered were soundly thrashed. The substitution of a closed stove for the Franklin removed this temptation.

My first teacher was Mr. Jesse Clement, of Dracut, a brother of the late Asa Clement, so well known to many of us. He was a man of fine literary taste, who afterwards removed to Buffalo, N. Y., where he conducted a literary publication for many years, and was, I believe, also connected with a Buffalo newspaper. He was a man of considerable poetic power, and I think published a volume of poems.

Then followed Miss Mary Ann Perham, a sister of the late Dr. Perham, of Lowell, whose glorious black eyes served her well in place of rod and ferule. No boy or girl could stand a moment before the glance of those powerful orbs. As a teacher she was both loved and respected by her pupils. Those who knew her later in life as Mrs. Nathan Tyler, will recall the dignity, gentleness and bright intelligence of this fine New England woman.

Then came Mr. Southworth, so long of the firm of Southworth & Hawes, of Boston, photographers. I began the study of geography under Mr. Southworth, and the book used was a little one called Brindsmid's. I wonder if any one remembers that book. Mr. Southworth was much interested in geology, and I remember being invited with other children to his room in the Middlesex Tavern, to inspect a large collection of specimens, which were arranged on a table, and hearing from him a familiar talk on the subjects of minerals. Mr. Southworth died at an advanced age only a few years ago.

Then came Martha Parkhurst of Chelmsford, long the teacher of Chelmsford schools. I remember what Bobby Gilmor, who died recently in Ipswich, said to me as we came out of school at noon of the first day of the term, "Golly, aint our new teacher handsome?" Those who knew Mrs. John A. Buttrick will agree with Bobby I am sure. Miss Parkhurst was an experienced teacher, was a good disciplinarian, and sometimes used a leather strap with reforming severity. She would sometimes call me up to her desk and ask me to do an errand for her to the village post office, at the same time handing me a letter to go out in the mail. The superscription in many cases was "Mr. John A. Buttrick, Lowell, Mass."

A word or two about the old school books in use when I was a child. I think I commenced with Webster's spelling book, but this was displaced by Emerson's soon after I began to go to school. At all events, the reading text of Emerson's is that which I clearly recall. From Emerson's we passed into the "Young Reader," prepared in 1835 by John Pierpont, the poet pastor of the Hollis Street church in Boston; (and it may be added, if it is worth mentioning, the grandfather of J. Pierpont Morgan). Pierpont also published a spelling book, and the "Young Reader" as its title page announced, was to go with the spelling book. The Young Reader was filled with selections happily adapted to the powers of young children and for many years held its place in New England schools. In it are a number of new versions of old fables by Pierpont—"The Fox and the Crane,"—"The Fox and the Hen," the last beginning with the familiar line "A white old hen with yellow legs," etc.,—"The Boys and the Frogs,"—"The Spider and the Fly,"—"Honesty the Best Policy," and many others. I know very little of the school reading books now in use by young children, but I doubt very much if many of them are better than this little compilation of sixty years ago.

The geography in use was Olney's. The arithmetic was Colburn's for young pupils, and Adam's for the older ones. We did not take up grammar until we were old enough to take up Smith's. Emerson's History of the United States, a wretchedly printed book, but otherwise well enough, was the book in use.

I think I may venture to refer to one of the customs which prevailed in my school days, and this relates to school manners. If the pupil entered the school when it was in session, he or she was required to bow or curtesy to the teacher; and when called upon the floor to recite in class, at a word from the teacher,— generally "manners," the whole class simultaneously gave a salutation appropriate to the sex of the pupil, a bow or a curtesy. From constant repetition the salutes sometimes became perfunctory, but they were never omitted. On being spoken to by an elderly person in the street, it was thought a bit of good manners in a boy, to remove the hat. The morning salutation was "Good morning" and not "Hello," so commonly used today.

Another of my boyhood teachers was a young man, a mere youth he must have been, an undergraduate of Dartmouth College, named Hunton, I have forgotten his given name. His home was in Unity, N. H. How well I recall his bright, cheerful smile when he took his place in his desk, and looking around upon the expectant and curious faces of his new pupils said: "Children, I am to be your teacher this winter, and it will, I think, be proper that every morning we look to God for his blessing." "Let us do so now," and then in simple words, and in reverent and devout manner, he asked God to bless us as pupils and himself as teacher, that we might be dutiful and diligent, and that he might be faithful and earnest. I shall never forget that first prayer of this dear youth. It was a revelation to us children, something to which we were not accustomed, and it made a deep impression on all. And so every morning that he taught, only four weeks, he opened school with an

earnest petition to the Divine Helper. Some of the words of his morning petitions I can repeat. One was a quotation, "When we are laid with the clods of the valley." Alas! how soon for him in his budding manhood! We all loved him. He was so gentle, so persuasive, so forgiving, so true. We all felt that he loved us as we loved him. He had relatives or friends in Nashua, and on Saturdays he was accustomed to pass the Sunday with them. At the end of four weeks, he paid his accustomed visit to his friends, but on Monday morning he did not appear to open school, and word was received that he was ill. The next tidings we heard of him was that he was dangerously ill. I well remember what sadness and anxiety came upon us at the receipt of these tidings, and we hoped he might recover. Soon, I cannot say how many days, the sad news came that he had passed away. How our child hearts grieved at this bereavement! How we all wept over it, boys and girls alike! Dear youth! More than sixty years have rolled away since you left us, but one of your little boys has not forgotten you, and with him you remain a precious memory.

Boyhood reminiscences in Middlesex Village seventy years ago would be incomplete without some memories of the old Middlesex Canal, which entered the Merrimack River at the village, which, in canal parlance was called "the Head." Three stone locks connected the water of the Concord with that of the Merrimack. Before giving reminiscences of the canal, I will give some facts in regard to its origin and construction which do not appear in heretofore published accounts.

MIDDLESEX CANAL

The original Act incorporating the Proprietors of Middlesex Canal, and to which all subsequent acts were in addition thereto, was signed by Gov. Hancock, June 22, 1793. The names of the incorporators are as follows:

[The following text is extremely faint and largely illegible. It appears to be a multi-paragraph document, possibly a letter or a report, discussing various topics. The text is organized into several distinct paragraphs, separated by line breaks. The content is too faded to transcribe accurately, but the structure suggests a formal or semi-formal communication.]

[The text at the bottom of the page is also faint and illegible. It appears to be a concluding paragraph or a signature block, possibly containing a date and a name. The text is too faded to transcribe accurately.]

James Sullivan, Oliver Prescott, James Winthrop, Loammi Baldwin, Benjamin Hall, Jonathan Porter, Andrew Hall, Ebenezer Hall, Samuel Tufts, Jr., Aaron Brown, Willis Hall, Samuel Swan, Jr., and Ebenezer Hall, Jr.

This original bill establishing the canal, gave the incorporators the power to "cut" a canal from the waters of Merrimack River to the waters of Medford River. It would seem, on reading this first charter, and subsequent acts appear to confirm it, that it was expected by the projectors that the water of Merrimack River would be used, as no reference is made to obtaining a supply from any other source. It is a curious fact that the original survey of the canal by the engineer, or more properly speaking the land surveyor, employed to do it, placed the water of the Merrimack higher than that of the Concord. An English engineer, Mr. Weston, was employed and the error was soon ascertained and corrected. The year 1795 another bill was passed which was in addition to the Act of '93.

This Act, which was passed on February 28, 1795, reveals the matured plans of the projectors after receiving the counsel and suggestions of the English engineer. In Section 2 of this Act appears the following:

"And whereas the said corporation hath petitioned the Legislature for an extension of their powers for the purpose of making other canals to be connected and to communicate with the said Middlesex Canal; the object of which petition being to render the waters of Concord River boatable as far up as the same may be usefully improved for that purpose; and to improve the banks of Medford River so as to render the canal more easy and useful; as well as to open a canal round the shallows in the town of Dunstable on the banks of Merrimack River; and also to extend said canal to the waters of Charles River, in the town of Boston."

In Section 3 of this Act it is among other things provided,

"That the said Proprietors of Middlesex Canal shall be empowered to render the waters of Concord River boatable as far as Sudbury Causeway and as much farther as the same can be usefully improved for that end; and to open any canal at any place in the said County of Middlesex, that may be necessary to connect the said Concord River with the said Middlesex Canal for that purpose, and also to extend said canal from Medford to the waters of the town of Boston or Charles River, in such way as to said Proprietors may seem most advantageous, and with all the privileges and under the same restrictions and regulations as are granted and provided in said Act."

Under the power and authority of the foregoing Acts the Middlesex Canal was built, save that in 1803, on March 2nd, the time of building it was extended to three years from June 22, 1803, the words being as follows: "to complete the same to Charles River and to effectuate the means of communication between the said canal and the town of Boston across Charles River, by boats."

That the waters of the Merrimack were to be used in forming the canal is seen in a proviso found in the last section of the Act of '93 which is as follows:

"Provided also that the waters of Merrimack River shall not be so diverted from their natural course as to impede, or in any way interrupt the water carriage down the Merrimack River to the mouth thereof."

This proviso was intended to protect the already vested rights of the Proprietors of Locks and Canals on Merrimack River, which corporation were owners of the canal around Pawtucket Falls, now known as the Pawtucket canal.

While the Middlesex Canal was the first canal built in the United States, it was not the first chartered.

In 1792 a charter was granted General Henry Knox and others to open a canal from some part of the Connecticut River to connect with the town of Boston. The incorporators were empowered to establish and open a canal from any part of the Connecticut River between the town of Springfield and the northern limits of the Commonwealth, or from any other part of said river, provided they obtain permission from the state through which the same may pass, to communicate with the town of Boston and the waters of Boston harbor.

In the interesting articles prepared by Mr. Lorin L. Dame and Gen. George Stark, which appear in Vol. III of the Contributions of the Old Residents' Association of Lowell, may be found a full and satisfactory history of the Middlesex Canal, and also of the connected canal system around the falls of the Merrimack between the Middlesex Canal and Concord, N. H., called the Union Locks and Canals. Gen. Stark, in his interesting paper, has omitted to mention the fact that John L. Sullivan, the first and for many years Superintendent of the Middlesex Canal, was the moving spirit in the construction of the river canals referred to by him, which were completed in 1815.

Mr. Sullivan was a man of great business capacity and enterprise, and of untiring energy in what he undertook. He conceived the idea of using steam in the navigation of the Middlesex Canal, and also of using the same power in towing boats up and down the Merrimack. He began experimenting with boat models in 1814, at Charlestown, and I believe received a charter from the legislature to aid him in his work. The result of his experiments was the building of a steam-boat, a stern-wheeler which was operated for some time on the canal, but it was found to be so damaging to the canal banks, that its use was discontinued. I do not know that it had a name,—I have always heard it spoken of as "John L. Sullivan's steamboat," and I have always been told that the cellar of what is called the "long block," situated on Baldwin Street, the westerly end

of which stood very near the canal, was originally used as a dock for making repairs upon it.

In the issue of the New Hampshire Patriot of June 22, 1819, appeared the following:

"The citizens of Concord have for two weeks past, been much gratified with the appearance for the first time, of a steamboat in our river. A good portion of the ladies and gentlemen in town, availed themselves of the very polite invitation of the proprietors to take pleasure rides up and down the river on Mr. Sullivan's steamboat."

This was the famous Sullivan's steamboat. It was the purpose of Mr. Sullivan to tow the loaded boats by this steam vessel; but it was found on trial that she had hardly sufficient power to pass herself up the rapids, without any¹ incumbrance, and the project was finally abandoned.

In the contribution by Gen. Stark, already referred to, a pretty correct and minute description is given of the canal boats, which have long since passed out of existence. I do not think the engravings embellishing the contribution give a perfectly correct idea of the boats in the particular of length. They were longer than the illustrations make them. Strange as it may appear, these low flat-bottomed canal freight boats were called, in the acts of incorporation, gondolas, although there certainly was nothing in their appearance, construction, or use resembling the romantic Venetian passenger boat of that name. Very few barcaroles or tenor love-songs to the plunking of a mandolin or guitar were heard from these practical crafts.

As late as 1825, Mr. Ezekiel Hale, of Haverhill, was authorized by the General Court, to build a canal from Hale's Mills to Little Pine Bridge in Haverhill, sufficiently wide and deep to float rafts and gondolas. Webster gives this as one definition of the word: "Gondola. A flat-bottomed boat used for carrying produce, etc., United States."

In my childhood, a great deal of business was done on the Middlesex Canal by a corporation created by the New Hampshire Legislature, in 1815, by the name of the Merrimack Boating Company. The name was changed in 1822 to the Boston and Concord Boating Company, and a charter was granted it the same year by the Massachusetts Legislature. My recollection is that they employed twenty-five or more boats, on the river and canal. They used a great many horses, in their canal service, and kept them in a stable at Middlesex Village which stood north of the canal storehouse and opposite the turning point. This towing work was very hard on horses, and they suffered greatly from galling under the collar. Nothing was more common than for horses to come in after a trip, so terribly injured in this way that it would take a fortnight of careful nursing to fit them for duty. I know of nothing that would excite the anger of my father more than this kind of cruel treatment of horses by boatmen; and many a tow hand lost his place through his cruelty to the poor animals who toiled along the tow-path.

I suppose I am one of the very few surviving employees of the Canal Corporation. I not only worked upon it, but I fished in it, I swam in it, I came very near being drowned in it, I sailed my little boats upon it, I skated upon it, and I knew every foot of it. From early childhood until the close of the canal, I knew every captain and boatman who worked upon it. They were almost wholly native-born New England men, and a very few may now be living. The bow-hands were a hard-working, and it must be admitted, although there were some exceptions, a hard-drinking class; but I can remember but few cases of drunkenness among them when about their business. Cases were very rare when a boatman about his duties would be under the influence of drink. He knew that meant instant discharge, and he governed himself accordingly. When off duty, however, they were inclined to indulge too freely. The favorite,

and as I remember, the only beverage, was New England or Medford rum, a gallon jug of which somewhat fiery stimulant was always to be found in the captain's chest, under the steering sweep, in the stern of the boat.

I can recall with perfect distinctness my first trip down the canal. It was made in my mother's care, when I was a little fellow about four years old, in the old passage, or as some called it the Packet boat. This boat ran three times a week from Middlesex to Charlestown, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. It left at 8 in the morning, and arrived at Charlestown at about 2. The fare was seventy-five cents. The following advertisement appeared in the Lowell papers at the time.

"MIDDLESEX PASSAGE BOAT

The elegant passage boat, Governor Sullivan, leaves the head of the canal in Chelmsford precisely at 8 o'clock, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Returning, it leaves Charlestown precisely at 8 o'clock, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. A stage leaves Lowell at 7 o'clock a. m. to bring passengers to the boat; and one will be in readiness when the boat arrives in Charlestown, to take passengers to Boston. A stage also leaves Riley's, No. 9 Elm Street, Boston, precisely at 7 a. m. to carry passengers to the boat, and one will be in readiness on its arrival at the head of the canal to take them to Lowell. Fare on the boat, 75 cents, from the boat to Lowell $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents, and $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents from the boat to Boston.

N. B. The boat is large, well furnished, and is under the direction of a person who will give every attention to render the passage as pleasant and convenient as possible. This mode of travel has many advantages. Persons in delicate health can travel without suffering the inconveniences to which they are exposed in a carriage. The scenery of the country through

which the boat passes is agreeably diversified, and it will be found pleasant to anyone travelling between Boston and Lowell to go in the boat and return in the stages.

IRA FRYE, *Agent, Lowell.*

S. H. G. ROWLEY, *Agent, Boston."*

I remember with perfect distinctness some of the incidents of this trip. We started from the wharf just west of the Baldwin house, and I can remember sitting on the piazza stoop awaiting the arrival of some passengers from Lowell, that the boat was pulled by two horses, that when we reached a lock Capt. Silas Tyler blew a blast on a horn to warn the lock-tender of our approach,—that we had dinner in a little cabin, that at one point on the canal, near one of the turning points, to which I have alluded, the boat was stopped to enable some of the passengers to gather water lilies. The year of this trip may be fixed by the circumstance that it was the same year when Mr. Lauriat, the aeronaut, made an ascension from Boston Common. I remember being held up in the arms of some one on the steps of the state house in order to see the sight.

The business season of the canal commenced with the departure of the ice, usually the early part of April. Previous to beginning operations for the year, the water in the canal was drawn off, so as to admit of repairs to the large gates, the paddle gates, pointing of the stone work, and repairs to the aqueducts and banks of the canal. This drawing-off of the water was accomplished simply by opening the gates and allowing the water to escape into the Concord and Merrimack, and by means of sluices along the line of the canal, which being opened, allowed the water to escape into an adjoining stream or brook. One sluice-way, opening into Black Brook, was situated near the present Mt. Pleasant Spring, east of Stedman Street.

It is the duty of the physician to see that his patient is properly cared for, and that he is not subjected to any unnecessary suffering or expense. The physician should be able to give his patient the best of care, and should be able to do so in a way that is not only beneficial to the patient, but also to the community.

THE PHYSICIAN'S DUTY TO HIS PATIENT

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This annual drawing-off of the water in the canal, was a great event to the boys, who were thus enabled to capture many fish that had failed to escape with the water, such as eels, chubs, suckers, hornpouts, and other small fish.

With the repairs on the locks in the spring, I early became connected. The cement at the joints of the hammered stone composing the locks, owing to the action of the water, and the friction of rafts, required renewing every year, and stagings were hung in the locks, from which this work of pointing was done, and I became very expert in handling the trowel in this sort of work.

When the canal was drawn off, it was a common thing for the boys to crawl down the paddle culvert of an upper lock, and make their way down along the brick subterranean conduit which ended near the bottom of the lock below, this being the way in which the water was carried from an upper to a lower lock. There were two of these culverts to each lock. I can recall the shivery gloom of this passage, the watery odor which pervaded these water-worn stone and brick culverts, through which we used to crawl.

In the summer, portions of the canal were affected with a growth of aquatic grass and weeds which sometimes became so great as seriously to interfere with the passage of boats and rafts. That portion of the canal known as the "swamp," between Middlesex Village and North Billerica, a distance of between three and four miles, was particularly troublesome. To get rid of this water-grass, men were employed to walk in the water, which in some places was deep enough to cover their shoulders, and with a scythe mow down this offensive vegetation.

I can remember how queer they looked, moving through the water, with their heads alone visible as they stooped to swing their scythes, cutting their swaths of rank grass, like men in a hay field. The grass rose to the surface of the water in heavy masses, and by the flow of the canal was carried to the

locks at Middlesex, where to prevent clogging of the gates, and rid the air of a very offensive odor, it was necessary to lock it through into the Merrimack.

Mr. Patrick Guyton and his brother, the former the father of Mr. Patrick H. Guyton, of this city, were long in the employment of the canal company, and performed this very necessary labor. Both were Irishmen of the good old stock, bright, sober and industrious men; I knew them well.

As soon as I became strong enough to handle the heavy gates, say about the age of fourteen, I was employed every spring and summer for some years in tending the locks, and doing the usual clerical work incidental thereto. In addition to the usual lockage of boats, bands of lumber logs, ship timber for the hulls of vessels constructed at Medford and East Boston, spars and masts from the forests of the upper Merrimack to the number of 40 or 50 "shots" each, a "shot" representing in its passage through the locks a boat, were common enough, and beginning at 5 o'clock in the morning with an interval for meals, I have many a time seen the last "shot" enter the canal when it was too dark to make out a pass-port without artificial light. Of course this did not occur every day, but often every week. Strung together this long line of "shots," extending from the locks down the canal sometimes quite a distance below the sluice-way east of Stedman Street, would be taken in tow by Col. Bowers or his sons Alpheus or Sewall, with their two yokes of fine oxen, and a horse leader, and slowly but surely delivered in Medford or Charlestown.

It may not be uninteresting to consider for a few moments the method of passing boats and "shots" through the locks, a matter which I have never seen presented by anyone who has undertaken to write about the old canal. It will be demonstrated before I am through with it, that this was a sort of service which called for experience and careful attention to a number of

details which do not readily occur to one familiar only with the theory.

The difference of level between the surface of the water in the canal, and that of the Merrimack at ordinary stages of the water, was about twenty-five feet. There were three locks about 80 feet in length, with of course four sets of gates, called balance-lever gates. At the head of each lock there were what were called paddle-gates, that is, gates placed at the portal of a stone culvert, on each side of the lock, which paddle gates swung upon centres. When opened, the water was allowed to pass by brick culverts, around the heels of the main gates, into the locks below. Bear in mind that this is the water of the Concord, and not of the Merrimack. Not a drop of the Merrimack ever entered by the locks into the Middlesex Canal.

In addition to these side culvert water-ways, there were three paddle-gates inserted in the main gates for a similar purpose, one in the west upper lock south gate, and two in the lower lock gates. These lower lock gates were made necessary from the fact that as the lock immediately connected with the Merrimack it was obviously impossible to use the side culverts.

We will now lock up a boat from the Merrimack to the canal. The loaded boat appears at the entrance of the lower lock. The tender's first act is to fill the upper lock level with the canal. He then opens the two main gate paddle-gates, of the lower lock, which when opened, draw down the water of the lower lock to the level of the Merrimack. This done, he throws open the main gates one at a time, after opening one he crosses to the other side and opens the other main gate. The loaded boat then entered the lower lock, and after it is in the lower main gates are closed. The tender then goes to the lower paddle-gates of the second lock, which from leakage is partly filled, and opens them to fill the lower lock, in which the boat now floats, taking care to do so very gradually, for the reason that if the boat is heavily loaded, and has little free-board,

too much water may sink it. The boat begins to rise, in the lower lock—and the water to lower in the second lock. If the tender found he had so much leakage in the second lock as to more than fill the lower one, he avoided an overflow, by opening for a few moments one of the lower paddle-gates, until the lower lock was evenly filled. When the lower lock was evenly filled, there was water enough to permit the passage of the boat into the second lock. The lower gates of the second lock were then opened, and the boat was passed into the second lock, and the main gates closed behind it. The tender then went to the paddle-gates of the upper lock, and at this point he was called upon to exercise the greatest care in filling his lock. He was to see to it that the water of the upper lock was sufficient to fill his second lock, and if he was in doubt he had to run to one of the main gate paddles, and let in enough water from the canal to make up for any threatened shortage. Meanwhile the loaded boat is slowly rising. When the water and the boat reached the level of the second lock, the lower gates of the upper lock were thrown open and the boat passed into the upper lock.

Care had to be taken with a heavily loaded boat, and the water was not allowed to fall by leakage, for if the boat took ground on the bottom or miter-sill of the upper lock, it might sink in a moment, or perhaps break in two. To avoid this possible event, the tender went forward to the upper gates or canal gates of the upper lock and allowed water enough to run into the lock from the canal to make up for any leakage in the main gates of the second lock.

The boat having now entered the upper lock, the main gates are closed, and the upper lock is also carefully filled to a level with the canal, by opening its paddle-gates. When the lock was filled the main gates were opened and the boat was passed into the canal, not however until the collector had examined the cargo, compared it with the bill of lading, and

given the skipper a passport through the canal, with the name of the owner, captain and description of cargo. Of course all these particulars were entered in a book kept for the purpose.

You will notice that in the description I have given of locking up a boat, the great thing to know about and that was acquired only by experience, was allowances for leakage. I have had many an old boatman tell me when I was a boy, that they would not dare to lock themselves through. There was too much to think about in the operation.

Time will not admit of speaking as I might of some of the men whom I have met and known, who were connected with the old canal. I have often seen Mr. Caleb Eddy, for so many years the agent of the company, a civil engineer by profession, and the father of Robert H. Eddy, so long an eminent patent engineer in Boston. I knew Hon. Richard Frothingham, the distinguished historian, who was long the collector at Charlestown and agent of the corporation during the closing years of its life. Mr. Frothingham made frequent visits to Middlesex Village, and it was my privilege when a lad, after he had transacted his business with my father, to drive him to Billerica in our top buggy harnessed to our old sorrel mare;—also Mr. Daniel Wilson, and Mr. Israel Colson of North Billerica, who had charge of repairs—both men of sterling worth, and to whom my father was warmly attached.

I could speak of some of the men who were connected with the canal as owners and proprietors of boating lines, or engaged in their management;—Mr. Luther Roby of Nashua, only recently deceased, Mr. Joseph Chase, and Mr. John Adams of Litchfield, Mr. Daniel Littlehale of Tyngsborough, Mr. John Wilson of Chelmsford, Mr. Joel Dix of Billerica, George Rand of Middlesex, and especially Mr. Reuben B. Sherburne, for many years the agent of the Boston and Concord Boating Company, whom my father loved as a brother. Some of his descendants now reside in Tyngsborough.

I wish to speak of only one, whom I remember very well, and whose personal characteristics made a considerable impression upon me when a boy, Mr. Benjamin Blood of North Chelmsford.

Mr. Blood owned a number of canal boats and employed a good many men in the business. He was called familiarly, on account I suppose of the alliterative initials of his name, "Old double B." Mr. Blood was a man of great natural ability and business rectitude, but was somewhat obstinate in maintaining his opinions and on occasion was inclined to be irascible.

I remember hearing a story told of him that he once served on a jury in this county, and showed during his term, in the consideration of cases, a considerable amount of unyielding independence of opinion, much to the annoyance of his fellow jurors who disagreed with him. Mr. Blood was stubborn, and the result was a number of disagreements. One case was submitted to the jury in which the question was whether the plaintiff should receive more or less than \$10, if more, he recovered costs of suit, if less, he recovered none. On polling the jury for their opinions, eleven were for giving the plaintiff over \$10, which carried costs, but Mr. Blood, when asked for his opinion, replied, "I will give the plaintiff nine dollars, ninety nine cents, and nine mills, and not another mill." Expostulation was in vain, and the jury appeared in court and reported a disagreement. They did not have at that time Judge Hoar's charge in Tuey's case in 8 Cushing to read to the jury in order to enlighten them, and the jury were not ordered back to their room; but the presiding judge, having learned the cause of so many disagreements, called Mr. Blood to the bench and told him he might be excused from attendance for the remainder of the term.

Mr. Blood was a man of exemplary life—never used profane language, but would sometimes exclaim when excited or

provoked, "Mighty thunder," which was the nearest approach I ever heard him make to strong talk.

Mr. Blood was a strong temperance man for the times, never using liquor himself, and discouraging its use by others. He used to make special contracts with his help in regard to the use of liquor while in his employment for the boating season. I remember, when a small boy, hearing a wrathful dispute between the old gentleman and one of his boat captains, named Kirk Howe, on the canal wharf, which arose out of one of these special contracts.

Howe signed an agreement to work for Mr. Blood for the season, for \$20 a month and board if he totally abstained from liquor. If he failed to totally abstain, he was to receive but \$16 and board. Howe had come up the canal and had passed through the locks and down the river with his boat and cargo to the landing back of the Market Building in Lowell, where he unloaded. The day on which the quarrel occurred Mr. Blood learned in some way that Howe had been seen drinking liquor in D. L. Richardson's cellar under Mansur's building, that old-time eating house being quite near the city landing. Accordingly, the same afternoon, when Howe reached the head of the canal at Middlesex Village on his return trip, the old gentleman was in waiting, determined to test the truth of the information. Approaching Howe with his hand covering his eye, he said, "Here, Kirk, I want you to look in my eye and see if you can see what's in it." Howe took the lids of the old gentleman's eye in his fingers, and separating them as far as possible, peered into the eye. "I can't see anything, Mr. Blood," said the unsuspecting Howe. "Look again Kirk" said Mr. Blood. Kirk again opened the lids and again peered into the eye. Before he reported the result of his last observation, the old gentleman started back exclaiming, "Kirk, I've got you now! You've been a drinkin' rum. I suspected it before, I can smell your breath, and now I know it. It's \$16 a month and board

and not one cent more now." And then followed the wrathful quarrel which I heard. Howe abused the old gentleman shamefully with foul epithets, but the old gentleman was firm, and Howe had to stand by his contract, or lose his work for the remainder of the season.

One morning a great excitement was created among the villagers, the children particularly, over the arrival at the storehouse wharf of a canal boat from Boston, loaded from stem to stern with a collection of stuffed wild animals, lions, tigers, camels, snakes, etc., also a number of glass cases containing all sorts of birds, and a variety of other curious things. The boat had on board quite a number of passengers, among them Mr. Daniel Lambert, of Leicester, England, Miss Charlotte Temple, Miss Eliza Wharton, of Reading, Mr. Richard Crowninshield, of Salem, the dead body of old Mr. White of the same place, a Greek officer in a terrible moustache and short petticoats, a dozen Swiss bell ringers, and a number of other important persons whose names I do not remember. These ladies and gentlemen were not in the flesh, to be sure, but in a very good quality of wax, and although great pains were taken by the boatmen to protect them from the weather by the use of tarpaulins, we children were allowed a good long peep at these extraordinary people by those having them in charge. This was a part of the old New England Museum collection, owned by the late Moses Kimball of Boston, en route for Wyman's Exchange, in Lowell, where it was exhibited many years. I believe these wax figures were destroyed in the Museum fire of 1850.

The Merrimack, in those early days, presented a much more animated and picturesque appearance in the summer months than it does today. That beautiful reach of the river extending from the Falls to the great bend opposite North Chelmsford, and which I wish this Society would christen this evening, as the "John Sagamore Reach," in remembrance of the

plantation on its southern shore, was especially charming. On its broad bosom laden and unladen canal and river boats were seen in considerable numbers, some being rowed against the wind, by two hands in the bow, rowing from the rower with crossed oars, while others taking advantage of the favorable wind had set up their mast, and on it raised a broad square sail, the hoisting rope of which was confined to a pin near the steersman in the stern of the boat.

Thoreau in his "Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," his earliest and many think his best work, gives a very charming and characteristic picture of the boatman's life on the river.

Both shores of the river were fringed with a great variety of trees, great and small. On the opposite, and then Dracut shore, there grew a great many sassafras trees, and we used to cross the river in boats to gather their fragrant and valuable roots, the bark of which, combined with wintergreen, pipsissiway, sarsaparilla, white pine buds and other simples, formed the ingredients composing the summer beer, or diet-drink, which every good New England housewife knew how to brew, and every healthy and thirsty New England boy and girl knew how to drink.

At the time of laying out the canal, in 1793, nearly all of the land needed by the company on which to erect their locks and buildings was purchased of the owners in fee, and was their absolute property, while most of the other portion was taken by right of eminent domain, and on the discontinuance of the canal reverted to the original owners or to their representatives. In 1851, the Proprietors began to dispose of their property. The land in Middlesex Village, north of Middlesex Street, consisting of about six acres, on which stood the locks, storehouse, collector's office and a cottage house and barn, was conveyed to my father by deed dated September 5, 1851, which

was executed by Ebenezer Chadwick, treasurer of the corporation, with the corporate seal affixed. In this conveyance the Proprietors reserve their right to the canal until the charter should be surrendered, and required that the grantee should remove the bridge over the canal, and grade down the road to the approval of the Selectmen of Chelmsford.

The last boat to pass through the canal was on the 25th of November, 1851, owned by Dix & Rand, in charge of Samuel King, and loaded with eighteen tons of stone and two cords of pine wood. But with all these marked symptoms of approaching dissolution the old canal did not in law die until 1859, when the Attorney General by a *coup de grace*, ended its existence.

Many have regarded the discontinuance of the Middlesex Canal as a serious mistake. I think there is no doubt of it. My father was strongly opposed to it, and urged Mr. Eddy and Mr. Frothingham to prolong its existence. I have heard him say that the time would come when the loss of it would be keenly felt. There is no cheaper method of transportation than floating; and if the old canal were doing business, I am sure coal freights would not reach 85 cents per ton from Boston to Lowell as they do today. North Billerica might not be what it now is, so far as water power is concerned, but had we the canal today not only Lowell but Billerica, Wilmington, Woburn, Winchester, Medford and Somerville would have all the advantages derived from a water avenue connecting them with Boston harbor.

The only relics of this old public work at Middlesex Village are the collector's toll house erected in 1832, which I have endeavored, with poor success, to save from the depredations of tramps and mischievous boys,—the cellar of the storehouse, and a large part of the stone-work of the lower lock, which although under the water of the inflowing river, is still intact.

The Concord Boating Company owned a very vicious horse, a great black, long-legged animal, with but little hair on his tail, from which last named peculiarity he was called "old rat tail." This horse, at night particularly, was positively insane. He would squeal and kick all night, and during the day was dangerous to handle. The boatmen would not use him. He kicked and severely injured another horse named "Robin," and my father told his nephew, James Goodspeed, who took care of the horses, to take him over to Mr. Bowers' stable, where he could not injure the other horses. He did so, but at Bowers' stable he grew worse, kicked and squealed all night, and was a perfect demon of calcitration.

In the morning one of Woodward's Groton coal teams, driven by Woodward's son, an overgrown country boy, was passing on its way home, and my father hailing the boy asked him if he wanted a horse. The boy stared with open mouth, and managed to say he did, and my father told him he might have "old rat tail" if he would take him away. He told the boy he was vicious and to look out for him, and by some means they managed to get him out of the stall and hitch him with a strong rope and head halter to the tail of the big coal cart, and after some pulling back, away went "old rat tail" on the road to Groton.

In a few days the boy came down with a load of coal on his way to market, and stopped to leave the borrowed halter. He gave this account of his experiences as my father used to tell it. He used the boy's words. "Wall, I took him along, and he went purty well, tried to back once or twice, but the halter held and he gin it up, and come along. When I drove inter our yard, father see me and hollared, 'What ye got there hitched on behind? Where d'ye git that hoss?' and I said, 'Hadley give him to me,' and then he said, 'Who' and I said, 'Hadley down at Middlesex,' and father said, 'I believe ye lie,' but I tole him that was so, and then father said, 'What d'he

give him to you for?' and I said, 'cause he kicked and squealed so like thunder,' and then father said, 'He aint glandery, is he?' and I said, 'No, only kickin' and squealin,' an' father says, 'Wall this beats me,' an' then I unhitched him an' told father to look out for his heels, an' led him inter the barn, an' hitched him in a stall at the end of a row of cattle stanchels. Wall he looked kind er wild and sot his ears back but he didn't kick, an' father said, 'He aint a bad hoss I guess, if ye use him well,' an' we hitched him for the night but I didn't take no chances with his plaguey heels, and got out of the stall through the hay rack, an' left him for the night."

"Wall in the middle of the night by Gosh! there was the darndest noise goin' on in that barn as though the whole buildin' was comin' down, an' father an' I got up an' went out, an' if that rat-tailed old critter hadn't kicked down the stall, and kicked off the whole side of the barn an' the boards was aflying around everywhere, an' then father said, 'Let him kick, perhaps he'll kick himself to death, blarst him,' but he didn't, an' then we went to bed, an' father said in the mornin', 'What ye goin' to do with him?' an' I said, 'what shall I do with him?' an' father said, 'trade him,' an' I got him out an' led him down to the road an' waited till a feller came along and I swapped him for an old fiddle."

There is, perhaps no feature of our New England life, and the same may perhaps be said of the whole country, in which there been a more complete and radical change, during the past seventy years, than in the means of travel and transportation of persons and merchandise. Railroads were hardly thought of, at all events were not successfully used, until about 1830, and, within my easy recollection there was not a foot of rail between Boston and the states of New Hampshire and Vermont, save the short line from Boston to Lowell.

I can remember when the only means of transporting goods and merchandise from Boston to the north was by means of huge wains called baggage-wagons, drawn by not less than six, and oftener by eight, horses. There were regular lines of these immense wagons, and they passed through the village with such regularity that we children knew just when to expect them, and I can remember sitting with other children beside the road and awaiting the passing of these wagons, and as they passed us choosing, with other children, the particular pair of horses which we called ours, and came to know them. These great wagons were covered with canvas tops, and the goods within were securely protected from the rain by thick tarpaulins. In winter, long lines of two-horse pung sleighs, loaded with butter, cheese, apple-sauce, dressed hogs, maple sugar, and other country produce, were constantly passing on the way to Boston market, and returning loaded with supplies of all kinds, purchased or exchanged in Boston. Many of these country produce drivers stopped for the night or to bait at the Adams Tavern in North Chelmsford and at the old Middlesex Tavern.

There were two and some of the time three lines of stages passing through the village, all starting from the American House in Lowell, which was, in those days, the White Horse Tavern of this vicinity. One line ran to Groton and Townsend, another to Nashua and Concord. In summer the arrival of the north bound mail stage at the village store was the great morning event. It was due at about 8 o'clock, and when it was announced by sentinel boys, that the stage had reached Black Brook, all the men and boys and girls sometimes, gathered under the piazza of the tavern near the store entrance, to await its arrival.

Old Deacon Eben Adams was postmaster, and a great stickler for the enforcement of the United States laws relating to the receiving, opening and delivery of mails, was the centre of the group. This scene is before me. I can hear the rattle

of the coach as it comes up the road. It reaches the turn of the road at Mr. Nathan Tyler's; four bay horses, sometimes six, full of fire and action, are attached to the coach, Corbin is on the box, holding the ribbons with confident ease and not a little honest pride, and sitting in the midst of a group of outside passengers, ladies among them carrying parasols, and wearing on their heads huge bonnets which almost conceal their pleasure-lighted faces. On it comes with the rattle and chucking of wheels, the jingle and clatter of harness, the puffing of horses, and the rocking of the coach, a gaily painted and lettered vehicle, having as we now see six or perhaps eight inside passengers, who look eagerly out, to get their bearings, and make remarks, while we stare at them in eager curiosity. Corbin reaches down under his seat, and seizing a mail bag, throws it off with easy experienced grace into the extended arms of old Deacon Adams, who runs with it into the store, and behind the counter to his little blue desk where he empties the bag, selects the Middlesex letters, puts his own letters with the letters for other points on the line in the bag and starts for the door.

While the Deacon has been inside Corbin has been entertaining the ladies with a brief history of the place, and we have sized up every passenger, and counted the trunks. The old Deacon appears with his mail bag, puffing with his run, throws it into the hands of Corbin, who receives it, places it in the seat-box, draws up his reins, and with a sharp crack of his long-lashed whip the impatient horses spring forward with the coach and passengers up the incline of the road over the canal bridge, away they go up the road, and are soon out of sight at the turn near the Major Howard place.

One of my very earliest recollections, is a ride I took to Nashua, when I was a very little boy, in company with my mother. It was before the building of the Nashua and Lowell Railroad in 1838.

I distinctly recall the fact that, when we entered the stage at our door, it was without passengers on the inside, and we had that part of the coach to ourselves, and the rocking of the stage as we went along was at times so great that my mother and myself were now and then lifted from our seats, to my mother's discomfort and my amusement. I can remember laughing in great glee as I was bumped into the air by the motion of the coach.

The building of the Nashua and Lowell Railroad, which was completed in 1838, is very fresh in my memory. The grading of the road opposite the village, along the Howard farm, began at the cut just below North Chelmsford, the material removed from the cut being used for the purpose. The grading was carried on by the use of a wooden track, on which were pushed by hand, small dump cars. Near the cut at North Chelmsford, at a point on the river called the "Crow-Eddy," were erected a number of rude wooden structures, banked and sodded at the sills, for the use of the Irishmen employed in the work of grading, which collection of houses was called the "Paddy Camp." I frequently visited this camp, and looked with wonder upon the strange people who inhabited them.

The track of the railroad was carried over the basin of the canal, as the entrance to the Merrimack was called, on a piling bridge about 100 feet in length, and the driving of the piles was a source of great interest and pleasure to me. The raising and lowering of the pile hammer was done by hand, as the application of steam to this work had not been accomplished. This was in 1838, and I was only six years old. I saw the first engine and the first train pass over the road. The first cars were the same as those in use on the Boston & Lowell road,—English compartment carriages; but they were soon displaced by cars of the present style, although much smaller.

I recall a serious accident which occurred while the workmen were blasting through the ledge near the Middlesex Village

station. A premature blast severely wounded the body and destroyed the eyes of one of the laborers. I was present when he was carried away, and I shall never forget the poor fellow's cries. He recovered, however, and lived in Lowell for many years after. I do not know his name.

The first station at Middlesex Village was a small structure about 10 feet long and 8 feet wide; at one corner was a signal post and signal, and on the signal post was affixed a board bearing the following words:

"All persons wanting passage in the cars will please raise the signal horizontal by pulling the cord"

The notice was entirely destitute of punctuation.

When I was a boy, the coasting for the small boys and girls was down the terrace on the Howard place opposite my house, across the narrow pond at the base of the terrace and so on as far as the impetus of the sled would carry. For the older children we had the coast from the summit of Baldwin's Hill, down the hill to the northwest, through an opening in the wall, still existing, into Pine Street, down Pine Street to Baldwin Street, down Baldwin Street as far as the brook,—a long, and some of the way an exciting coast. The hazardous point of this coast was at the opening in the wall on Pine Street, at the base of the hill. The steep slope of the hill gave the coaster a great impetus at the point named, and the sharp turn into Pine Street was made when the coaster was going very rapidly, and called for careful steering if the sled was heavily loaded. I have seen many a lively spill at that point.

On bright moonlight winter nights, when the coasting was good, the hill was thronged with a merry crowd of boys and girls,—the boys in their fur caps and neck-coseys, the girls in their warm cloaks, fur tippits and pumpkin hoods, and the shrieks of happy laughter on the crisp cold winter air could be heard far and near.

We used to play baseball when I was a boy, and the game in its general scheme and features was much the same as played today; but it was played without any code of rules, and without any of the scientific training and drill as we know it today. Of course we had our teams, or "sides" as they were called, with pitchers, catchers, home plate, bases, runs, fouls, and the rest, but our playing was the simple pastime of youth, without any of the "fan" or "bleacher" interest in the game which obtains today.

Innings were decided by a toss of bat between captains, fist over fist, and if there was enough at the top of the bat above the last fist to enable the leader to swing the bat around his head by taking hold by his thumb and forefinger, without dropping it, his side had "innings," otherwise not.

We made our own bats and balls. Our balls, which were about the size of those in use today, were made by cutting up an old india-rubber shoe into narrow strips, and winding them into a ball about two-thirds the size of the ball desired, then an old stocking leg would be unravelled, and the yarn tightly wound over the india-rubber ball, and the whole covered a durable leather covering. To be a good ball maker was regarded as quite an accomplishment among the boys, particularly the cutting and sewing of the leather cover in "ball stitch" as it was called. As the game was played in those days, there was good reason for this soft covering of the ball as will presently appear.

We had no umpires and therefore no one to call strikes, or make a row among the bleachers, no face shields or catching gloves. Three strikes, as now, called for a base run, but the baseman was not caught out on the run but hit or "plunked" out by the ball, a proceeding which with the ball now used, would result seriously, I imagine. Hence the need of a ball of considerable softness. Even as it was, I have seen some painful hits; the new fashion is much better. There was no public

interest in the game as now; as I have said, it was merely a boy's amusement, nothing more. Sometimes on fast-days in the spring a number of men would play the game, but such events were not common.

In my childhood, the celebration of the national holiday was a much more decorous and rational demonstration, even on the part of the young, than it is today. The day, it is true, was ushered in by the ringing of the old church bell at an uncomfortably early hour, and the firing of guns and pistols; but the miserable and unworthy Chinese abominations called fire crackers, fit only to frighten away devils in a Chinese graveyard, and cannon crackers, toy pistols, five cent tin horns, and cow bells, were not then adopted as the means of giving fitting expression to patriotic enthusiasm. The American youth of 65 years ago, was happily free from these means of making the day hideous, and himself a nuisance.

On the morning of the 4th the great act of the villagers, old and young, was the hoisting of the flag upon the staff which was placed beside and was supported by the old oak, on the corner of Middlesex and Baldwin Streets. The upper, and smaller staff, when not in use, stood beside the lower and larger one, on the same stone base; but when the flag was to be displayed, the smaller pole was hoisted nearly its length, which lengthening of the whole structure gave free play to the flag above the top of the old oak. Before this was done, however, it was necessary for some one to climb the tree, and run the hoisting cord through the truck at the top of the smaller pole; and here was the chance for some active climber, who with the line tied around his middle, and with a crowd of men and boys watching his movements, ascended the old oak as far as he could by the limbs, and then "shinned" to the top of the small pole and placed the cord in its place. After the climber had descended, and the flag had been hoisted into place, then came a great haul and tug by all hands, men and boys at a heavy tackle and fall,

by which the smaller pole was elevated into position, and that done, and the rope made fast at the foot, amid the cheers of the crowd, the old flag floated in the breeze. This was the great morning event in Middlesex Village, 65 years ago.

I cannot now recall a national holiday on which we children were attracted to Lowell to witness or share in a celebration. If we ever were it made so little impression on me that I cannot remember it.

The great temperance movement about 1839 and 1840 had in it a very important and, as I regard it, a very beautiful feature, the organization of the children of the country into the "Cold Water Army," and the 4th of July was selected as the day on which to make its most imposing demonstrations. Thousands of children, of all ages, dressed in their best, with music, banners, flowers, and what was infinitely more beautiful, happy, joyous faces, moved in long processions through hundreds of New England villages, to some shady grove, where they heard speeches, sang their songs of the virtues of cold water, partook of a generous collation, and returned home tired but happy.

I can remember a number of these glorious childhood celebrations. They gave to the young a pure and ennobling joy to the day, worthy of its real significance which I wish could be realized by the children of today.

In my childhood, the wild passenger pigeon was very common in New England and appeared in large flocks during the period of migration. Great numbers of these birds were caught in nets on "pigeon-stands," as they were called. A number of these stands were placed on the knolls or small hills to the west of the village, and some persons, notably our neighbor, Mr. Jacob Howard, were very expert in taking them. The stand was a level square cleared of grass on the top of a knoll, with

poles placed around it on which the birds could light, and grain, wheat and rye commonly, was scattered on the smooth level surface of the hill, and fragrant extracts, especially bergamot, which were supposed to attract the birds, were scattered about the stand. The birds were caught in a net, which was large enough to cover the stand when sprung, but when prepared for springing the net was held in restraint by flexible poles and the common figure 4 escapement, or release. A small house, built commonly of pine boughs, placed a little distance from the stand, afforded concealment to the catcher. From the figure 4 there went a small cord to the hand of the operator, by which the net was released and thrown. When the birds settled down upon the stand and began to feed, at the proper moment the catcher sprung his net which, covering the birds, prevented their escape. Two persons were generally employed, one to spring the net and kill the birds by pinching their heads, the other to hold down the net and prevent the game from escaping.

Immense numbers of these birds were caught in the manner described, every year, and potted pigeon and pigeon pie were delicious dishes when prepared by the hands of a good New England housewife of the old days.

I remember, when a very little fellow, of going to the circus one evening. I presume my father's business during the day prevented him from taking me at any other time, or he would not have allowed me to have remained up so late. At all events I went with him, and remember a good deal of what I saw and heard. The circus was Turner's circus, which in the '30s was the best thing of its kind, and travelled all over the country. The circus tent was pitched on the Tyler land, opposite the homestead on Middlesex Street. I remember sitting on my father's knee, not far from the ring, and with what interest I looked upon the crowd of people, and watched the hoisting of a circle of lighted candles which surrounded the centre pole. I remember something of the ring riding, but strange to say I

recall nothing of the clown's work. My memory seemed to seize upon one act performed during the evening, and that was the singing and dancing of a man named Clarke, as a negro, whom I thought a genuine article. A large door was brought into the ring and on it he sang and danced a number of songs, to my great delight. Two of his songs made a deep impression upon me. One was "Billy Barlow" of which I carried away only two lines, "O dear, I'm ragged I know, O, isn't it hard for Billy Barlow." The other was, "Such a gitten up stairs I never did see, Such a gitten up stairs."

How we both laughed at the antics of this fellow who I thought a comical, genuine darkey. Negro minstrelsy was hardly out of the shell in those days.

In some remarks I made at the reception of the chief of the St. Francis Indians, which the society did me the honor to print in No. 4 of Vol. 6 of its Contributions, in speaking of the visits of the Penobscot Indians to this vicinity, over sixty years ago, I said "that in those days Indian families in considerable numbers of the Penobscot tribe were accustomed to come every year in the summer season to this vicinity, and pitch their tents in the neighborhood of their old fishing place on the river, at Pawtucket Falls. They used to camp upon Musquash Island, near the present location of the Lawrence Corporation, among the pines near the Guard Locks, and on the land of the Canal company, at Middlesex Village."

The spot last referred to is a field upon which was formerly a considerable orchard, just east of the canal locks, and abutting the present road to the railroad station in Middlesex Village. One large lodge or tent, which was pitched at the northeastern corner of the lot, was occupied by a lame Indian named Newell and another Indian whose name I cannot recall,

their squaws, a number of young Indian women, and a small tribe of Indian boys and girls. They came from Oldtown, Maine.

The other lodge was pitched in a hollow, near the centre of the field, and was occupied by a son of old Mr. Newell, and his squaw, named Mary. My father, who had charge of the land, was very willing to allow them the use of it, and here for a number of years, in my childhood, "in the good old summer time," the Indians wove their baskets and other Indian wares, which they sold to visitors in the village and city. They did not bring much basket stock with them, but obtained it in the woods in this vicinity, ash being then more plentiful than now, and prepared it by pounding upon the ash logs with an axe, and in a short time were able to remove most of the wood in the form of long thin strips, which were again split to a thinness required for their baskets. They had vegetable dyes for coloring.

I said in the remarks from which I have just quoted that we boys were in the habit of playing with the Indian children. We went further than that; Robby Gilmor and myself decided that we would play Indian, and accordingly, under a large apple-tree, which is still standing, near the east bank of the upper lock, we erected a tepee or wigwam which was made of four fence rails, placed quadruped, the ends united at the top by a strong cord, and having a covering of some old sail cloth. I was the man Indian, and Robby, a handsome black-eyed boy of about my own age, was my squaw. Here we held forth as Indians, tried to make baskets in Indian fashion, practiced at shooting with the bow and arrow; and here we once tried to pass the night, but were unceremoniously brought home and ordered into pale-face beds, by our anxious parents. However, as soon as the other boys heard of our wigwam and what we were about, we had no end of troublesome callers, who wanted to join the tribe, and go on the war-path, and were obliged to give

up our little aboriginal drama. That we did not wholly give up our Indian performances may be illustrated by the following incident.

One eccentric character who lived in Middlesex Village, in my boyhood, was an old Irishman named Richard Faulkner. He was familiarly called Old Dick Faulkner. I never knew his history, or how he happened to land among us. If old Dick himself knew, which I am inclined to doubt, he never imparted the information to any one. Irishmen were not so much in evidence sixty-five years ago as they are now, and we looked on old Dick much as Trinculo looked on Caliban. He was allowed a room in the Willard Howard house, but he earned his living by sawing wood for the villagers. Old Dick was unfortunately a good deal given to drink, but his mental condition varied with his kind of tipple. On old New England rum he was chipper and good-natured, but on hard cider he was cross and dangerous, particularly to small boys, whom he appeared at such times to dislike.

I remember that once when he was in a cider mood, he caught by the collar and shook a young playmate of mine, Robby, who consulted me on the best means of revenge. The result of our deliberations was that we resolved to turn Indians and make a secret attack upon him in Indian fashion armed with bows and arrows. We each had, as all small boys of my boyhood had, a good hickory bow, and we made up in a hurry a lot of white pine arrows, say a dozen apiece, and started on the war-path.

Old Dick was engaged in sawing wood for Mrs. Baldwin in the yard of her house, and watching our opportunity, we crept towards him, concealing ourselves behind the garden fence. We put our arrows through an opening in the fence and began our attack. An arrow hit him in the back. He stopped his saw, looked around, and began to swear. He picked up the arrow, looked at it, and broke it. He turned his back towards us and looked towards the road. Two more arrows from our Indian

battery plunked him in the back, and another knocked off his hat. He now swore worse than ever, but could not seem to locate the enemy. During this pause firing of course ceased. He started for the barn thinking the attack might come from that quarter, and as he turned from us we let fly arrows as fast as we could shoot. This was clearly a mistake in our Indian strategy. It uncovered our battery and located our ambush to the enemy. He saw us and advanced in full force, giving a full volley of Celtic oaths. Our safety was in retreat. We retreated, and soon left the attacking party far behind. I do not believe Old Dick ever knew who ambushed him. Of course all this was very wrong, and we both deserved a punishment, but we had our revenge all the same. Robert and I never played Indian again.

The village disturbance known as the "Mullens row" occurred when I was a boy of nine years, but I distinctly remember hearing it the subject of talk at the time, and with the actors in it,—I refer to those who were made the subjects of criminal proceedings,—I was well acquainted. The facts I derived from conversation with them.

Early in January, 1840, the usual quiet and repose of the village was seriously disturbed by a small sized riot or, more properly speaking, demonstration, which was brought about by the following facts:

A woman of highly respectable birth and connection, of exceptionally good opportunities, but of weak mind and morals, from some cause which was best known to herself and her home friends, lived alone in a tenement in one of the cottages belonging to the Glass House Co., at the corner of what is now Pine and Baldwin Streets. The house was quite genteelly furnished with nice furniture, a piano, upon which it was said the owner could perform, forming a part of the establishment.

A "ramping, roaring Irishman" named Mullens, who came from nobody knew where, was suspected of improperly associating with this woman, and the good people of the village were much annoyed and scandalized by their conduct. Events soon transpired which left no doubt, if any existed, in the mind of any one, that their conduct had been viciously criminal, but considerable sympathy was felt for the woman who was weak-minded and silly and thought to be the victim of the evil wiles of a low-minded, bad man. Mullens at once became an object of contempt and disgust to every decent man and woman in the village.

Feeling against him ran so high that a dozen or fifteen young men came together and decided that such a mean character as Mullens should no longer remain in the village, and on the evening of January 13 they went in a body to the house of the woman where he was stopping, called him out and ordered him to leave the village at once, on pain of being roughly handled if he refused. Mullens left at once, and it was hoped that the village was rid of him, but on February 1 he reappeared at the old stand apparently thinking the breeze had blown over.

Mullens, like many another of his race, was fond of liquor, and could not resist the temptation to visit, in the evening, the tavern bar for a drink, when his presence in the village was at once known. It did not take long to gather a crowd of young fellows who, more for a lark than anything else I suspect, surrounded the front door of the old tavern for the purpose of assisting Mullens to a free ride out of the village he had so flagrantly disgraced. In order to provide him with a proper vehicle on which to make his exit, a long fence rail was provided, which was selected with special reference to the sharpness of its edge.

Learning that Mullens was at the bar imbibing, a boy was sent in to inform him that a man wished to speak with him outside. Mullens wiped his chin and unsuspectingly came out

to the door, when he was at once seized by the crowd, and in spite of his outcries and promises, placed astride the rail where he was held securely in place by a couple of young fellows while the others bore him on their shoulders, and amid the howling of Mullens and the laughter and jeers of the crowd which by this time was considerably augmented, the procession started for the Lowell line, which at this time was on Middlesex Street, near the house of Mr. Christopher Baron. Rev. Mr. Whitney, then pastor of the village church, boarded at Mr. Nathan Tyler's, and being in his study, the windows of which looked out on Middlesex Street, hearing the noise and tumult, came forth in his dressing-gown, and being a professed non-resistant, earnestly, and it was said, tearfully pleaded for the release of Mullens; but the crowd was determined to see the thing 'out, and bore Mullens down Middlesex Street, giving him now and then a vigorous jounce calculated to make his seat upon the rail as uncomfortable as possible. On reaching the Lowell line Mullens was given a grand boost across into Lowell and fell flat upon the soft mud of the street. He, thus relieved, but besmeared, got up and fled towards Lowell, while the party of "rough riders" returned to the village. But the matter was not to end thus.

Full of Celtic indignation, savage and saddle-sore after his inglorious exit from the village, Mullens applied to the Police Court for a warrant against the young fellows. I am inclined to think that there was some delay in issuing the process, which arose from the fact that, as the evening was dark and the procession bore no lights, Mullens was unable to identify his enemies; in fact the complaint, which is before me as I write, drawn by Mr. Albert Locke, clerk of the court at the time, and justice of the peace, as first prepared, gave only three or four names, the other defendants being described by dress or occupation, which descriptive words were subsequently erased and the correct names of eight of the party, obtained probably by careful inquiry, inserted. The charge was riot, laid in two

counts, one on the evening of January 13, the other on the evening of February 1, and set forth with all the depressing and painful particularity then demanded by the rules of criminal pleading at common law. Upon this complaint a warrant was issued, returnable before my venerable and learned predecessor, Judge Locke, and placed in the hands of my dear old friend, Sheriff Butterfield, who promptly arrested the defendants and took them before the court for trial.

On the 8th day of February the case was tried before Judge Locke and it occupied the whole day. The court room, which was situated as now in the Market Street building, and included the rooms now occupied by the Police Commissioners, was crowded with interested spectators, the village people, who generally sympathized with the young defendants, being there in full force. I recall this day with perfect distinctness. A venerable and excellent lady, now living, then a young girl of twelve years, was a witness on the side of one of the defendants, who by the way, was the only one acquitted, the others being held for examination by the grand jury, but I cannot learn that any further proceedings were had.

About 1842 there appeared in New England a number of Latter Day Saints or Mormon preachers seeking to make proselytes to their faith. At this time the headquarters, so to speak, of the sect was at Nauvoo, Illinois, a city founded and built by them of which Joseph Smith, the founder of the sect, was mayor. These preachers were very active in their work and from a certain class secured many followers. One of these proselyting Mormon preachers appeared in our village and expounded the tenets of the faith to the village people for a number of evenings in the old schoolhouse. He was an illiterate man, but had a glib tongue and was a powerful singer. I was permitted to attend two or three of these meetings—and I remember

that, with other boys who were present, when the preacher sang a song which had a catching chorus, I piped up with all my might of voice.

Of course being only a lad at the time I was not much impressed by a good deal of his harangue, but one point in it made such an impression upon my mind that I am able to recall it. He was urging the practice of immersion as necessary for the scriptural ordinance of baptism, that sprinkling was not enough, and used this remarkable argument in its support, something after this fashion:

"Now my friends, we Latter Day Saints believe in immersion, the good old-fashioned Baptist immersion; sprinklin' won't answer. Why, my friends, what did Christ say to his disciples when he called 'em? He said, 'Come with me and I will make you fishers of men,' didn't he? That's so, wasn't it? Well, fishermen catch fish out of the water, don't they? Of course they do; don't catch 'em on land, do they? Well then, how were the disciples to fish for men unless they fished them out of the water, and to fish them out they must first have been in the water." The logic of this argument reminds me of the famous syllogism of John Phoenix about David's harp.

I remember also that he urged his hearers to become Mormons in case they were afflicted with any disease, assuring them that conversion to that faith was almost sure to work a complete cure. An old fellow named Cochran, a shoemaker, who lived with his family in the Blood house, with whom the preacher boarded during his stay in the village, and who was afflicted with some sort of a sore on his lower jaw, was, as it turned out, greatly influenced by this assurance. He consulted my father on the subject of joining the Mormon church. I do not know what advice my parent may have given him, you may be sure it had some fun in it, but he told us that the old shoemaker's idea of the matter was thus tersely stated, "I don't care a darn

about the religious part of it, but if jinin' and bein' baptized by him will cure my infernal old jaw, I believe I'll try it."

That he did so will soon more clearly appear, but how it affected his "darned old jaw" I never knew.

The pasty-faced young man of whom I have spoken as a member of the village choir, named Harriman, and a sister of Mrs. Cochran, were the first converts, and were baptized by the preacher, early one morning in the Merrimack River.

In the north part of the Blood house there lived at the time of this Mormon episode a French Canadian couple named Geneau. Geneau was a little, lively, chattering fellow who spoke very imperfect English, a good sort of a man in his way, but his wife was a very corpulent lady, fair and forty, weighing not less than two hundred pounds. Her size was a great trouble to little Geneau, who used to say of her: "My wife ees too beeg, she good wife 'nough, but too much wife; when she turn in de bed in cold night she take all the clothes with her and I freeze; O, she good wife but too beeg."

Well, fat Mrs. Geneau attended the meetings, and to the surprise of everyone announced herself as a convert to the Mormon faith. When little Geneau was told of this startling domestic intelligence he laughed, shrugged his shoulders and exclaimed, "O I don' care, she poor Catolique anyway, may make good Mormon mebbe, if she like de preacher feller better as me, she may, I don' care."

Shortly after this interesting announcement was made it was made known throughout the village that Mrs. Geneau and Mr. Cochrane would be publicly baptized into the Mormon faith, in the waters of Middlesex canal, at the south end of the aqueduct, and opposite the Long Block, at three o'clock in the afternoon of the following Sunday. It is hardly necessary to say that an event of this novelty called forth not only a lively interest among the

village people, but secured a large attendance at the time and place. Of course with other boys I was present and witnessed the ceremonies.

I hope no one will regard me as making improper light of or treating with unbecoming levity the events of this occasion. The historian must deal with his material truthfully and exactly even if sometimes he risks his reputation for seriousness. There is much comedy as well as tragedy in "philosophy teaching by example." This is a world of smiles and tears, without either it would be a stupid place indeed. Good Dr. Lyman Beecher said he had to laugh one Sunday in his pulpit when he saw a lively and imaginative boy pretending to hammer a hot iron represented by his finger after he had heated it in an imaginary forge, by thrusting it into the hair of a red haired man in the pew in front of him; Dr. Beecher was very human.

The exercises opened with prayer, exhortation and the singing of a Mormon hymn by the preacher. After this Mrs. Geneau and Mr. Cochrane, the converts, arrayed in what were deemed appropriate habiliments suited to the occasion, took their places at the edge of the water. The first candidate for the rite was old Cochran. In order to get sufficient depth of water it was necessary to wade nearly to the centre of the canal, which was done by the preacher and Cochran, and the ceremony performed without any difficulty, and Cochran walked ashore, leaving the preacher, who awaited the coming of the female convert. Mrs. Geneau, somewhat thinly clad, hesitatingly entered the water, and the preacher noticing her timidity, and fearing perhaps that her courage might desert her and lead her to turn back, gallantly came towards her and assisted her into deeper water.

Now the passage of boats through the canal naturally had a tendency to draw all silt and mud to the middle of the stream, where it reached the depth of a number of inches. On this slippery mass the Mormon preacher and the corpulent

Mrs. Geneau were now standing, and when she was immersed in the usual way, the feet of the unfortunate lady slipped on the slimy footing, so that she was not only unable to rise out of the water by any contribution of her own strength, but her great weight was too much for the strength of the preacher, who after tugging at her with all his power to lift her out of her helpless condition, and fearing disastrous consequences, anxiously and excitedly called to old Cochran for help, to which he manfully responded, and together they tugged at her until she was brought to the surface and helped ashore in a most deplorable condition, spouting water, groaning, and some bystanders said, uttering criticisms on her treatment, hardly in harmony with even Mormon ideas of propriety. She was placed on the grass, and some of the Gentile women present nursed her into comparative calmness, but every now and then she would give expression to her feelings in pretty strong terms.

Writing of the Mormons reminds me of the great Millerite, or end of the world, excitement which prevailed throughout the country just prior to 1843. We have had some knowledge of this belief since that date, but believers have apparently been satisfied to announce the end of all things as near at hand without setting a date. People of today cannot possibly imagine the wide-spread belief which existed among a large and respectable, if not intelligent class of persons, in the teachings of William Miller, the great advocate of the belief, and from whom it derived its name. Not only a large number of ordained clergymen were believers and advocates, but thousands of laymen were earnest and active supporters.

Belief in the second coming of Christ is as old as the Christian Church. It was one of the fundamental teachings of the early Christians, who believed the Kingdom of Heaven and the end of the world were at hand. The near approach

of this wonderful event had been predicted by the apostles, and the tradition of it preserved by their earliest disciples. Scoff or laugh as we may at the ridiculous and childish preparations made for the coming of the event after a day had been fixed, and the specious and absurd arguments they used in sustaining it, in the leading and dominant idea they were only following the teachings of the primitive church, but went further in fixing a day and date, which the latter did not assume to do. They thought the 24th Chapter of Matthew and the first Epistle to the Thessalonians meant as much to them as to the early Christians, and who shall say they were not right?

The interpretations of the prophecies which Miller gave were ingenious and plausible, and appeared to many minds not merely fairly, but absolutely, conclusive. The seeming sincerity of the man was no slight factor of strength, no doubt.

I especially remember Mr. Benjamin Spalding, of Chelmsford or Westford, a lay preacher, as very active in the work. He held a number of meetings in the schoolhouse in Middlesex Village, which were largely attended by the villagers more for curiosity I fear than from any other reason, for I do not remember that he made any converts. He was an earnest, pious soul, sincere I make no doubt, who aided his address by exhibiting a large chart on which were drawn men and beasts and a great mass of figures, having at the bottom as the final wind-up and result of the whole business the ominous and startling figures, 1843.

Preparations for the great event were of such a kind as hardly to be believed at the present day. Converts were taught that the righteous were to be caught up and safely cared for in some intermediate place above the world while the wicked planet and its wicked inhabitants were being destroyed, and that accomplished, they were to descend to earth, now purified, and the home of the blessed; another teaching of the early church. Ascension robes therefore were needed and prepared for this

great event. As an emblem of the purity of the wearers they were made of white material.

Miller's followers lost all interest in life except as it had reference to the end, made no preparation for themselves or families, as regards food, clothing, fuel, gathering or harvesting crops, because as they claimed, there would be no need for these necessities of life after October 22, 1843. It is absolutely true that unbelieving neighbors were obliged to gather and harvest the crops of Millerites and make provision for their families for the winter of 1843 and 1844.

Instances were common in which property, both real and personal, was disposed of by gift to friends or strangers, as useless, or of no value to owners in view of the impending doom; but how the donor expected the donee to enjoy or profit by the gift, as all were involved in the same general catastrophe, does not clearly appear. In the hurry and excitement of preparation for departure, that matter probably failed of consideration.

As I look back upon these days and recall these events it does not seem possible that they could have occurred in New England no longer ago than 1843.

I will conclude this account by relating a little incident which came under my notice. On the arrival of the great day, the 22nd of October, 1843, (by the way it was my birthday—12 years old), I was up early to see what would or would not happen. My father had arisen before me, and as I came out of doors, was saluting a neighbor, who was strongly suspected of being more than half a convert, with a pleasant "good morning." "Well, the day has arrived, Mr. ———, for the end of the world according to Miller," said my father in his bantering way. "I don't see that it gives any sign as yet of being in any way different from other days at this time of the year,—do you Mr. ———?" "Wall," said Mr. ———, "can't tell yit, little too soon I spose." Then giving a sniff he added, "Seems

to me I notice a kind of queer smell in the atmosphere, don't you?"

"Can't say I do," said my father, "What does it smell like?—not brimstone, I hope."

"Wall, no, not exactly that, but kind of peculiar, it seems to me. Wall! Wall! we can't tell yet,—too early I guess,—may be somethin' in it,—mebbe not,—can't say," and the half way convert ended the interview by entering his house to await events.

The Tyler muster field in Middlesex Village in my childhood was much larger than it is now. It embraced the whole territory extending from Black Brook westerly along Middlesex Street to its present westerly boundary. A number of houses have been built upon the easterly portion, a street has been built through it from Middlesex Street to Princeton Street, the remainder has been divided by two rows of bush hedges, so that this ancient parade ground, the scene of so many martial displays of the Massachusetts Militia, has been sadly curtailed of what were once fine and ample proportions. For many years this was a favorite muster field, being very level and well adapted for marching purposes, and conveniently located.

I can remember being taken by my father to the field during a muster, of seeing the marching troops, listening to the music of the bands, and the squealing of fifes and the rattle of drums. I recall walking along beside a long row of canvas booths, where oysters, gingerbread, pies, cider and Melvin's beer were doing a thriving business. I remember that my father pointed out to me a Lowell company which he said was the Lowell Phalanx, and I took so much notice of them that I am now able to describe their uniform, which was blue, with a Polish cap, from the top of which drooped a blue fountain plume.

The public were, as a rule, generally excluded from the parade ground by a line of sentries, but it was possible to get

by them if one were in uniform or a musician. The musicians were not in uniform, and it was necessary to carry about you, some musical instrument, to identify you as a member of the band. Accordingly, if any one were fortunate enough to own or borrow an old clarinet, key bugle, bassoon, trombone, or any other old musical affair (I believe they drew the line at fiddles) he was admitted as a musician. I remember hearing my father say that once while he was walking on the parade ground at a muster on the Tyler field, he met old Mr. John Kneettle, a boatman who lived in the village, who was carrying in his hand the slide of an immense bass trombone. Knowing old John could not play on anything except a pike pole or steering sweep, and amused at the sight, he asked what he was doing with the instrument, and to what band he belonged, to which old John replied, "I got in as music. A Townsend feller had an old trombone and he divided it, gave me one half and kept the other, and the guard passed us both, all right."

Now that I have mentioned Mr. Kneettle, I think I will give him a passing notice. He was for many years a boatman on the canal, and for some time captain of a boat. He lived in the village, and had a large family of sons and daughters. He was a man of a good deal of natural wit, was very industrious, but was chiefly remarkable, as I remember him, for his extraordinary gastronomic powers. I have heard no end of stories in regard to his food consuming performances, many of them mere exaggerations no doubt; but this one told me by his young son, Dan, who said he was present at the time, and of which he seemed rather proud, must, I think, be true.

Dan said his father came home one evening, after the rest of the family has supped, and sat down to a loaded table, and being as usual pretty sharp set, devoured every particle of food, including a whole chicken, and drank nine cups of tea. His wife then commenced frying doughnuts, and he ate them as fast as she fried, until he had eaten twenty-six, when finding

she could not get even one ahead, she threw down her frying fork in despair, and refused to fry more. Whereupon John rose from the table, declared he was hungry, and leaving the house walked down to the village store, and bought and ate two whole sheets of Bradt's molasses gingerbread. This was little Dan's story, and I have no doubt he told the truth.

Returning to the subject of musters. I remember attending a muster in North Chelmsford, when I was a small boy, in company with a neighbor boy of about my own age. We were each given a ninepence (12½ cents) by our respective fathers, to spend as we pleased, and we started off for the tented field bright and early.

I should have said that the evening before, the Morgan Rifle Company of Pelham, N. H., under the command of Capt. Gage, marched through the village on the way to the field. They attended by invitation, I suppose. The company was dressed in a dark uniform, with large shako caps, out of which towered a red and white fountain plume, and were armed with breech-loading rifles. The lieutenant of the company was my dear old friend, the late Gen. Atwood, who was a very fat man, and as he marched behind the command in martial stiffness, he excited the smiles of adults, and the derisive and, of course, grossly disrespectful laughter of the small boys, who called him the "fat hind-cap'n." I have no doubt it was the appearance of this fine company that quickened our desire to attend, and as I have said, we were off bright and early. The muster was held in the large field belonging to the Adams farm, north of the railroad, and was the same field afterwards used by Gen. Butler for a similar purpose.

I have no idea how we managed to get within the lines, but we certainly did so, without the aid of a divided trombone, and had a complete run of the whole field. Of course a great crowd was present, and there were, as usual, a

large number of booths used for the sale of oysters, gingerbread and all sorts of drinks. The companies present at this muster, as I remember, were the Lowell Phalanx, Groton Artillery, Marlboro' Rifles, Boxboro' Rifles, Townsend Light Infantry, and the Morgan Rifles.

During our peregrinations among the booths we had this experience. The day was warm and we became thirsty. Having a ninepence to spend, we looked about for some cooling drink. One stand displayed a number of large glasses containing; as the proprietor said, egg-nog, three cents a glass. Cheap enough. Now we boys had not the slightest idea of what egg-nog was composed. We knew of course that eggs entered into it, but what else we were ignorant. The drink looked inviting, it was not dear, and after some deliberation, we decided to have a glass of it. We each did so, and being thirsty, we drank it off at a draught, and in so doing imbibed a pretty stiff dose of New England rum. After the deed was done each looked at the other for full half a minute before speaking. I remember I broke the silence by saying to my companion, "John, that drink had rum in it." John's reply was equally positive, "Mine was as full of rum as could be."

What had we done? Here were two boys pledged to total abstinence, and prominent members of the Cold Water Army (I had carried a banner) drinking rum at a muster, violating our pledges, doing as drunkards do. O, it was a dreadful, a terrible fact! We solemnly pledged ourselves each to the other, never to disclose our awful secret. Fortunately we experienced no remarkable or ill effects from our unwitting tipping.

A closing feature of this muster was a sham fight, common in those days, and a number of the members of the Pelham company were injured by the bursting of their breech-loading guns. The twin brothers Currier, of Pelham, N. H., were musicians in the band of this company, one playing the drum, the other the fife.

The glass works of the Chelmsford Glass Company were located at Middlesex Village the same year the canal was opened, in 1804, and remained here until about 1840, when they were removed to Suncook, N. H. The reason for selecting Suncook was on account of its proximity to the sand bordering a pond which was deemed very valuable as a glass making stock. I believe this sand did not prove to be what was anticipated. I perfectly remember the old glass house and its surrounding buildings. One of the cottages for workmen remained standing until about a year ago when it was destroyed by fire. The chimneys are still standing. Mr. William Parker was the agent and chief owner and he lived in a two-story house still standing, but somewhat changed in appearance, just south of the works, which were nearly under the great elm tree, between the road and the canal, the latter being to the west. The main building was 124 feet long and 62 feet wide.

Mr. Allen in his history of Chelmsford says that in 1820 there were appertaining to the manufactory about 20 families, consisting of 40 men, 20 women and 40 children,—100 in all. I think this number was very much reduced some years before the removal of the works. There were, as I have said, other buildings used in carrying on the works. One of these, called a pot-house, being situated near the present southwest corner of Baldwin and Princeton Streets. Nearby was a building called a mixing house, where the proportion of materials was adjusted by experts.

Most of the workmen engaged in the blowing and other higher operations of manufacture were Germans. Mr. Remme, whose memory as well as that of his wife and adopted daughter, is so dear to some of us, was a German, and for some time superintendent. Mr. Hirsch, the father of Mrs. Ephraim Moore, who lived on Pine Street and recently deceased, was a German. Of course you have all seen or read the singular epitaph on the gravestone of Mr. Stickelmire, in the old Chelmsford burial

ground:—Mr. Stickelmire was a German and at one time superintendent.

When a little boy, I can distinctly remember going into the glass house and observing the work of glass blowing. The children who lived near the works were in the habit of bringing to school what we called "glass crackers," which were made by letting a drop of molten glass fall into water which suddenly cooling entangles a small amount of air. On breaking the slender portion, the thing breaks with quite a loud report. Of course we now recognize the familiar Rupert drop of the natural philosophies. Some children used to come to school with their pockets filled with these little Ruperts. They were not at all dangerous, the explosion causing the glass to take the form of a fine powder.

Mr. Eben Adams, who lived and died in the first house on the left from Middlesex Street, and familiarly known to many of us as "Uncle Eben," was the clerk and bookkeeper of the concern. Mr. Fred S. Geer, well known to Lowell people, so long in the employment of J. & J. M. Pearson, and who died only a short time ago, was a glass cutter at these works. The glass still in use in many of the old houses in this vicinity was manufactured at these works. Most of the glass in my own house is Chelmsford make.

The canal was a great convenience to these glass works. The canal boats bringing wood, sand, potash and other materials consumed by the works, were unloaded at the doors.

I remember a fire which occurred at the glass house when I was a small boy, and of seeing the little Phoenix engine doing duty in playing on the fire. This little hand engine was filled with water by passing buckets from the canal. I remember standing with a group of children and seeing my father in the line of bucket passers.

The old "Phoenix" engine company was an organization long connected with Middlesex Village, and was at one time

in its history, for the times, a pretty efficient body. I do not know the exact date of its origin; it was, probably, some time in the '20s. It held its regular meetings in the tavern, and was composed of most of the active male residents of the village. My father was at one time captain of the company, and while under his command, it did good service at a fire in North Chelmsford, at Leach's foundry.

The engine was a small hand machine, which threw water with considerable force, but had no suction hose, and was filled by connecting links of buckets or pails. Most of the members had leather fire-buckets, inscribed with the names or initials of the owner, which, when not in use, were hung in the hall of the house. Some of these old fire-buckets are still to be seen. Not long ago I saw hanging over the big fire-place in the entrance hall of the Profile House at Franconia, N. H., the fire-buckets of our old neighbor, Mr. Samuel F. Wood, who was an uncle of Mrs. Greenleaf, the wife of the landlord.

The fire-buckets of Captain Nathan Tyler still hang in the hall of the Tyler mansion on Middlesex Street.

The old fire company maintained a sort of struggling existence until about the middle of the '50s, but died at last, and the engine was disposed of as old junk. The last public appearance of the old machine was at a fireman's parade in Lowell, when it attracted much attention. The fire ladders of the company were kept in a low, long, narrow shed, between the church and the hotel carriage-shed.

Mr. Francis Weaver and Mr. Baruch, both natives of Germany and both conscripted to serve in Bonaparte's army in Spain, from which service they deserted to this country, were employed at the glass house. Mr. Weaver, whose German name was Weber, as he once told me, was the grandfather of Mr. Frank L. Weaver of our water board.

The hat manufactory of Bent & Bush, at one time one of the largest in the country, was carried on in Middlesex Village

in two buildings. The silk plush hat, now worn, did not appear until about 1840. The beaver hat bodies were felted, dyed and prepared for finishing in a two-storied building which stood on the north side of Black Brook and westerly side of Baldwin Street, at a point where the brook crosses the street. In this shop were the felting kettles, around which a number of workmen were employed in making hat bodies by taking the light fur in flannel cloths, and by repeated dippings in the hot water, and rollings between the flannels, a felted three-cornered unshaped hat was produced. I believe all this work is now done by a machine. Many times I have stood at a hat-board and watched Mr. Nolte or Mr. Gilmor make a hat body. I could just look over the edge of the felting board.

The bowing room, as it was called, was in the second story. Here the hat fur was bowed by large bows with catgut strings into a light and fluffy mass. This was done in little alcoves, which prevented the blowing away of the light material.

With my dog Prince, I used to dig out muskrats in the Howard intervale, and sell them to Mr. Bent for a shilling, 16 and 2/3 cents apiece, to be used for hat fur. The fur was much esteemed for that purpose. The hat bodies, after being dyed, were washed of waste dye and other matter in the running brook. The unshaped hat was placed upon the end of a wooden pole and repeatedly dipped in the water until sufficiently cleansed. The sight of uncle John Hathaway at work dipping hats in the manner described is very fresh in my memory.

Many of the journeymen hatters were pretty hard and regular drinkers, if John Swett, the firm's man of all work, may be believed. He said he used to take a basket full of pint bottles to the village store to be filled every morning; and that one morning he carried forty-one.

The hat bodies, of which I have spoken, before they were sent to the finishing shop, were carefully gone over with a pair

of sharp tweezers thereby removing any long hairs in the surface of the nap, and one of my earliest recollections is that of seeing Clarissa Howard, sitting at the open window of the south chamber of the old Willard Howard house, picking hats, as it was called.

While these reminiscences have special reference to early life at Middlesex Village, I venture to speak of a childhood experience, a visit I made to the old town of Salem, in the company of my father in 1837. The special object of our visit was to see our dear old family friend and pastor, Dr. Packard, who was then residing there with his married daughter. We went by rail to Boston, riding in the English compartment cars of the Boston & Lowell road, then in use. From East Boston we rode to Salem over the Eastern road, which had just been completed as far as Salem. On the Eastern road we found and rode in new-fashioned cars, which we entered at the ends, in the present style; but they were not more than twenty-five or thirty feet long, and of course without the present monitor roofs so important in ventilation. I remember the brakes were applied by standing on a foot brake like that at present applied to a coach or mountain wagon.

The Salem tunnel was building at the time of our visit, I think the date given on the entrance arch as the year of its completion is 1837. My father, who had a natural taste for mechanics and engineering, was much interested in the work of building this tunnel, which, strange as it may seem to us today, was thought a very remarkable undertaking, and in company with our host and myself gave it a careful inspection.

I remember also that during our visit, the dear old doctor pointed out to us the localities connected with the celebrated White murder, which occurred April 6, 1830, the house of Mr. White, where the cruel act was perpetrated by Dick Crowninshield,—the church steps under which he concealed the bludgeon with which he struck the fatal blow, and other places associated

with this atrocious crime, one of the most thoroughly wicked, cold-blooded and awful tragedies to be found in the annals of crime.

We were also taken to the East India Museum, and shown the interesting exhibits there, and then we went on board two ships, Indiamen, lying at the wharf. I remember the doctor said the vessels were the property of Mr. Phillips. Possibly he may have referred to Hon. Stephen C. Phillips, member of Congress, father of the late Attorney General.

I have been in Salem a great many times since, but I never go there without being reminded of my first visit, so many years ago.

The extraordinary presidential election of 1840, with its unprecedented appeals to the passions and prejudices of voters, its outrageous personalities, and all its clap-trap instrumentalities to beguile support, adopted by the successful party, electing old Gen. Harrison, his imposing inauguration, his death the month following, and the funeral obsequies held in Lowell, are as fresh in my memory as the events of the last election of President McKinley.

They were held throughout the country on the 14th of May. The day in this vicinity opened cloudy and threatening, but it was not until the middle of the forenoon that rain began to fall. Although at the time only nine years old, I received permission from my parents to accompany an older boy, a neighbor lad, to the city to witness the display, or perhaps I should say, ceremonies.

There was at that time in our neighboring town of Westford, a military company called the Westford Rifle Company, and this company had for its place of company rendezvous for the day, to prepare for the march into the city, the old Middlesex Tavern, still standing. The members of the company came in vehicles to this place of meeting, and as they entered the tavern to prepare for the march, and, possibly, to refresh themselves

at the tavern bar, they placed their arms against the side of the hotel under the front southeast window, where we boys gave them a very careful inspection. The company was called, as I have said, a rifle company, but, in truth, their arms were of a most miscellaneous character. There were a few rifles, but most of them were shot guns of all sizes, lengths of barrel, and shape of breech. The company wore a very good looking uniform, the cap being a heavy leather shako, topped by a fountain plume, of what color I cannot now remember. They were provided with a sort of band, consisting of a snare drum, a bass drum, a fife, and other instruments of which I remember a trombone, a key-bugle and a clarinet.

The company was paraded on the green in front of the old hay scales, and when the order to march was given the band struck up a lively moving air, and the Westford Rifles, accompanied by a crowd of men and boys, the latter, of whom I was one, closely flanking the band, a custom among boys which still obtains, I notice, at the present time, marched towards Lowell, entering town by way of the "new road," as it was called, now Middlesex Street.

Middlesex Street west of School Street in 1841 had but few houses until it reached Black Brook. The Chelmsford line ran down hill by the present residence of Mr. Livingston, crossed just west of Mr. Christopher Baron's, and ended at the river a little southwest of the junction of Pawtucket Street. With the exception of the Spalding house and the large double brick-ended house, so long known as the Horn & Allen residence, there were no houses on the north side, and not a single house on the south side. South of Middlesex Street on the heights of Wilder Street, was a great sand hill.

When we reached the city my companion and myself, desiring to secure a favorable place from which to see the procession, left our bucolic military, and hurried down Middlesex Street to Central Street, the soldiers, as I remember, turning

down Thorndike Street into Dutton Street, and so on, to take their place in the escort. We found the houses and shops clad in mourning decorations, flags at half-mast, while the damp, dismal atmosphere of the cloudy early spring day served to accentuate the general gloom. To add to the wretched state of things, the rain began to fall. We waited a long time in a crowd of people near Tower's Corner for the procession to appear, which at last it did, the military escort, including our embattled farmers of Westford, being in the advance. A band of music, I presume it was the old Lowell Brass Band, played a funeral march, and the soldiers marched with arms reversed. Aside from its being an accepted sign of mourning, it was the very best way to carry them under the circumstances—for the rain poured hard enough to fill the gun barrels had they been carried upright.

I remember hearing it said that Tappan Wentworth was chief marshal, but it might have been Mr. John Smith for anything we cared. Our interest, boy fashion, centered in the trainers, as we called them, particularly in Col. Jefferson Bancroft who commanded them, and who I then thought and still think was one of the finest looking men I ever saw in uniform. He wore a blue coat with silver epaulets and trimmings and a red sash. On his head was a chapeau-bras, and red and white plume.

My cousin, Captain James Mitchell Varnum, long a resident of Manchester, N. H., and only recently deceased, commanded the Mechanic Phalanx. In their grey uniforms, faced with black, brass trimmed leather shakos, and white fountain plumes, the old phalanx looked finer to me on that occasion than at any time since, and I was one of them in '58.

Among the companies in the escort was one from Boston called the Highlanders, in Scotch uniform. Their picturesque dress was something new, and the officers carried swords which were basket-hilted. The interest which this company excited

on this occasion led to the formation soon afterwards of the National Highlanders, long a local company of some of the finest young fellows in the city.

Just about the time when the procession reached Central Street the rain fell in torrents. We of course had no umbrella, and were soon thoroughly wet. I do not remember much about the civil part of the pageant, and we had no special interest in the funeral oration which was expected to be delivered by Hon. Caleb Cushing on the land then vacant between John and Bridge Streets, now occupied by the Boott boarding houses. Mr. Cushing did not appear and Dr. Blanchard filled his place. We visited the spot, but found that on account of the rain the exercises were to take place at the city hall. We wandered about wet, hungry and miserable, trying to make the best of a pretty wretched day, and were finally found by my father in a crowd in front of the old city hall listening to the playing of a band. It was a dangerous experience for two small boys at that time of the year and I wonder we survived it.

The Lowell Advertiser, then published by Abijah Watson, commenting upon the occasion in its issue of May 21st, used these words: "But in view of the whole matter, we are involuntarily led to the solemn enquiry; did Providence intend the shower which broke in on our exercises as a rebuke upon us for this species of idolatry, or for the hollow heartedness with which the outward show of sorrow were attended? Or were the clouds of heaven made to weep in unison with the solemnities of the day."

Certainly these were profound speculative inquiries which it would take the wisdom of Capt. Jack Bunsby properly to answer.

Another event which I distinctly recall, for it made a deep impression on my mind, is that of a trip I made when a very little boy in company with my mother on the steamboat

"Herald" up the river to Nashua. The "Herald" was placed on the river in 1835, and I am sure it was that year, or the one following, that we took the trip.

I remember the day perfectly. It was a beautiful one in early summer, and we walked from our home down the river road, it was then called the old road, to distinguish it from Middlesex Street, which was then called the "new road," to the landing west of the Pawtucket canal. We went in company with a niece of my mother and her daughter, and when we reached two ash trees which stood on the bank of the river just opposite the present intersection of Pawtucket Street and Broadway,—one is still standing, we were met by our relatives, who had walked up to meet us, and with them walked down to the steamboat landing, which was at a wharf just west of the most westerly ice house of the Daniel Gage Company. A small cottage house was near the landing and I believe it is still standing, unless it has recently been removed. I remember we waited some minutes for the steamboat to come in, and how startled I was at the noise caused by the escaping steam.

The ride up the river is very clear in my memory. We had seats on deck, and my mother pointed out to me various points as we rode along. I do not remember a single incident of our stay in Nashua, but I recall as though it were but yesterday that, on the trip back, I was taken below by some one, and shown the working of the crank worked by a walking beam, and noticed the strong smell of oil and steam which pervaded the engine room. It is the absolute truth that I never go on board a steamboat and smell the usual odors which prevail on them without recalling my first steamboat ride when five years old. I am reminded of the words of John Bunyan in his "Holy War," that "the soul hath five gates through which she holdeth par lance with the outer world. And correspondent with these outer gates from the sensible world in space, mescemeth, are as many inner gates into the inner invisible world of thought and time; which

inner gates open simultaneously with the outer, by the same spring. But of all the mystic springs which unlock the wondrous inward world, none act with such swift, secret magic as those of the Gate of Odors."

Mr. Cowley in his history says that the "Herald" was taken off the river in 1836 and sold. I perfectly remember that it was taken out of the water, placed on rollers, and taken down the river below Hunt's falls, where it was again placed in the river on its way to Newburyport. While it was being moved down Pawtucket Street I rode down the street with my father in an old-fashioned chaise, and when we passed it, we were obliged to throw back the chaise hood to enable the carriage to pass under the guard of the boat.

The public lecture, that fine educational institution, which reached full bloom in the late '50s, in which Bayard Taylor, Beecher, Holmes, Emerson, Curtis, Theo. Parker, Phillips, Chapin, and many others found fame and money and their audiences instruction and delight, had hardly taken root in the early '40s. We had lectures now and then in the winter months.

I remember when a lad, attending two lectures at North Chelmsford. One was given by Dr. Elisha Huntington, at the time Mayor of Lowell, and his subject was an account of his experiences in the early settlement of Ohio. I remember it was full of anecdote and graphic description and I enjoyed it very much. The other lecture was by a young Lowell lawyer, just then beginning to be known in his profession, named Benjamin F. Butler. His subject was "Aaron Burr." I was too young to be much interested in it. I once reminded the General of this early effort, and he said he remembered the lecture, but his opinions had undergone much change since he prepared it.

I also remember attending a lecture in the hall of the old tavern on "Electricity" during which experiments were made with an electrical stool. B. F. Foster, of pig raising memory,

who lived on Pine Street, was placed on the stool, and his hair stood up on his head like the quills of a porcupine.

I can easily recall the excitement in the literary and reading world when Charles Dickens began his extraordinary career. How we laughed over the rich scenes of the *Pickwick Papers*, the broad humor of which immortal work was such a surprise and delight to the English reading world. I remember reading it aloud to my father when it first appeared and he nearly went into convulsions of laughter over it. It was too much for him and I had to close the book.

Then followed *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby* and the *Old Curiosity Shop*. I remember the world's first tears over Little Nell, and they have been falling ever since.

Dickens' visit to this country and to Lowell in 1842 is very fresh in my memory. I did not see him,—I was then a lad of ten, but I remember the interest his presence occasioned.

It may be remarked that Dickens began the writing of the *Pickwick Papers* in 1835 but did not complete the work until 1837.

With the exception of the development of the inland steam navigation by Fulton and his coadjutors, almost all the wonderful discoveries, inventions, and change-working improvements of the 19th century were produced, at least so far as this country was concerned, since the '30s, and a large majority of these since 1840, and within the memory of men still living.

I will speak of some of these contributions which have done so much for man's development, and for his comfort and enjoyment, by telling what we did *not* have when I was a boy, and anterior to 1841. I shall probably omit many things, if I do so, please remind me.

We did not have telegraphs, telephones, phonographs (1839), daguerreotypes (1841), photographs, typewriters, sewing machines, steel pens, electric lights, kerosene oil, horse cars

for street travel or the perfected trolley car, ocean steamers— (the first Cunarder crossed in 1841), iron or steel ships for merchant service, or for naval purposes, and no armored war vessels, no Pullman sleepers or drawing room cars, no smokeless powder, no rifled cannon, or breech loading ordinance or fire-arms, or Colt's revolvers, no power printing presses, or pianolas, no labor unions and of course no strikes, no linotypes, no anaesthetics, no anti-toxin, no Roentgen or Violet ray, no electric motors, bicycles, auto bicycles, no auto cars or boats, wireless telegraphy, opera bouffe, dime magazines, penny newspapers or oleomargerine, no Sunday newspapers, no postage stamps, no envelopes. We had Melvin's beer but no Moxie. No turbine water wheels, gas or naphtha engines, turbine engines, compound, triple or quadruple expansion steam engines, no subterranean or subaqueous tunnels, no sky-scrapers, no power hay cutters or tedders or grain reapers or threshers, no stereopticons, steam fire-engines, fire alarm telegraphs, golf or women's clubs, elliptic carriage springs or ship propellers. We had balloons but no flying machines, no cash-carriers or registers, no greenbacks, no Christian Science, no graft, no electrocution for capital crimes, no probation system for criminal offenders, no elective system in our colleges, and consequently it was not in those days possible for the student to receive the degree of A. B. on a course of English Literature, 190 pounds in weight, and the ability to slug in a game of foot-ball. And it may be added that the parents of those days were more interested in knowing that their sons left college with a full head or quarter head, and not as now, whether they graduate a full-back or quarter-back. But notwithstanding we had none of these things, and the list is not complete by any means, we thought we were getting along pretty well.

Our foreign population in the '30s was comparatively small, and confined to English, Scotch, Irish, and German. The cosmopolitan character of this city is seen in the fact that the following additional nationalities are with us today: French

Canadians, Continental French, Belgians, Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Italians, Portuguese, Austrians, Armenians, Finns, Turks, Syrians, Greeks, Poles, Russians, Lithuanians, Hebrews, Arabians, Dutch, Japanese, Chinese, Phillipinos. All these nationalities, in large or small numbers, are with us today and the numbers of some of them are increasing with the arrival of every transatlantic steamship.

Let me pause here to say that to have been permitted to live through more than seven decades of this world's history so prolific in practical discoveries which have contributed so largely to human comfort, improvement and happiness, is a privilege for which men and women of my age should feel, and do feel, devoutly grateful.

Having lived through this extraordinary period of human history, and having shared in the benefits and advantages which the period has afforded us, we are prepared to believe and to prophecy that the coming century will be filled with discoveries grander even than that which has passed.

Before I close this paper permit me to refer to some humbler and homelier matters.

It perhaps will be a matter of surprise to some of the younger of my hearers that when I was a child, before 1840, the greater part of the cooking of the family was done before an open fire. I can easily recall the time when my mother did nearly all her family cooking in this manner, and it was not until 1838 that cooking stoves can be said to have been common in New England kitchens. The installation of a cooking stove was an event in family history which I can distinctly remember. It was the Woolson's patent, and I can see it now standing on its scroll ornamented bowed legs.

Baking was done either in a Dutch oven, in a tin baking oven in front of the fire, or in the large brick oven, which was placed alongside the fireplace. This brick oven had a flue connecting it with the throat of the chimney, and was heated by

building in it a brisk wood fire which bringing it to a proper temperature was carefully removed, and the oven was ready for use. Beans and pastry, puddings and like dishes, were admirably cooked in these old brick ovens. The other operations of cooking were done before the open fire, such as broiling, frying, roasting, while boiling of meats and vegetables or of water was done in kettles suspended from hooks attached to a crane which swung over the fire.

Of course the fuel was wood, coal not coming into general use until about the latter part of the '40s.

The first matches I can remember were ignited by drawing them through a piece of sand paper which accompanied the box.

We had fire frames and Franklin stoves, but the air-tight stove did not come into use until about 1840. The first one which I remember stood in our parlor, and was the invention of Rev. S. W. Hanks, pastor of the John Street Church. The wood was placed perpendicularly into a cast iron cylinder opening at the top, and which was surrounded by a sheet-iron casing with a hot air space between. It was a poor affair, and was soon superseded by better patterns. The wood was not easily ignited, and as the cover had to be removed to allow feeding fresh fuel, it was impossible to remove it when the fire was burning without a holder. I have burned my fingers many times in removing the cover of Hanks' air-tight stove.

Artificial light was produced by the burning of whale oil in glass lamps, portable and stationary, the latter called astral or solar. These lamps were nasty and evil smelling, and gave a steady but poor light. They were constantly drawing up more oil than they burned, and were, on that account, disagreeable to handle. Burning fluid, as it was called, a dangerously explosive compound, took the place for some time of whale oil, and immediately preceded the use of mineral or what was called kerosene oil. Tallow candles were also used to some extent.

The good old family tailoress must not be forgotten, dear old soul. In the autumn she went from family to family, cutting and making winter clothing for the male members of the family. How well I recall that eventful week in the year, the cutting, the sewing, the fitting, the pressing, the hot goose and beeswax! In the tailoring line we generally had a week or ten days of good plump Miss Shedd of Chelmsford, who gave us all the news over at the Centre, or Miss Sarah Parker, who lived on Pine Street, a shy, gentle, kindly natured, single lady.

I close this rambling paper of reminiscences fully aware that many of them are perhaps of a trifling and unimportant character, and possibly of little use in affording those sidelights of history sometimes found in autobiography, which are to some extent valuable as being original, suggestive, or confirmatory. I have sought to combine some local history with personal childhood experiences, and if I have not succeeded in being instructive, it may be I have not wholly failed in awakening an interest in early times on the part of those who have kindly given me their attention. I have not presented these sketches with the idea that my own youth is of any more importance than that of any one else,—you know me too well for that, I trust, but because I believe it is the duty of every man or woman to do this very thing. I have, indeed, such an interest in this sort of writing, that I venture to express the hope that others, more competent than myself, will feel stimulated to take other neighborhoods in our vicinity, and, if it is not too presuming in me to say so, in a generally similar and I hope more entertaining manner, talk about their youthful days. If I have at times allowed myself to fall into any levity, if that is the word, unbecoming my age or my theme, you will please remember that I have all my life sympathized with the laughing demand of Gratiano in the Merchant of Venice,—

“Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?”

LIST OF PAPERS READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY IN 1907.

"The Early Settlements at Jamestown." Greenleaf C. Brock. Read May 8, 1907.

"The Life and Public Services of Hon. John Hay." Solon W. Stevens, Esq. Read May 8, 1907.

"Early Special Legislation relating to Lowell and Vicinity." Hon. Samuel P. Hadley. Read October 9, 1907.

"Centennial Anniversary of John Greenleaf Whittier." Addresses of Alden P. White and others. December 11, 1907.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR 1907-1908.

PREPARED AND READ BY SOLON W. STEVENS, PRESIDENT,
FEBRUARY 12, 1908.

The time has arrived when it becomes necessary according to the by-laws for the Executive Committee to present by the President of the Society "a detailed report of the affairs and condition of the Society since the last annual meeting." The details relative to the financial condition of the Society, as well as the details of its properties and donations, are not included in this report. These matters are left to the jurisdiction of the Treasurer and the Librarian respectively.

The Society has recently published in pamphlet form, Part I of Volume I of the "Contributions" of the Society, copies of which as far as possible have been distributed among the members of the organization. It is an exceedingly interesting publication because of the many items of local and historical information which have been thus made accessible by the ability and the research of the writers on the different subjects therein presented.

It has been often said, and the remark will with propriety bear frequent repetition, that no reliable and complete history of Lowell will ever be written without a patient and thorough mastery of the different data afforded in the several volumes of the "Contributions" of the Lowell Historical Society. This statement in its comprehensive meaning will sometime be appreciated more highly than it is at present.

On the evening of May 8, 1907, Mr. Greenleaf C. Brock read an interesting and instructive paper on the "Early Settlements at Jamestown, Williamsburgh, and Yorktown," together with personal reminiscences of the Peninsular Campaign in the late Civil War. This paper gave evidence of wide reading and thorough preparation relative to the subjects treated, while the fact that the writer was a soldier in the Union Army in the "Peninsular Campaign," and therefore an eye-witness and a

participant in the scenes described, gave a peculiar interest to the "reminiscences" so vividly portrayed.

At this meeting also, an address was delivered by the President of the Society, Mr. Solon W. Stevens, on "The life and public services of the Hon. John Hay, late Secretary of State," who was a college classmate and life-long friend of the speaker. Although the subjects thus presented for consideration of this meeting had no relation to the history of Lowell or its adjacent towns, they were intimately connected with a critical period in American history, and on this account, together with a recognition of the personal relation between subject and speaker in both instances, were deemed worthy of grateful acceptance.

The Centennial of the Birth of John Greenleaf Whittier was observed by the Lowell Historical Society at its stated meeting, Wednesday evening, December 11, 1907, in Memorial Hall, in accordance with the following programme.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS by the President, Solon W. Stevens, Esq.

HYMN—Written by Whittier, sung by High Street Church Choir

ADDRESS—Hon. Alden P. White, of Salem

READING of selections from Whittier's Poems

HYMN—High Street Church Choir

ADDRESS by Judge Charles Cowley, "Whittier in Lowell"

READING of Lucy Larcom's tribute to Whittier, written in 1877.

HYMN—High Street Church Choir

The selections from Whittier's poems were read by two High School pupils, the Misses Roper and Phillips, and the Hon. Samuel P. Hadley read Lucy Larcom's tribute to Whittier.

John Greenleaf Whittier in 1844 became for a short time a resident of Lowell as the editor and publisher of the "Middlesex

Standard," of which paper the only known file in existence is in the library of the Lowell Historical Society. It contains his articles entitled "A Stranger in Lowell." The meeting was very satisfactory and peculiarly interesting, and a large and attentive audience was present.

As far as can be ascertained there have been nine deaths in this organization since its last annual meeting.

Dr. Samuel Lawrence, for many years a practitioner of dentistry, died suddenly on the 16th of February, 1907, in a grocery store on Bridge Street, Centralville, from heart disease. He was born in Peterboro, N. H., January 29, 1823. He had been a resident of Lowell for the greater portion of his life. He was eighty-four years of age at the time of his decease. He was a democrat and had served in the Common Council of Lowell. He was also for many years a member of the Middlesex North Agricultural Society. He had the reputation not only of being a skillful dentist, but he was universally regarded as a man of sterling honesty and integrity of character.

It is said that during the civil war he visited the camp of the 33rd Massachusetts regiment, and brought many letters and delicacies for the soldiers from their friends at home. On his return he was entrusted with \$33,000, contributed in small amounts by members of different companies to be sent from Washington in letters to relatives in various sections of the country. So faithfully did he discharge this trust that every cent of the money reached the homes of the soldiers' friends in safety. As an acknowledgment of his fidelity he was elected on honorary member of the 33rd Massachusetts regiment.

Miss Abby Frances Davis died at a private hospital in Boston on February 26, 1907, at the age of fifty-seven years. Her home was at No. 80 Howard Street in this city. She was an estimable woman, and particularly accomplished in the art of painting. Among her friends she is lovingly remembered for her gentle ways.

Mr. William H. I. Hayes died June 30, 1907, at his home 790 Merrimack Street at the age of fifty-nine years. He was born in Boston on the 21st of June, 1848. By enlistment when only thirteen years old, and by subsequent re-enlistments he was a soldier in the Union service throughout the whole period of the Civil war.

On account of being one of the very youngest soldiers who ever carried a gun, his comrades gave him the nickname, "Old Hundred." He was well known as a successful manufacturer and dealer of cigars. He was in his twelfth year as a representative at the State House when he died. He was an active and influential member of the Legislature, and noted for his wit, his positive opinions and his sharp repartee. A large delegation from the Legislature was present at his funeral. He was widely known, he had hosts of friends, and will be greatly missed.

Miss Sophia P. Wetherbee died at her home, 29 Kirk Street on the morning of June 10, 1907, at the age of eighty-one years. She was the daughter of the late Deacon Asa Wetherbee and was for many years a teacher in the Bartlett school. She was a very intelligent lady, an enthusiastic worker in the Kirk Street Congregational Church, and the possessor of much valuable information relative to the early history of Lowell, and she was never weary of repeating for others anecdotes and stories of people and things that were characteristic of our city many years ago.

Mr. Jacob Bagley Currier died on the 8th of November, 1907, at the age of seventy-eight years. He was one of our oldest citizens and was widely known in the business life of our city. He was born in Amesbury October 3, 1829, and came to Lowell in 1848. For several years he was engaged in model and pattern making, and there are in the patent office at Washington, D. C., several models which are the work of his hand.

One of the most widely known inventions of Mr. Currier was the Currier system of counting Australian ballots, a system still in vogue with excellent and accurate results.

He was best known however, as an undertaker, in which line of business he remained until the day of his death. Notwithstanding the serious business which he conducted so successfully, he possessed in a large degree a spirit of fun, and in conversation was very fond of telling some laughable story, or propounding some conundrum which often caused his listener to see the ludicrous side of many subjects ordinarily deemed commonplace and sad. He followed his ancestry back to the remotest periods and was never weary of studying the problems of genealogy. He was a familiar figure on the streets of our city, and had been a sympathetic servant in many of our homes at times when the inmates sat in tears, and he will be missed by many people as a personal friend.

Mr. William H. Ward was instantly killed by the falling of a derrick boom at Groton on November 28, 1907. He was born in Newton, October 14, 1829. He was known throughout New England as a contractor and as one of the best bridge-builders in the eastern part of the country. He was a member of the Eliot Congregational Church, and a Union veteran. He was a man of strong intellectual tastes, was for several years a teacher in the public schools of the state, and today his memory is honored as that of "one who stands as a type of old New England, whose quality of manhood made New England famous, and has shed a healthful influence over all America."

Miss Melinda Caroline Shaw died of pneumonia at her home in Westford, January 5, 1908, at the age of ninety-three years. She was born in Farmington Falls, Maine, April 12, 1815, and was the seventh of twelve children of John P. and Lucy G. (Flint) Shaw. Her father was born in Brentwood, N. H., and served in the Revolutionary war, and settled in

Farmington in 1803, where he put into operation the first two carding machines introduced into that town. Her mother was the daughter of Dr. Thomas Flint, who was a cousin of Daniel Webster, and a surgeon in the Revolutionary army. After graduating from the Bloomfield Academy in Maine, she was appointed a teacher in the Boys' Reformatory in Maine and held that position for twenty-five years, and although she had many boys in her charge, she maintained the best of discipline for she governed her pupils by love.

Miss Shaw was a woman of fine character and rare intellect and blessed with perfect health, and she preserved her delicate beauty and all her faculties to the end of her long life. She was a sister of Mrs. Charlotte A. Stone, wife of the late Zina E. Stone, and well known to many of the older people of this city. She and another sister, Mrs. Mary A. Davis, recently deceased, had lived together for many years in Westford. Her funeral was attended by many friends, and she was buried in the Fair View cemetery in that town.

Mr. Person Noyes, one of our oldest citizens, died January 8, 1908, at the home of his brother in Pike, N. H., at the age of a little more than eighty years. He was born in Haverhill, N. H., and came to Lowell in 1846, and secured employment in what was then known as the Suffolk Mills. He afterwards became identified with the furniture business, and also became interested in many patents.

He was for more than forty years a faithful member of the First Baptist Church in this city. He was an enterprising and successful business man in his prime, and personally was genial and companionable, and enjoyed the esteem of many friends.

Charles Cowley, Esq., died at his home on the 6th of February, 1908, at the age of seventy-six years.

He was born in Eastington, Gloucestershire, England, January 9, 1832, and came to Massachusetts with his family in his youth and settled in Lowell. He was educated in the public schools of this city. In 1854 he entered the office of Josiah G. Abbott, Esq., and Samuel A. Brown, Esq., as a student of law and was admitted to the bar in 1856. He has been prominently identified with many interests appertaining to the welfare of the city, and was the author of the first History of Lowell which was ever published, beside many occasional addresses.

In June of 1864 he was transferred from his position as paymaster on board the monitor *Lehigh*, and attached to the staff of Admiral Dahlgren on the flagship *Philadelphia*, with whom he remained until the close of the war as general law officer of the South Atlantic blockading squadron. Mr. Cowley was in many respects a very remarkable man. He was a lawyer, a judge advocate in the naval service, a Union veteran, an author, and a man of scholarly tastes and instincts. He had a wonderful memory. He was a man of strong mental capacity, very marked in his likes and dislikes, inflexible in his opinions, somewhat prone to controversy, appreciative of kindness manifested, courteous, and by his family and those who were privileged to know him intimately, highly loved and esteemed.

He was a prominent member of this Society, and an ardent well-wisher for its prosperity. We shall miss him at our meetings in the future. He had his peculiarities, and who of us is exempt, but he was a man of ideas, wide reading, and so far as the early history of Lowell is concerned, he probably possessed more information than anyone at present living. In the presence of relatives, comrades, friends and representatives of the Lowell Historical Society, while the bitter north winds were blowing and with the snows of winter for a covering, he was laid at rest in his dreamless bed.

Thus one by one as the years go by, familiar faces drop from sight forever. Let there be words of kindness for the dead, and words of hope for the living! There is work to be done and the workers must be willing to do their best. And when summoned hence let each be found at the post of duty with armor buckled on!

Respectfully submitted.

SOLON W. STEVENS,
President.

Lowell, February 12, 1908.

THE SNOW-SHOE SCOUTS. BY GEORGE WALDO BROWNE. READ
FEBRUARY 12, 1908.

It is my purpose this evening to speak briefly of that little band of men whose names have become enrolled on the historic pages of early New England as "The Snow-Shoe Scouts;" the men who were foremost among the pioneers in breaking the wilderness of the Merrimack Valley; the men whose log cabins were the homes of the first actual settlers north of this city; the men whose clearings were the windows in the primeval forest to first let in the sunlight of these northern skies upon this paradise of the red men; the men whose rough-walled meeting houses, reared on the pine-templed hills, were the first to declare to the coming generations that their ancestors were a God-fearing people.

Sitting here in the enjoyment of the pleasures and privileges of a civilized life, coming from the homes of a Christian community, and protected by the laws of a free government, it is not easy to comprehend that within the span of two lives that scene was the heart of an unpeopled wildwood; where the lofty pine lifted high its sombre plumes in defiance of the woodsman's axe; where the sedgy vine bound in its relentless folds the oaken freeman of the forest; where the Merrimack ran its race unvexed from mountain to the sea; where by day the hungry bear crept forth from its lonely lair, and by night the stealthy panther prowled upon the footsteps of its prey; where, from sun to sun, the timid deer followed its flight, unfearing the shadow of a human being; when and where, unchallenged by the rumble of factory wheels or the thunder of street traffic, the silence of the solitude was broken only by the myriad voices of nature—the murmur of running waters, the sighing of the winds, the trill of the forest songster, the plaint of a belated fox, the laughter of the loon—blending in harmonious concert, the softer notes drowned at intervals by the harsh tremolo of some wandering wolf.

If two hundred years ago only an occasional red man, like a shadow of departed greatness, lingered around these old familiar scenes, the Merrimack valley had been in truth the great battle ground of the aboriginal races. Here, the natural heir of Nature's realm, the lordly Penacook, had threaded the dim aisles of its wild arcades, his snowy canoe had vied with the foam upon its broken waters, his war-cry had awakened the fastnesses of its far-reaching forests, his council fires starred the Plutonian night of the barbaric wilderness long ere the white sails of Columbus' caravels had dotted the distant main; long ere the ravens of the Norsemen had flaunted their dark wings on the sedgy shores of Old Vineland; ay, long ere the most learned cosmographer of the Old World had dreamed of a land and a people beyond the untraversed seas. Here, was sounded up and down the country from the mysterious West, the wild alarum of battle from their ancient and deadly enemies, the Romans of America, the Mohawks. Here, from the Brave Lands of the Penacook to the murmuring waters of Pawtucket, from the pulseless breast of Uncannoonuc to the crag-castles of Old Pawtuckaway, the invincible Abenakis bore aloft the tocsin of war. Here wound the war-trails of nations that fought, bled, and perished in the same cause which has wrung tears from the old earth since it was young. This was in truth the Thessaly of Olden New England.

Out from the misty background of Tradition rise the stalwart figures of that heroic period. Among them the stately Kenewa appears mustering his dusky legion, to lead it forth to anticipated conquest only to be swallowed up by the hungry wilderness as was Varus and his army in the old Germanic forest. Then the valiant Winnemet rallied around him upon the Brave Lands his gallant followers, in his desperate endeavor to stem the tide of that disastrous Waterloo, falling at last encircled by the fragments of his "old guards" of the Penacooks.

Now the magnanimous Passaconnaway, reading in the signs of the times, the destiny in store for his people, taught them it was better to condone the wrongs done by a stronger race than to combat a hopeless fate, leaving them with his parting words impressed upon their minds, while he launched his frail boat upon the placid waters of Massabesic, to the red men "the eyes of the sky," to vanish from sight and story. What a picturesque sight was presented by the tall, erect figure of the aged sachem standing upright in the center of his fragile craft while it was slowly wafted by the rippling water from the pine-fronded shore, away from the landscape which swiftly disappeared before the incoming of the white man, but whose going out was even slower than the disappearance of the race of which this single chieftain was a noble representative! Here, the curtain fallen on the closing scene of pagan warfare; Wannalancet, the last of the Penacook great sachems, called about him his few scattered followers to lead them to that rendezvous under French protection upon the St. Francis, to return himself a few years later that his ashes might mingle with the dust of his fathers. Here, sacrificing every hope and ambition for his people, brave Merruwacomet, better known as Joe English, fought and fell in the interest of an alien people, an unhonored hero. Here, too, in the gloaming of that long day came the lonely Christo to consecrate with the tears of a warrior the graves of his sires, the ashes of his race. No mean knights of chivalry these, every hero of them worthy to stand shoulder to shoulder with the best of the Old World champions.

Of their rights or wrongs I have little to say at this time, but am free to confess that I have no patience with those who declare they were hopeless savages, beyond the light of civilization. I would remind that same judge that it was not so many generations ago that his own ancestors lurked sullenly in caverns of the earth and came forth clad in the skins of wild beasts.

It is related by one of the pioneers that while abroad one night upon the river-bank, he discovered an Indian approaching upon his hands and knees. A friendly motion of the dusky scout's hand caused the white man to await his approach. Then with his fingers upon his lips to enjoin silence, he whispered: "Me watch to see the deer kneel."

Then it occurred to the white man that it was Christmas, and he realized that in the simplicity of his belief the red man was expecting at that sacred hour to see the deer come forth from the forest to fall upon their knees in silent adoration of the Great Spirit. Truly that race cannot be lost to Omnipotent justice which, in its honesty of faith, looks through Nature's eyes up to God.

The condition between the red man and his white competitor reminds us of the story of the "talking turkey." A white man and an Indian, hunting together, had agreed to divide equally the spoils of their hunt which resulted simply in their getting a good fat turkey and a worthless crow. In this dilemma the white man proposed that the divide even by saying:

"I'll take the turkey, and you can take the crow, or you can take the crow and I will take the turkey."

"Ugh!" exclaimed the red man, "you no talk turkey to Indian at all."

The situation of the entire colonists in America at that particular period was exceedingly critical. The English held only a chain of settlements along the New England coasts here and there fringing the banks of one of its many rivers; the Dutch, a cluster of hamlets in New Netherlands, now New York; and the English another colony at Jamestown, Virginia. The French meanwhile had obtained possession, in a large sense speculative, of the entire interior stretching from Acadie on the east, up the valley of the St. Lawrence past Tadousac, the trading station at the mouth of the Saguenay, Quebec upon its rock-throne, Montreal, on the site of the ancient Huron capital,

the rich country about the Great Lakes, and the fertile basins running down to the Gulf of Mexico. This crescent-shaped line of settlements, bounded on the north by the unexplored wilderness, was maintained by a chain of fortresses, guarded by a paid soldiery, encouraged by the prayers of zealous missionaries, and supported by rich traders who desired to become yet richer. In all this vast region there were only two homes within sight and sound of the rock of Quebec.

The English held their limited domain by actual home-building, clearing the wilderness and cultivating the soil wherever they dared to venture, and the natural resources lured them hence. They stubbornly defended their homes to their utmost. The first was a military power, the latter a civil body; the one constantly held aloft the sword, accompanied by the well-thumbed prayer-book, the other wielded the axe, resorting to the firearm when driven to do so, always laying this aside as soon as the war-cry died down.

It can be readily understood that the Indians, situated in the broad belt of debatable country between these rival powers almost constantly at each others' throats, were like grains of corn between two mill wheels, sure to be crushed by one or the other. None realized this fact better than they in their ignorance and weakness, and this very fact served to make them suspicious and revengeful. It was impossible for them to remain neutral, and it was natural that they should be won over by the French through their zealous priests and the dazzling glamor of their armed forces. To the simple warrior of the wilderness the soldiers of New France were dashing, courageous gallants, the flashing of whose rapiers was the lightning and the roar of whose firearms was the thunder of battle. When they saw these gaily-bedecked sons of war, whom they knew to be their superiors, lie down beside them in the wallow, and adopt with apparent cheerfulness their methods of living, they were easily induced to become their allies. In the words of Charlevoix:

"The savages did not become Frenchmen; the Frenchmen became savages." But with all their shrewdness the French did not adopt the red man's tactics of warfare.

On the other hand, while the English scorned affiliation with the Indians, they did not hesitate to imitate them in their systems of border strife. In this respect they gained a decided advantage over the French from the days of Captain Tyng and his "snow-shoe scouts" to the close of the cruel drama under Rogers and his Rangers. Compared with the cunning artifices and hand-to-hand encounters of the veterans of those war-trails, the personal prowess and valor of the mailed warriors of the age of chivalry in European struggles become commonplace combats. It is true the pomp of bannered columns, the eclat of heraldry, the shimmer of burnished armor were wanting, but in their place the stern, determined countenances of sun-browned and weather-beaten men; instead of the clangor of clumsy arms rang the sharp twang of the bow, and the track of the hurtling dart was sped by the feathered arrow; instead of the thunder of hoofs was the stillness of foot-soldiers shod with silence.

Where, in the one case, was a Saviour's grave to rescue from the infidels, on the other were human lives—mothers, daughters, sons and sweethearts, over whose fates hung a mystery and horror that passed the comprehension of man. Everywhere the frontier had been ravaged by an enemy that neither compassed the range of suffering nor knew the redeeming grace of compassion. Not alone were young men fired with the zeal of defense and rescue in those unwritten crusades, but old men became knight-errants on those long, tedious, perilous marches through the wilderness of debatable country lying between the blockhouses of the English and the strongholds of the French—a pathless belt of forest three hundred miles in width. These arduous marches had to be performed, not upon the backs of eager war-horses, but upon foot, the shadowy

soldiery threading in silence lonely ravines, scaling broken foothills, crawling over morasses, creeping under matted thickets reeking with the sweat of centuries, the only relief an occasional canoe voyage across some sheet of water. More frequently than in summer these journeys were made in the dead of winter, when the wilderness was snow-clogged, and the water-ways locked with the key of Nature. Resorting to the use of snow-shoes, the intrepid scouts wound their weary way over huge snow-banks, at times wading knee-deep in some turbid stream whose silvery covering had proved too thin to bear their weight; anon dragging their loads over the icy surface of an inland sheet of water; at nightfall stopping to dig a hole in the snow for the site of their camping-place, fearing to build a fire to thaw their benumbed limbs lest some argus-eyed enemy, who was to be expected at all times lurking in ambush, should spring upon them; appeasing their hunger with bits of dried meat; lying down on a layer of fir-boughs for their couch, and a bedraggled blanket or frozen skin for a covering,—even in sleep the mittened hand holding upon the stock of the trusty firearm, and the trained ear alert to catch the first intimation of danger. Wet, tired, stiffened by the day's march, after a night's unrest, making a breakfast without a fire, these "snow-shoe scouts" were up and moving again though the winter wind cut like a two-edged sword, and the sleet pelted like shotted lead. And ever the uncertainty of their quest, should they succeed in reaching the end of their pathless trail, only an inkling of whose sufferings can be conveyed by the tongue.

The treaty of Ryswick, September 20, 1697, closed Frontenac's long series of aggressive campaigns on the part of New France against New England, and a period of comparative peace between the settlers of these provinces succeeded. The pride and the power of the Five Nations, always arrayed against the French since the days of Champlain, had been broken and humbled; their numerous acres of maize been

destroyed with ruthless hands, their great apple orchards ruined, their large tracts of ripening melons devastated, and their towns ravaged and given over to the torch of the despoiler. The Abenakis, the constant allies of the French, were for the time glutted of their vengeance and their appetite for blood sated.

But the respite was not overlong. Soon the war-torch was rekindled and the war-whoops of the Eastern Amerinds again awoke the solitude of northern New England. This was the coming of the twilight to the darkest night in the history of New England warfare. England and France were again drawn into an armed contest in that century and more of conflict which marks that era of European history. This time Spain was a part of the strife, largely the bone of contention, and European historians have styled this "The War of the Spanish Succession." In America it was called "Queen Anne's War," as that queen was the ruler of Great Britain, and, as usual, the trouble in the old world was largely fought out in the new, and its terrible warfare lasted for nearly ten years.

Hitherto the red men had carried on their predatory struggles mainly through their own leadership and arms. Now they were not only armed but trained and advised by the masters of French military tactics unceasingly to strike their subtle yet terrific blows. Thus all the cruel cunning of the wild savage was united to the merciless sagacity and ingenuity of the then foremost military power in the world. Urged on by this crafty ally, keeping constantly before his eyes the well-thumbed prayer-book, while he held over his head the sword, the Amerinds, in scouting parties numbering from half a dozen to a score or more, raided every section of the wide belt of wilderness lying between the more thickly settled quarters of the English on the south and the French fortresses on the north. The pioneers of Maine and New Hampshire were consequently the greatest sufferers. According to the best information we

have, and which is all too meagre, more than two hundred men, women and children were killed or taken into a captivity worse to contemplate than even death at the hands of a barbaric foe. The torch was applied to cabin after cabin home, until it began to look as if the English settlers were doomed. By the swiftness and frequency of their attacks upon the scattered homes of the pioneers it seemed as if the dusky enemies were omnipresent hanging "like lightning upon the edge of a cloud," about those lonely cabins fringing the wilderness.

In their hapless plight the people turned to the government for assistance. The French were paying a bounty for scalps of the English, and the courts of Massachusetts, in order to encourage the pioneers of their domains, offered a bounty of fifty pounds for every Indian scalp that should be secured. This encouragement, in addition to the natural desire to retaliate for the inhuman deeds committed against them, caused the whites to speedily organize several scouting parties along the lower Merrimack valley for the purpose of driving back the enemy and striking a blow in self-defence. About twenty of these parties were organized, to see more or less of service, but the first and most conspicuous of them was that gallant band of which I am to speak, "Tyng's Snow-Shoe Scouts."

The depredations of the Amerinds occurred mostly in the summer. It was not only easier for them to move about like so many shadows under the forest shade, but the white settlers were then occupied with their various duties about their new homes, and less prepared to combat them. Upon the other hand, the English made nearly all their retaliatory expeditions against their wily foes during the winter seasons. If the forests were snow-clogged then, the undergrowth was overlaid with its heavy mantle, the streams and ponds bridged with silver planking, and the red men, now segregated in groups, more readily found than in the summer when they were scattered. The whites, too, had more leisure in which to pursue this

stubborn warfare. The addition of snow-shoes, upon which the scouts could move with rapidity and ease where in the summer they could penetrate only with difficulty, assured the success of these wintry raids.

It is said that it was a woman's forethought which suggested the snow-shoes, but be that as it may the idea found favor, and no sooner had Capt. William Tyng petitioned the Massachusetts General Court for the privilege of organizing a band of scouts than busy hands began to get in readiness a supply of these useful objects. Belonging to one of the first families of old Dunstable,* that had been prominent in the previous Indian wars, one of the selectmen of that town, and a man of undoubted bravery and sagacity, the leader found no difficulty in getting men to enlist under him. Within a week forty-four had signified their willingness—ay, eagerness—to accompany Captain Tyng upon his arduous expedition. Their names and residences are as follows:

John Shepley, Chelmsford, Mass., son of John, born in 1677; died September 14, 1736. His family had suffered at the hands of the Indians, his father, mother, two brothers and a sister having been killed by them while he was taken a captive and carried to Canada, where he lived among them for nearly four years. Judge Ether Shepley of the Supreme Court of Maine and a United States Senator, was among his descendants.

Nathaniel Woods, Groton, son of Samuel and Alice (Rushton) Woods; born March 25, 1668; died June 20, 1738. Gen. Henry Woods of Pepperell was a grandson.

Thomas Lund, Dunstable, son of Thomas, born September 9, 1682; killed by the Indians at Naticook, September 5, 1724.

*The original township of Dunstable contained several of the present towns of New Hampshire and Massachusetts.—*Editor.*

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Joseph Perham, Groton; son of John and Lydia (Shepley) Perham; born in Chelmsford December 22, 1669.

John Spalding, Jr., Chelmsford, son of John and Hannah (Hale) Spalding; born February 15, 1659; died about 1710 in Plainfield, Ct.

William Longley, Groton, son of John and Hannah Longley; born March 12, 1669.

Joseph Lakin, Groton, son of Ensign John and Mary Lakin; died April 1, 1747.

Jonathan Page, Groton, son of John and Faith (Dunster) Page; born in Watertown June 24, 1677; died October 10, 1751. He was the ancestor of Gov. John Page of New Hampshire.

John Hunt, Billerica, son of Samuel and Ruth (Todd) Hunt; born in 1680; died January 22, 1740-41.

Peter Talbird (now Talbot), Chelmsford. Ancestry unknown. Left a son George, who acquired his rights in the future benefits of the expedition.

Benony Perham, Chelmsford. Date of birth not found; died in 1723. Left son Samuel to inherit his interests.

Josiah Richardson, Chelmsford, son of Capt. Josiah and Remembrance (Underwood) Richardson; born May 18, 1665; died October 17, 1711.

James Blanchard, Groton, son of John and Hannah Blanchard; date of birth not ascertained; died in February 1704, following the expedition, from a sickness resulting from the hardships and exposures of the trip. He was clerk of Groton at the time.

John Richardson, Chelmsford, brother of Josiah, born in Chelmsford February 14, 1669-70; died September 13, 1746.

Samuel Chamberlain, Chelmsford, son of Thomas and Sarah (Proctor) Chamberlain; born January 11, 1679; died April 12, 1767.

Paul Fletcher, Chelmsford, son of Joshua and Gustie (Jewell) Fletcher; born about 1670 and alive in 1740.

Joseph Parker, Groton, son of Capt. Joseph and Margaret Parker; born March 30, 1653; died in 1725. He was active throughout his life in Indian warfare.

Joseph Blanchard, Dunstable, son of Deacon John and Hannah Blanchard; born in 1669; died in 1727. His son Joseph Blanchard was a colonel in the French and Indian war; was a member of the Royal Council of New Hampshire; made the survey for the first map of this state, which was considered of great value. He was appointed Council of the state by mandamus of the Crown, and succeeded Chief Justice Jaffrey as a Judge of the Superior Court. He was prominent as a Proprietor's Clerk and active in the surveys of the early townships in southern New Hampshire.

William Whitney, Groton, son of Joshua and Abigail (Tarbell) Whitney; born February 26, 1677-78; died in Plainfield, Conn., in 1754.

Joseph Butterfield, Dunstable; son of Joseph and Lydia (Ballard) Butterfield; born June 6, 1680; died in Tyngsborough in 1757. His daughter Deborah married Col. Samuel Moor of Old Londonderry.

Ebenezer Spalding, Chelmsford, son of Lieut. Edward and Margaret (Barret) Spalding; born January 13, 1683; died in Nottingham West, now Hudson.

Nathaniel Blood, Groton, son of Nathaniel and Anne (Parker) Blood; born January 16, 1679. His son William died in the service of the French and Indian war.

Nathaniel Butterfield, Chelmsford, son of Nathaniel and Deborah (Underwood) Butterfield; born in 1677 and died in 1749.

Jonathan Hill, Billerica, son of Jonathan and Mary (Brackett) Hill; born August 21, 1669; died December 15, 1743.

Eleazer Parker, Groton, son of James and Elizabeth (Long) Parker; born November 9, 1660; died at Norridgewock in the winter of 1705, while accompanying Captain William Tyng upon an expedition the following winter into the wild white woods of Maine.

Thomas Tarbel, Groton, son of Thomas and Anna (Longley) Tarbel; born July 6, 1667; died January 24, 1717. His son Thomas became prominent among the early inhabitants of Groton.

Henry Farwell, son of Henry and Mary Farwell, was born in Chelmsford in 1665. His son Oliver, was one of the victims of the ambush by the Indians at Naticook, September 5, 1724, and another son, Josiah, was a lieutenant under Lovewell in his memorable campaign, being one of those killed in the fight with the Sokoki, May 8, 1725.

Samuel Woods, Groton, son of Samuel and Alice (Rush-ton) Woods; born in Cambridge January 3, 1660; died in 1712.

Stephen Peirce, or Pierce, Chelmsford, son of Stephen and Tabitha (Parker) Pierce, was born in 1768; died September 9, 1749. His grandson Benjamin Pierce was Governor of New Hampshire, and his great-grandson was Franklin Pierce, the President from that state.

Richard Warner, son of Samuel and Mercy (Swan) Warner; was a native of Ipswich, where he was born August 13, 1676. He came to Groton a few years prior to the snow-shoe expedition, where he died about 1710.

John Cummings, Dunstable, son of John and Elizabeth (Kingsley) Cummings; born July 7, 1682; died in Westford April 27, 1759.

John Longley, Groton, son of William and Deliverance (Pease) Longley. At the attack upon Groton July 27, 1694, his father, mother, and five sisters and brothers were slain. He, with two sisters, was taken to Canada a captive, where he remained for four years. He died in Groton May 25, 1750, an honored citizen.

John Spalding, Sen., son of Andrew and Hannah (Jefts) Spalding; born in Chelmsford August 20, 1682; died March 7, 1760.

Henry Spalding, brother of the above, born November 2, 1680.

Samuel Davis, Groton, son of Samuel and Mary Davis; born January 8, 1669-70.

John Holden, Groton, son of Stephen and Hannah Holden. He was taken captive by the Indians in 1697, and remained a captive for nearly two years. His father and brother were captured at the same time. He died December 27, 1753.

Jonathan Butterfield, belonged in Chelmsford, and is believed to have been a brother of Nathaniel Butterfield.

Jonathan Parkerson, son of John and Mary Parkerson, was born in Chelmsford January 2, 1683.

Stephen Keyes, Chelmsford, believed to have been a son of Solomon and Frances (Grant) Keyes, a native of Sudbury. He died February 6, 1714.

Thomas Cummings, son of John and Sarah (Howlet) Cummings, was born in Dunstable October 6, 1658; died January 20, 1722-23. He was an uncle of John Cummings, another of the scouts.

Jonathan Richardson, Billerica, son of Thomas and Mary (Stimpson) Richardson; born February 14, 1682; died August 13, 1720.

Joseph Gilson, son of Joseph and Mary (Cooper) Gilson; was born in Groton, March 3, 1666-67.

Ephraim Hildreth, was born in Chelmsford and died in Dracut September 26, 1740. He was a major of the militia, town clerk of Dracut and a prominent business man. He was one of the proprietors of Concord, N. H., and a leading actor in the attempted settlement of Tyng Township, owning the first mill within that grant.

Timothy Spalding was a brother of John Spalding, Jr., and was born about 1676. He lived in that part of Chelmsford now Westford, dying April 14, 1763.

Capt. William Tyng, the organizer and leader of this expedition, was the second son of Col. Jonathan and Sarah (Usher) Tyng, born April 22, 1679. His grandfather was the Hon. Edward Tyng, born in Dunstable, England, in 1600. His father, Jonathan, was one of the original proprietors of Dunstable, and with his family remained in town during the period of King Philip's war when all others fled to a haven of safety. William, as far as the records show, was the first white child born in the town, and he became a prominent citizen holding the office of selectman at the time of organization of his famous band of scouts. In 1707 he was a representative to the General Court, and was made a major of the armed forces of that vicinity in 1709. The following summer, while engaged in active service he was mortally wounded by the Indians and died a few days later while being treated for his wound at Concord. He led other scouting parties than the one under consideration, and his younger brother, Col. Eleazer, was the leader of a relief party sent to succor the ill-fated Lovewell. Major William Tyng's son, John, was an honored and influential citizen, who when the old township was divided became a resident of Tyngsborough. He was judge and leading factor in the Tyng grant to be mentioned later.

While the recording hand is silent in this matter, I have every reason to believe that Captain Tyng had a no less noted person for his guide upon these expeditions than Joe English,* the friendly Agawam, whose early name had been Merruwa-comet, meaning the "first to reach the meeting-place."

Captain Tyng had his men in readiness for marching, and on December 28, 1703, the party moved up the Merrimack valley, leading in the pathless way for the many that were to follow during the sanguinary years of conflict to follow. Over this same route Woodard and his companions had been the first white men to penetrate upon that first original survey of the Merrimack, made by order of the Massachusetts court in 1638.

The Sokoki, located upon the intervalles of the Saco at Picwackett, as in later years, were the greatest source of annoyance to the whites, and a certain chief among them known as Raven Plume, on account of a black feather he wore in his head-dress, at the head of a small band of dusky slayers had become particularly obnoxious to the English. They had designated this leader of their enemies as "The Old Harry," which

*Joe English was a grandson of Maseonnomet, chief sagamore of the Agawam family of Amerinds living within the territory now comprised in Ipswich, Mass. He inherited considerable land from his grandparent, which he conveyed to the whites and his wife by various deeds to be found recorded in the Massachusetts Military Records. Many are the stories related of his bravery and fidelity to the whites. His death was generally lamented, and the Massachusetts General Assembly made a grant of land and allowed the widow and her two children a pension, "because he had died in the service of his country."

Those early scouting parties were usually led by friendly Indians, and as late as 1724, Harmon, in his revengeful raid against the French priest Rasle and his dusky followers at Norridgewock, was guided by the friendly Mohawk, Christian, and this same Indian a year later died while engaged in a similar service to Col. Elcazer Tyng, a young brother of the hero of my remarks, when upon an expedition the object of which was to succor Lovewell and his men upon their memorable raid in April and May, 1725. Joe English met a tragic death at the hands of his countrymen in this vicinity July 26, 1706.

The original pay-roll of Captain Tyng is not preserved, but the record of the money paid to him is to be found in the Massachusetts Council Records, Vol. IV, page 20. It amounts to 71 pounds, 11 shillings, which sum includes 25 shillings paid to a surgeon for caring for one of the men who came home sick.

seemed the blackest color they could apply to him, and no doubt Captain Tyng had this dreaded foe in mind when he organized his snow-shoe scouts. Thus, Captain Tyng moved in that direction, always with extreme caution, sending out scouts by day to look for signs of the enemy, and never sleeping at night without a watchful guard.

Captain Tyng was a God-fearing man in those days when fear of Divine wrath meant more than an idle threat. He and his hardy followers belonged to that religious body known as Dissenters, who had come to this country for one reason, to enjoy the freedom of worship. That freedom, however, was of a very austere sort. The Sabbath was strictly observed, and he who disobeyed this precept was sure to call down upon his head dire condemnation and punishment. Each succeeding Sunday these snow-shoe scouts rested, the leader, with well-thumbed bible in hand holding appropriate ceremony, offering a sermon and prayer. The depth of feeling and earnestness of that little band of worshipers as they knelt upon the carpet of snow under the canopied church of the forest may be imagined but cannot be described. No walls of masonry circumscribed the range of the preacher's voice which rose upon the evening air with unbroken power to the white throne of God. The melody of church bells was rendered in matchless beauty by the swelling anthems of the forest choirs brought out by the wild winds as they shook the roof of giant pines forming the great natural cathedral where the Genius of Solitude is the master builder.

Something of the rigidity with which these services were held and the manner in which the Sabbath was observed may be understood from the fact that one of the men, John Richardson, was fined by Captain Tyng forty shillings for "wetting a piece of an old hat to put into his shoe," which chafed his foot upon the march.

Toward nightfall on the eighteenth day the imprint of a moccasined foot was discovered by Joe English, and a halt was

quickly ordered. The track had been made within half an hour, and it was believed that some of the enemies were encamped near-by. At any rate it stood them in hand to move with greater caution than ever. They were now in the heart of the country about the lodgment of the Sokoki. The guide, accompanied by one other, reconnoitred the scene, and they were not gone fifteen minutes before they returned with the announcement that "Old Harry," with four of his followers, were bivouacked in the valley below. It was quite certain, Joe English declared, that the Sokoki intended to stop there until morning, and he counseled a pause where they were until it should be deemed wise to advance upon the enemy.

With impatience and anxiety the band remained inactive, waiting the word of their leader to move. If the wintry cold pierced their bodies they dared not relieve themselves of the sufferings by kindling a fire. The most that could be done was to move silently to and fro in a circumscribed space and defy the cold, the mittened hand always clutching the iron throat of the trusty firearm, ready for use at the first alarm. Joe was gone longer on his second scout than at first, and when he returned it was simply to say that the foes had rolled themselves in their blankets, but were not yet in that sound sleep which he wished. So another hour passed on leaden wings, when the friendly chief made his third and last survey, coming back with the welcome tidings that the time for action had come.

Captain Tyng and Joe English had already decided to advance in two lines or files, their courses so shaped as to approach the sleeping red men from right angles. At the proper moment Joe was to give a sharp cry in the Indian tongue. This was expected to arouse the unsuspecting sleepers, who would naturally leap to their feet in alarm. Then, before they could discover the real cause of this signal, the whites were to pour a deadly broadside upon them.

Captain Tyng led the file upon the right, while his dusky ally, Merruwacomet, guided the other line. The snow-shoes effectually muffled every sound of the double line of march, and the scouts were too well trained in border warfare to betray their movements by any careless step. A deep silence rested upon the whited night. If the wind shook the arms of the fir upon the distant mountainside, it did not so much as lift a finger of the sensitive birch in the lowlands. Only the snapping of an occasional twig bitten by the frost broke the ominous stillness.

So well and accurately did these files of scouts move that no sooner had one reached an advantageous position than the other was in readiness for the opening fire. With a tinge of triumph in his voice, remembering the many wrongs inflicted upon him by his race, Joe English gave the war-signal, which must have rung up and down the valley with startling intonations, and taken up by the mountains sent back as a challenge between the races.

With what terror the red men leaped to their feet may be imagined, but they fell even swifter before the deadly fire of the white avengers, "Old Harry" the first to rise and the first to fall. Viewed in the light of today it was a cold-blooded deed, but it was only the awful echo of the war-whoops that had sounded the death-knell of two hundred innocent lives, the volley of musketry, the extinguishing flame of hundreds of torches swung over peaceful homes. "Old Harry" had been a merciless foe; he died as a true warrior of his race would have met his fate.

The slaying accomplished with a rapidity and ease almost regretted by them, the victors looked to securing the trophies of their expedition. It is said, though I cannot vouch for its truthfulness, that Joe English declined to take part in this work. It is possible he remembered them as his kinsmen. Still he knew, so deadly was the hatred of the others, that they would have

shot him down with fiendish delight. In fact, a little over two years later he was surprised and killed as a wild beast would have been destroyed.

The object of their mission accomplished, with the gory proofs of their victory, the scouts started in the morning upon their return. The journey home was uneventful. They reached Dunstable on January 25, 1703-4, having been gone three days less than a month. The story of their expedition must have been listened to by eager listeners, and curious ones have looked with feelings akin to awe upon the ghastly products of that wintry scout. The court paid Captain Tyng and his men the expected bounty which amounted to two hundred pounds in the currency of the times.

While this expedition and others that followed that winter in a measure checked the depredations of the Indians it did not end them, for within three years we find that the enemy dared to penetrate even to the homes of the settlers in this vicinity, and life after life was sacrificed to the gluttony of their vengeance. The desperate struggle between the races lasted until 1713, or for more than ten years. Scarcely had a decade of peace passed before there followed those stirring scenes culminating in Lovewell's deadly fight on that memorable May morning 1725.

In conclusion let it not be forgotten that whatever we have accomplished, whatever has been done in building up a civilization here in our rugged state, the foundation was laid by the men and women who dared and conquered the Genius of the wilderness; the men and women who followed the Indian trails into the primeval forest, where now our streets and highways band the country, dotted with farmhouses or lined with city homes.

Little did it matter if they came, as some of them did, with an accumulation of wealth which in their home land would have supported them in comfort, they met difficulties here here-

tofore undreamed of, dangers no money could avert, hardships and privations which the foresight of man, under those circumstances, could not spare them. But the majority did not come thus simply laden; they were the rank and file of the British yeomanry, who made no murmur against the fate they had invoked, but bent to the undertaking they had imposed upon themselves with a faith in their God matched only by that unswerving confidence in themselves that they were equal to the task. Perhaps the first class suffered the more for the reason that they had a brighter past, and may have found it harder to submit to the inevitable.

This generation ne'er can know
The toils they had to undergo,
While laying the great forests low.

ALEX. McLACHLAN, *Canadian poet.*

In those days every man was a hero, every woman a heroine, who together overcame wild nature, cleared the forest fields, builded their humble dwellings, erected their mills, constructed their churches and schoolhouses, where a few years before the nearest approach to civilization was the conical wigwam of the red man, and the howl of the marauding wolf the voice of Solitude to her God.

EARLY MINING OPERATIONS NEAR LOWELL. BY ALFRED P.
SAWYER, ESQ. READ MAY 13, 1908.

New England, with its lakes and rivers, its mountains, hills, and valleys, presents a variety of scenery which is not found elsewhere, but the descriptions usually given to this north-eastern corner of our country are somewhat misleading, so far as eastern Massachusetts is concerned. The summer pilgrim does not find in the long sand beaches, the projecting arm of Cape Cod, the Elizabeth Islands, and the shoals beyond Nantucket, that "stern and rock-bound coast" described by the poetess of the early Pilgrims, nor do the sand-plains around this city and the swamps and lowlands of the coastal plain between it and the sea reveal to the stranger any fulfillment of his dreams of cloud-capped mountains and the white-hills.

These are all to be found however within the borders of these six small states, and it is this variety of scenery which gives New England its physical charm. The waters from these hills, impounded in its lakes and ponds, and falling noisily in their short course to the sea over nature's barriers of rock and ledge, offered power for manufacturing in various forms which its people have fully utilized.

The soil is poor, the farms are naturally limited in extent, and with the improvement in methods of transportation, the broad and fertile prairies of the west feed the people of these states whose mills send their varied products to every part of the earth. By the conservation of natural resources and by careful husbandry and intensive farming the agricultural products of New England may be much increased, but the fact remains that its hills and valleys are incapable of supporting a dense population dependent upon the productions of its soil.

Its surface is generally rugged, a very considerable portion of its area is rocky, and much of it is mountainous.

Where these physical conditions obtain in other parts of the country, men have brought forth wealth from the rocks, the mountains have yielded up their stores of gold and silver and

copper and iron, the sandy valleys have been rich in placer gold, while coal and petroleum have been found in most of the states and even under the waters of the sea.

All around us we have proof of nature's bounty in the mineral world.

New Jersey has her zinc, iron and potter's clay; Pennsylvania her coal, iron, oil, and natural gas; on the west shore of Lake Champlain New York has rich iron mines, and a little further west her beds of salt; while the Provinces have their mines of gold, nickel, and iron, and Boston is lighted with gas produced from the abundant supplies of coal brought from the Nova Scotia mines.

New England has none of these of commercial value.

Are we therefore to conclude that she was forgotten in the mineralization of this continent, and that her hills are merely masses of gneiss, granite, porphyry, and shale, partly covered with conifers which maintain a precarious existence amid their barren surroundings, or are we to believe that the wealth is here under our feet, and that we have looked too much for the pot of gold afar off beneath the rainbow's tips, while El Dorado is amid our own hills and only awaits our search.

It was long believed that the New England rocks, at least those of eastern Massachusetts, were archæan or of the azoic age, but the cutting of the mica schists and slates which are cambrian or silurian, by the granite which is newer, indicates an eruption as late as the carboniferous age. Through these ancient folded and twisted sedimentary rocks the granite was erupted interspersed with trap.

Everywhere in this vicinity we see the manifestations of uplifting and folding under enormous pressure. The bed of the Merrimack below Pawtucket falls shows the strata of metamorphic slate in an almost vertical position, and on a wooded hill just behind the targets at the Dracut rifle-range, the broken

tops of similar strata project like ancient headstones, and give quite an eerie feeling to one who stumbles over them in the silent woods at sunset.

Unmetalliferous as are these ancient rocks, the hills of New England are not unproductive. Vermont has her marble, granite, and slate quarries; New Hampshire her famous granite and also soapstone and mica; Massachusetts finds ample supply of building stone in her granite quarries on Cape Ann and in Quincy and elsewhere, and beds of clay in all the states insure a sufficient supply of brick.

Not content with these forms of mineral wealth, the New Englanders have from earliest times prospected and explored their hills in search for the precious metals, and, as stated in Nourse's History of Harvard, "There are very many towns, even in enlightened Massachusetts, wherein costly excavations made by misguided treasure-seekers can be shown. * * The chance of finding some glittering specimen of iron pyrites, or a few lustrous crystals of galena, often changed a cheerful, well-to-do farmer, within a few months, into an impecunious and sour-visaged mine-owner. The hazel rod never failed in 'promising indications' so long as any precious metals could be extracted from the pockets of the credulous, and small veins of worthless iron ore were followed deep into the solid ledge, in daily expectation that the baser metal would suddenly give place to the noblest of all. The impulse that led to an excavation in the east face of Oak Hill, about the close of the war for independence, was doubtless some discovery of glittering minerals in the surface rock. In the argillaceous slate, of which this hill is largely composed, are veins and nodules of quartz, not dissimilar in character to the rock formation found to be gold bearing in North Carolina. In this quartz are frequently traces of iron, lead and copper, in the form of sulphides partly decomposed. In 1783 a company of twenty-five associates, including sundry inhabitants of Harvard, prominent among whom was Colonel

Henry Bromfield, was formed for exploring a mineral vein in this locality, and the work of pushing a drift was begun in July of 1784. Operations were conducted in an intermittent way for four years before the 'silver mine' was finally abandoned. The shaft, after passing through the overlying gravel, was driven about fifty feet into the solid rock, sometimes by blasting, sometimes by heating the stone with great fires and then throwing water upon it. It was high enough for a man to enter standing erect. The enterprise seems to have been under the management of two men named Ives and Peck, Englishmen, who claimed to have discovered the minerals in the place which led the associates into their visionary investment."

Undeterred however by failure or by ridicule, the New Englanders have persisted in their search, and Nature has certainly revealed enough to give them hope.

In the valley of a stream flowing from the mountains in Worcester, Vermont, gold is found in sufficient quantity at times to enable men to earn a good day's pay in washing the sands in a crude fashion. The quartz gold mine at Lisbon, New Hampshire, has been worked spasmodically, and in the three upper counties of that state are a number of old mines, whose ores are mainly sulphides of copper, lead, zinc, and iron, with small amounts of the precious metals, which report a small production from time to time. In Vermont, on the Connecticut river, is the Ely copper mine, opened in 1821, which was a producer for many years. It has an ore body twenty to thirty feet in thickness, and varying in width up to one hundred and fifty feet. Near Corinth in that state, are several copper mines which are active producers. The original discovery of copper ore at Corinth was in 1846, and at the present time one of these mines is opened by an adit one thousand feet long, by two inclined shafts four hundred and seventy-five feet and two hundred feet deep respectively, and by numerous drifts and crosscuts. The Vermont Copper Company now working the Elizabeth mine which

has about the same amount of development, has installed a new 400 ton blast-furnace, with a view to a daily output of from three hundred to five hundred tons. This is the oldest of the Vermont copper mines and was opened in 1793. The deposits are large bodies of chalcopyrite and pyrrhotite in crystalline schists.

The United States Geological Survey for 1907 reports that Vermont produced in that year 650,425 pounds of copper valued at \$130,085; 3814 ounces of silver valued at \$2,517, and 1.98 ounces of gold valued at \$41. Maine is credited in this report with a production of zinc valued at \$118, but none of the other New England states show any production of their mines for that year. Maine however has her silver mines, as many investors in the '80s learned to their sorrow, while no miner could wish for richer specimens of ore than those from the Newburyport silver mine which caused much excitement in this state in 1875-76, but this deposit of galena was much richer than it was extensive. In Stockbridge and other towns in the western part of this state, the beds of brown hydrate of iron called hematite have been extensively and profitably worked. The Franconia iron mine in New Hampshire is well known, the ore being the magnetic oxide of iron in epidote and quartz. This magnetic iron ore, or magnetite, is very generally diffused in the azoic rocks, especially in the crystalline and metamorphic rocks which characterize this section. In fact, iron is probably the most widely diffused of any of the metals in this part of New England. It frequently adds a touch of color to the rocks which take on most beautiful and delicate tints owing to its presence, but generally it is shown in the duller effects produced by its oxidation on exposure to the weather, as we see it in the rust-stained faces of the ledges of mica schist which abound in this vicinity.

The manufacture of iron in this country began about 1620 in Virginia, but the first blast-furnace whose operation was continuous was in Massachusetts, in that part of Lynn now Saugus. Iron ore had been found in small ponds in that vicinity

soon after its settlement in 1629. In 1632 Morton mentions the existence of "iron stone" in New England, and in November 1637 Abraham Shaw was granted by the General Court one half of the benefit of any "coles or yron stone wch shal be found in any common ground wch is in the cuntryes disposing."

In 1642 specimens of this Saugus ore were taken to London by Robert Bridges, and "The Company of Undertakers for the Iron Works" was there formed, and £1,000 advanced to establish the works. Henry and James Leonard, Joseph Jenks, and other workmen were brought from England in 1643, and a furnace was erected on the westerly bank of the Saugus river at the head of tide water. The site is marked by the old banks of slag, and pieces of charcoal and broken iron castings are still found there. The village was called "Hammersmith," from the place in England whence many of the workmen came. The furnace cost about £1,500, and Winthrop, in a letter dated September 30, 1648, says:—"The furnace runs eight tons per week, and the bar iron is as good as Spanish." The iron cost about £20 per ton. One of the first castings made was a pot holding about a quart, which is still preserved. The furnace was under the direction of Joseph Jenks, the first iron-master of America, who made the dies for the "pine-tree shillings" in 1652, and in 1654 made the first fire-engine in America, under an agreement with the authorities in Boston "for an Engine to carry water in case of fire."

The company was made free from taxes for ten years, and the workmen were exempted from military service, but the works were not financially successful. Much complaint was made by the settlers that the furnace would exhaust the supply of wood and that the country would be impoverished, and the erection of the dam resulted in vexatious and expensive litigation on account of flowage. As Hubbard says, "Instead of drawing out bars of iron for the country's use, there were hammered out

nothing but contentions and law suits." The dam was cut away in 1671, depriving the company of its water power for a time, and it ceased operations in 1688.

One or both of the Leonards, who had worked at the Lynn iron-works, superintended the erection of similar works at Braintree in 1648, at Taunton in 1652, and at Rowley in 1668.

Concord also had its iron-works, thus described in Shattuck's History of the town. "A company was incorporated, on the 5th March, 1658, to erect one or more iron-works in Concord. These were built near the present cotton factory, and operations were commenced in 1660. The 'zinder-holes and plates' were cast at Oliver Purchis' iron works at Lynn, and put in by Joseph Jenks. The company had permission, 30th May, 1660, 'to digg iron ore without molestation' in any land now in the Court's possession.' The southern grant to Major Willard, was subsequently sold to this company, and became known as the 'Iron-Work Farm.' It lay partly in Concord, in Acton, and in Sudbury, as they are now bounded. Nathaniel Oliver, John Eyre, and Joseph Parsons, of Boston, sold one-half of the whole property of this company, on the 23rd May, 1684, then consisting of the iron works and 1688 acres of land, to the Hon. Peter Bulkeley, of Concord, and James Russell, of Charlestown, for £300. The works were, however, abandoned after fifty years, the proprietors having found that a better quality of iron could be imported at less expense."

The ore used in all these early iron-works was the hydrate oxide of iron, which was found as a deposit in many of the ponds, and also in the swamps and meadows in eastern Massachusetts. It is known as limonite; from the Greek word for meadow, and its common designation as bog ore or bog iron ore accurately describes it. The early settlers discovered that if the deposit was removed, the iron-bearing springs or streams would form a new deposit within twenty or thirty years. Sea-shells furnished a sufficient flux for smelting it with charcoal, and the

product was a fairly good iron, although on account of the phosphorus present it was generally only fit for castings.

The quantity of bog ore in and around Chelmsford early attracted attention, and the town records show that "At a Gen'll Town meeting, march the 4th, 1706-7, Jonathan Richardson and John Richardson had granted the Liberty of erecting Iron works upon Stony brook with the conveniency of flowing provided it Damnifies none of the inhabetants."

The location of this iron-works is unknown, but, if the valley of Stony brook between North Chelmsford and Forge Village was once a lake as has been claimed, the presence of the bog ore in the valley is easily explained.

Probably the Chelmsford grant was nearly contemporaneous with the furnace or forge started by Jonas Prescott at the outlet of Stony Brook pond, which became known as Forge pond and the settlement as Forge Village, now in Westford. He was the grandson of John Prescott, who with four others, settled Lancaster in 1647, naming the town after their native county in England. John Prescott was a blacksmith and millwright. A grist-mill built by him in 1653 and a saw-mill which he built in 1659 and operated, stood on the site of the Bigelow Carpet Company's mill in Clinton, and another mill which he built in Harvard in 1667 he gave to his son Jonas.

The word blacksmith in those days was a broad term descriptive of a worker in the baser metals. As John Prescott brought with him from England his coat of mail, helmet and armor, which he used in the early wars, it is entirely probable that, whether cavalier or puritan, he was an armorer as well as blacksmith, and could make and repair armor, tools, and weapons as well as perform the humbler occupations of his calling. He was one of the petitioners for colonial license to erect iron-works in Lancaster and Concord, and according to Nourse, in his *Annals of Lancaster*, (1884), he planned a bloomery in connection with his saw-mill at Clinton. Slag and cinders such as

accumulate at a forge were to be found at this place, bounded, as described in the grant to him in 1657,—“by the east end of a ledge of Iron Stone Rocks southards,” but as this was so near the date of the construction of the Concord iron-works before referred to, it is probable that this pioneer made use of the bog ore which was used in these early furnaces.

His son Jonas built a mill at Forge pond by vote of the town of Groton passed June 15, 1680, after the resettlement of the town following its destruction by the Indians in 1676. It was near the “warre” (wier) purchased by the town for twenty shillings from Andrew the Indian. As Jonas Prescott followed his father's craft, he undoubtedly had a forge and used the bog ore found below his location on Stony brook. The property passed to his son of the same name, the above grandson of John Prescott, who enlarged the works and erected forges for manufacturing iron from the bog ore which he brought from the northern part of Groton. The product of this forge was known as “Groton iron,” and was brittle and not of good quality. This iron-works continued in operation until 1865 under the control of the descendants of the first Jonas Prescott. The last of that name who carried on the business, Jonas Prescott who died in 1870, was the owner in 1863 of forty shares of the Forge company. The Forge Village Horse Nail Company, organized January 5, 1865, purchased the property and put in machinery for making nails. Its capital stock was \$30,000, which was increased in 1868 to \$100,000. The officers were John T. Daly, president, John F. Haskins, secretary, and Alexander H. Coryl, treasurer. The business was carried on successfully for several years, but was closed in 1877. In October 1879 the buildings and water power were purchased by Abbot & Company, of Westford, who conveyed the same in 1900 to the Abbot Worsted Company.

About the year 1823, William Adams, who owned much of the land in the Newfields section of Chelmsford including

the bed of Newfield pond, brought these deposits to the attention of General Sheperd Leach, who was then carrying on an iron and foundry business in Easton, where he owned seven furnaces as shown by the tax-lists for that year.

This pond originally contained nearly one hundred acres and its surface was about thirty feet above the level of Stony brook, although it discharged its water into Deep brook through an outlet at the north end of the pond. Mr. John Richardson owned a mill on Stony brook, and at a town-meeting held May 25, 1709, it was voted, "That John Richardson shall have the Liberty of Drawing of the pond called New-field pond to suply his mill with Water; and shall have the benefit of said pond to the high-water mark." Acting presumably under this authority, although Allen in his History gives the date of the incident as in the year 1700, Richardson commenced the construction of a canal through the sandy embankment which separated the waters of the pond from the valley of Stony brook. The workmen had completed about two-thirds of the excavation, when the waters of the pond burst through the bank, sweeping away a negro workman named "Jack" whose body was never recovered. The pond became a swamp partly covered in time with a heavy growth of wood, and producing a long meadow grass which was cut and used in packing the products of the Chelmsford Glass Works, which were established at Middlesex Village nearly a century later.

Mr. Adams conceived the idea of filling this breach in the bank of the old pond, and by bringing the waters of Stony brook to it by a canal from West Chelmsford, to fill it to its original capacity, and by means of a canal from this reservoir to utilize the whole fall. In 1824 General Leach purchased about nineteen acres of land in the village of North Chelmsford from Mr. Adams, together with the bed of Newfield pond and the land necessary for the construction of the canals. The canal from West Chelmsford was made, the pond, then known as Leach's

pond and now called Crystal lake, was filled, and its waters conducted through a canal which he dug to his land in North Chelmsford. There he erected a blast-furnace near the present location of Moore's mills, and obtained the power to operate his works and the pumps which supplied the air for the blast-furnace, from two breast-wheels forty feet in diameter which were fed by the water from his canal. The first iron was produced at this furnace in 1825. Much of the bog ore used in the beginning of this enterprise was obtained in Chelmsford and the neighboring towns, and was brought in by the farmers with their own teams. Some of it is known to have been found in the Redshire meadows near North Chelmsford, and some of it came from Dunstable and Groton. Nason, in his *History of Dunstable*, (1887), says: "Good bog-iron ore is found on the farm of the late Jasper P. Proctor, about one-half mile southeast of the center of the town. About half a century ago this ore was carried to Chelmsford and worked up to advantage." Shattuck's *History of Concord*, (1835), states that, "Bog iron ore is found in abundance.—Several tons of this ore have recently been carried in boats from this town to the furnace in Chelmsford, and it is said to produce good castings."

Limestone from the quarries near Robin's hill served as a flux, and the charcoal used in smelting this bog ore was made by General Leach in four circular kilns, which were in existence until the number two Moore mill was erected, and large tracts of land were stripped of their wood which was converted into charcoal for this use. Many castings, especially heavy gears, were made at these works for the mills in Lowell and other manufacturing cities.

After the death of General Leach in 1832, the property passed into the hands of his brother-in-law, Captain Lincoln Drake, of Easton. He added a cupola furnace about 1842, and carried on the business until 1849. He was succeeded by Williams, Bird & Company, and in 1858 George T. Sheldon, who

was a brother-in-law of Charles T. Bird of that firm, purchased the property and organized the Chelmsford Foundry Company which still conducts the business.

As the deposits of native ore became exhausted, the works used iron from other sources some of which came from the Katahdin iron works in Maine, and, with the red molding-sand from New Jersey and other supplies, was brought up the Middlesex canal. Under the management of Captain Drake the works employed about forty men.

It is somewhat noteworthy that all the successive owners of this plant, General Leach, Captain Drake, and Messrs. Bird and Sheldon, were from Easton, then an important iron town, where it is claimed the first attempt in America to manufacture steel was made by Eliphalet Leonard about 1775 in making firearms.

The Reverend Timothy Dwight, who was president of Yale from 1795 to 1817, traveled extensively through New England during the early years of his presidency. His eyesight becoming impaired, several of the senior classes in succession voluntarily wrote out his notes of his journeys, which were published in 1821 in four large volumes under the title, "Travels; in New England and New York: By Timothy Dwight, S. T. D., LL. D., Formerly President of Yale College." He states in his preface that they are published to furnish people one hundred years thence with a knowledge of things as they then existed, and he certainly presents an extremely interesting picture of the people, industries, and culture of that day.

On one of these journeys in 1796 which extended beyond Portsmouth, N. H., he returned to New Haven through southeastern Massachusetts, and he gives a detailed account of the iron industries which he found there. "In the two counties of Plymouth and Bristol," he says, "there are twenty furnaces, and as many forges; a number of slitting and plating mills; and

a great number of people employed in the manufacture of nails, and other articles, of which iron is the material. The ore, of which a great part of this iron is made, is found in ponds and marshy grounds, where, if I may be allowed the term, it is constantly growing. The proof of this fact is said to be complete, for, where it has been exhausted, it is found again in a few years in considerable quantities. That which has been lately produced, is said, however, to be in an immature state, and unfit for casting."

He says that one lake in Carver has yielded five hundred tons of iron ore in a year, and mentions similar sources of supply in Bridgewater, Middleborough, Raynham, and Taunton. The reverend gentleman in describing Taunton, the shire-town of Bristol county, states that not less than eight hundred tons of iron are manufactured there annually, of which one-half is converted into nails, and the rest into shovels, castings, etc., and with halting punctuation reaches this somewhat unhappy conclusion:—"Were I to judge by what I saw, and heard, I should conclude, that the inhabitants had suffered in their morals, from the sessions of courts, and the influence of furnaces and forges."

Although most of these early furnaces long ago passed out of existence, the iron industries established at some of them, especially in the Old Colony, remain to this day. Notably is this the case at Easton, where the "Brummagen Forge," a corruption of Birmingham, in England, erected about 1720 on land purchased for this purpose by Captain James Leonard four years previously, is represented in direct succession of ownership by the works of the Oliver Ames & Sons' Corporation, while L. S. & A. L. Drake, iron founders, continue the business to which Captain Lincoln Drake succeeded upon the death of General Leach, and which he carried on until his death in 1872.

These early iron-works which drew their supplies of ore from Nature's laboratories in our Massachusetts ponds and

swamps, served well the needs of the early colonists, and stand as monuments to the energy, ingenuity, and resourcefulness of those pioneers of the great iron industry of today.

The mine in this vicinity with which Lowell people are probably most familiar, is the Dracut Nickel Mine.

The old "Mine-Pit," as it is locally called, lies northerly of the Lawrence road on the General Joseph B. Varnum farm, about a mile northeasterly from Varnum's Landing on Merrimack river.

This mine has been in existence so long, that most of its history is a matter of tradition. Its discovery is variously ascribed to a party of surveyors, to searchers for gold in early days, and to some Welsh or Cornish miners who were prospecting along the Merrimack river in the hope of finding some metal more precious than the iron which the mine undoubtedly contains. The yellow streaks sometimes appearing in this pyrrhotite ore would easily deceive by their auriferous similitude, and if these Welshmen or Cornishmen were the discoverers of the mine, their hopes of gold led them to sink a shaft of considerable depth. The story of its discovery by surveyors savors more of accident, for it is said that the deflection of the needle of the surveyor's compass in the vicinity of the mine led to its discovery.

Whatever the facts may have been, the current belief that the mine is over two hundred years old is about all the information which can be obtained concerning the date of its discovery. It is so old that a daughter of General Varnum used to tell her children a story which was a tradition in the family. One of its members being pursued by a party of Indians, had distanced all his pursuers excepting one. When nearly overtaken he reached the old mine-pit, and increasing his speed, he grasped with one hand a white-birch tree which grew on its

the first of these was the fact that the United States had no standing army at the time of the Revolution. This was a serious disadvantage, as it left the country vulnerable to attack from foreign powers.

Another major problem was the lack of a strong central government. The Articles of Confederation, which served as the first constitution, gave too much power to the individual states, making it difficult to coordinate national policy. This led to a period of weakness and instability that lasted until the adoption of the current Constitution in 1787.

The third major challenge was the economic situation. The new nation was heavily dependent on agriculture, and the lack of a strong central government made it difficult to regulate trade and commerce. This led to a period of economic hardship and debt, which was exacerbated by the Revolutionary War.

Despite these challenges, the United States was able to overcome them and establish a strong, stable nation. The key to this success was the adoption of the Constitution, which created a strong central government and provided for the separation of powers. This allowed the United States to develop a strong economy and a powerful military, which have been the foundation of its success as a nation.

The United States has since become a world power, and its success can be attributed to the strength of its government and the resilience of its people. The challenges of the early years of the nation were overcome through the leadership of men like George Washington and the support of the American people. Today, the United States continues to face new challenges, but the principles that guided its founding remain a source of strength and inspiration.

brink, swung around it and over the pit, and dashed off on his altered course, while his eager pursuer plunged into the abyss.

It certainly antedates 1721, for on March 25th of that year there is a record of a vote for "a high way Laid out in dracutt,—so continuing Easterly to the mine pit hill, with a little crosse, also on the north side of mine pit,—this is for a country road from dracutt to haverhill." By an "Indenture made the ninth day of September in the Thirteenth year of the Reign of our Soverign Lord George King of Great Britain, &c., and in the year of our Lord God one Thousand seven hundred and Twenty-six," Major Joseph Varnum entered into an agreement with Joseph East for mining on his farm in the easterly part of Dracut bounded southerly on the Merrimack river, giving him "full leave and liberty to set up a stamping mill for the use of said work on the stream near the mine Pitt on said Land and to flow and flood the same for the conveniency thereof from the first of September to the last of April yearly forever." Numerous deeds of fractional mining rights in this land appear of record, in one of which dated "April twenty-first, Anno Domini 1729, In the second year of the Reign of our Soverign Lord King George the Second," Joseph Varnum, in consideration of "Two Hundred and Twenty pounds current money of New England," paid by Adam Winthrop, of Boston, conveys "one sixth part of my Right and Title in all the mines and minerals of whatsoever nature, sort or metal that are or shall be found or discovered within my Tract of Land in Dracutt aforesaid containing by Estimation the Quantity of Eight Hundred acres or thereabouts." Another of these deeds contains the provision that the purchaser is "to be at the charge of digging the oar out of said mines and to pay the Kings Fifths if any such shall become due." The mine was evidently considered of value by General Varnum, for when he came into possession of the farm he procured releases of outstanding rights and titles. In one of

these deeds entitled "Plats Mine-Pit Deed," patriotically dated "this twenty-seventh day of January, A domine 1777, and in the first year of American Independence," Abel Plats and Mary Plats, his wife, in consideration of "Five Shillings Lawful money," "do give, grant, Bargain, Sell, Alienate, and Confirm unto the Said Joseph Bradley Varnum and to his Heirs Executors Administrators and Assigns forever all the Right title and Interest We Have Ever had or any Right or Heirship We have or Ever Shall be entitled to hold, Challing or claim in all the mines Minerals and other Oar and Other hidden Treasures of the Earth that Lie Within the Bounds of the farm formerly given to Samuel Varnum Esq., of Sd Dracutt Said Farm Lying in the Easterly Part of Sd Dracutt and also all the Other Mines Minerals and Other Oars that our Said Father Died Seized and possessed of Wheresoever it may be had or found."

Old account books in the Varnum family contain items of money in pounds, shillings and pence paid for mining in 1777, and presumably relate to the operation of the old "mine-pit."

There is a tradition that many years ago a vessel was loaded at Newburyport with ore from this mine to be smelted abroad, and that the vessel sailed away never to be again heard from. It is also said that the mine was worked in revolutionary days for the manufacture of cannon-balls, and it is quite possible that Dracut youths, with dreams of great wealth, may have secured ore at various times for experimental treatment. But all this is traditional, and within the memory of all living men the mine-pit was old and unused, and thus it remained, until the discovery of "silver" in digging a well in Newburyport in 1875, aroused new interest in the Dracut mine.

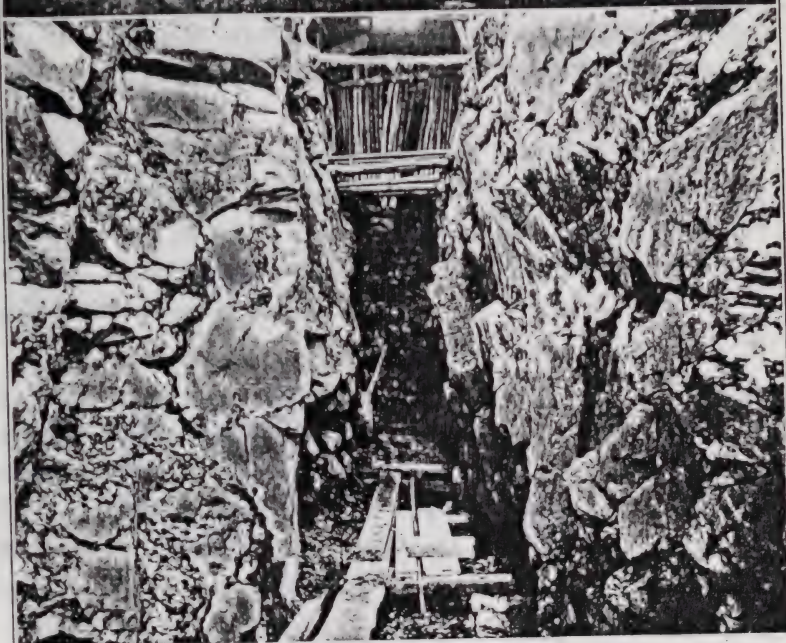
Up to this time the mine was supposed to be only an iron mine. A sample of the ore was shown in Newburyport during the mining excitement there, and Mr. Zalmon A. Taylor, of Newburyport, and Captain E. M. Sampson, of Middletown,

Connecticut, recognized it as nickel ore. They came to Lowell, examined the property, had samples of the ore analyzed, bonded the land around the old mine, and finally secured financial assistance from well known Lowell business men, and commenced operations.

In cleaning out the old shaft, the timbers below the water-line were found to be apparently sound, while those which had been exposed to the weather were in the last stages of decay. An old assay-button was found and also a part of an old drill. The steel point of the drill was about seven inches long, but the iron shaft had rusted away.

A shaft-house was built, and a boiler, engine, and pumps installed, and test-pits were dug to prove the extent of the deposit. The shaft was sunk to a depth of about fifty feet, and drifts were run northerly, westerly, and southerly from the bottom of the shaft by the eight miners employed by the company, extending ten, twelve, and twenty feet respectively. An ore-house was constructed near the shaft, and several buildings were erected for the rock-crusher, the smelter, the blower, the reverberatory furnace, the matte-grinder, and other machinery, and a brick chimney forty feet in height was built. A large reservoir was provided near the bottom of the hill back of these buildings, from which water was pumped into a tank upon the roof of the blower-house, roads were made through the woods, and a large amount of ore was accumulated on the dump.

In the middle of the opposite page is shown the open cut into the old shaft, the shaft-house being over it. The upper view shows from left to right, the building about fifty feet in length containing the reverberatory furnace, the brick chimney, the mill for grinding matte and the shed about one hundred feet in length, with the ore and the shaft houses at the extreme right. The lower view shows the end of the shed, the smelting house with chimney, and the blower-house and water-tank, while in the fore-



THE DRACUT NICKEL MINE



1890. Boston, Massachusetts.

ground is the ore-dump and the building containing the rock-crusher, the boiler and engine house being in the rear of this building.

These views are reproduced from photographs made shortly after the works were completed. The foundations for the buildings were put in by Mr. Charles H. Robbins, of this city, who also built the brick chimney and the reverberatory furnace which was a large affair nearly fifty feet in length, at a cost of over \$6,000.

A cargo of Connellsville coke was bought in Philadelphia to be sent around to Newburyport, and brought up the river in barges for use in the smelter. This was all delivered with the exception of one barge which got adrift in the night and sank a short distance below the landing.

During this time the management was struggling with the problem of extracting the nickel from the ore. Advertisements in engineering and mining journals for a man capable of treating nickel ore met with no response, and finally Mr. Jerome B. Melvin, who was the manager of the company, began to study the question himself and to experiment as to the best method of reducing the ore and extracting the nickel.

At this time nickel was largely a foreign product, being found in Hungary, Silesia, Spain, and Norway, some ore being found in Pennsylvania, but the production of metallic nickel was mostly effected by methods which were kept secret. The treatises on metallurgy gave some technical assistance, but the Dracut ore proved refractory to most of the processes given in the books.

Samples of the ore were analyzed in 1877 at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and assays were made by S. P. Sharples, of Boston, and Torrey & Eaton, of New York, assayers, three hundred pounds of the ore as it came from the

mine, having been sent to Nashua and ground fine, and samples of the same submitted for assay and analysis.

Two analyses at the Institute of Technology showed the following results:—

Cu.	0.21	0.18
Fe.	48.06	48.11
Al.	4.25	4.22
Ni.	2.01	2.03
Co.	0.12	0.09
Ca.	1.03	1.08
Mg.	4.70	4.65
S.	28.96	28.79
Si.	10.51	10.57
	99.85	99.72

A process of precipitation gave the best results, but it involved much detail, as appears from the following description of it given by Mr. Melvin. The ore was smelted into matte, ground fine, roasted in the reverberatory furnace, changing the sulphide into sulphate soluble in water, heated to boiling point in a cask precipitating the iron, then the solution was drawn off into a second cask and metallic iron added precipitating the metallic copper. The solution was drawn off into a third cask to which was added carbonate of soda precipitating the nickel as an oxide, and the cobalt was separated as an oxide from the solution drawn into a fourth cask. The nickel oxide was mixed with carbon and melted in a crucible producing metallic nickel.

Some nickel was produced by this method, but not in commercial quantities. The property was conveyed to a corporation, the Dracut Nickel Mining Company, organized in 1881 under Maine laws, with a capital stock of \$500,000, in 250,000 shares of \$2 par value, of which William E. Whitehead, of Tewksbury, was president, Abel T. Atherton, of Lowell,

treasurer, and Jerome B. Melvin, of Lowell, secretary, as appears by the prospectus issued by the company.

The market price of the stock is not known, but one certificate for ten thousand shares was recently found among the assets of an estate, which was given in payment for a lot of near-by land containing thirty acres on which there was an outcropping of this ore. Test pits were sunk in several places at some distance from the mine, which showed such outcroppings. One of these was on the Joseph Gilman farm, and another on the land of Luther W. Coburn, and the ore there found was very similar to that taken from the original mine.

The management evidently had faith that the mine could be made a commercial success, for samples of the ore were taken to Chicago and even to London for examination, but hard times came on, the miners were discharged, and the mine was closed. The buildings and machinery were subsequently sold, and the plant which had cost about sixty thousand dollars was dismantled, some of the lumber and the bricks from the chimneys going into the construction of the buildings at Varnum's Landing.

Filled with water, the old "mine-pit" has resumed its former appearance, trees have grown over the site of Lowell's only mining-camp, and the Dracut Mine is again a thing of the past.

The Carlisle Copper Mine, located on land of Captain Frank Wilson, about one mile southwesterly from Carlisle Center, is a more recent discovery than the Dracut mine, and was first operated in 1847.

One story of its discovery is, that a Carlisle boy employed in Boston where some specimens of copper ore were exhibited, while at home on vacation, found at the mouth of a wood-chuck's hole some mineral which was very similar in appearance to that which he had seen in Boston. He took it with him on his return to town and learned that it was copper ore. Certain

people became interested in the discovery, and three shafts were sunk on the property to a depth of about twenty feet and drifts were run. The ore was brought to the surface by means of a common windlass, and was drawn to Boston in ox-teams. Some of it was bought by the Revere Copper Company.

When gold was discovered in California in 1849, the mine was abandoned, and it has not been worked since.

Some of the men who were interested in the Newburyport and Dracut mining operations examined the Carlisle property and bonded it, but did nothing further than to pump out one of the shafts and test the extent of the deposit.

Another early mining enterprise was the "Copperas Mine," as it was called, in Chelmsford. It was located on the southerly slope of Robin's hill, and is said to have been worked to a depth of over fifty feet. Very little can be learned about it, as the mine probably has not been worked for over one hundred years, and it is now filled with stones and other refuse matter. It is said to have yielded a dark, rotten rock of greenish hue, from which copperas was obtained which was locally used in the tanning and manufacture of leather. There were eight or ten tanning vats by the small brook on Bartlett street, in Chelmsford, a larger number in Westford, and several vats in Acton, which created a demand for the product of this mine. The material taken out, if we may judge of it from the name given to the mine, was probably partially decomposed or weathered iron pyrites, which by oxidation and other natural processes produced copperas. By simple artificial imitative processes, this mineral would yield the ferrous sulphate commercially known as green vitriol or copperas.

These mining developments in Dracut and Carlisle take on added interest in connection with the report on the Dracut mine made in 1877, by Mr. C. W. Kempton, a member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers.

He said in part:—"The general nature of the rock containing the ore, closely resembles that of the Copper Belt of New Hampshire and Vermont, which includes the mining districts of Ely and Corinth, in Vermont, and Lyman, in New Hampshire; the developments in which are becoming of great importance. I regard the formation in which these ores occur as essentially the same as that of the above mentioned Copper Belt. The ore is sulphide of iron, called Pyrrhotite, carrying Nickel and also some Cobalt."

The Dracut ore contains some copper according to the above analysis submitted by Mr. Melvin, and outcroppings of the ore have been found in a southeasterly direction about sixty rods from the mine, another outcropping about one-half mile distant northwesterly on land of Joseph Gilman, and the same formation has been found still further to the east. It is said that prior to the raising of the waters of the Merrimack by the dam at Lawrence, a rich vein of copper ore was found in the bank of the river. It is now permanently overflowed and the location is not known, but it may be the ore referred to in divers agreements made in 1782 between the Varnums, Kendall Parker and others, concerning the "Gold, Silver, Lead and Copper oar Mines and Minerals in that part of Higginson's Farm that Lyeth in Methuen Down to the Channel of Merrimack River."

The ore at Carlisle outcrops on a hill near the mine, and is also to be found in places at some distance from it, while Robin's hill in Chelmsford bears every indication of containing this pyrrhotite ore. An analysis of the Carlisle ore was made several years ago by a Boston assayer whose report cannot now be found, but it showed a much larger percentage of copper than the ore from the Dracut mine. In view of Mr. Kempton's above report the question arises whether these ores occurring, as he says, in a formation "essentially the same as that of the Vermont Copper Belt," are merely the outcroppings of a mineral formation

extending under this section of the Merrimack valley, and perhaps of large extent.

The specimens of ore from these mines in our cabinet certainly appear as rich as the exhibits from many western mines, and perhaps the history of the mines whence they came may enable us to consider proposed western mining investments more wisely.

The neighboring towns of Billerica, Tewksbury and Tyngsborough appear to have been free from any attempts at mining, the only reference to the subject being found in Hazen's History of Billerica, (1883), concerning "The Mineral Company." "One reason why Fox Hill was so long 'common' may be found in the record, (Book of Grants, Vol. I, (Reverse) page 29,) which is probably of date 1659. 'The Mineral company are granted all such mines as shall be by them or their Assignes found in the sircumfrance of one hundred acors of land on fox hill, the south eande thereof, the Hill being devided; as also they have free Liberty for wood and Timber for theare use as there need shall require, to improve about the said mine untill it doe apear they doe find metell and no Longer.' Traditions or suspicions of mineral wealth to be found in this locality have always existed; but it has never been developed and is probably a myth."

The Chelmsford limestone quarries before referred to are worthy of mention in this connection, for the caves and tunnels from which the limestone was removed warrant treatment of the subject as a mining enterprise of olden days.

Massachusetts possesses large deposits of limestone in the western portion of the state, but many small deposits of good quality have been found in this vicinity. The lime used in early colonial building was made from sea-shells, and being the carbonate of lime was free from impurities. In 1697 limestone was discovered at Newbury by Ensign James Noyes, and caused great

excitement. As many as thirty teams in a day came to carry it away, until a town meeting was called to prevent the spoilation, and it was stopped by the sheriff. This may have been the first attempt in this country at conservation of our natural resources.

The Bolton limestone was discovered about 1736, but it is not known when limestone was first found in Chelmsford. The lichen covered walls of schist and gneiss, the trees which have grown in the partially filled excavations, and the general appearance of the surroundings would indicate that the Chelmsford deposits were worked at as early a date as those at Bolton. It is said that the "pigs" of limerock turned up by the plow in the cultivation of the land, led to the discovery of these deposits in Chelmsford. The principal quarries were on the westerly slope of Robin's hill and on the other side of the valley of Beaver brook westerly of the Littleton road. The caves and grottoes from which the limestone was taken in the latter locality and the ruins of the old limekilns are still objects of interest. It took a week or ten days to burn a kiln of lime, and required much skill and care. The making of lime added much to the business of the town, as the kilns used a large amount of fuel, and the coopers were kept busy making casks and barrels for the transportation of the lime. In Allen's History of Chelmsford, (1820), it is said that "in the southwest part of the town, is a bed of limestone, of an excellent quality, extending two miles northeast. It has five kilns upon it, and from which are annually drawn, about a thousand hogsheads, which may be estimated at \$5 per hogshead."

Professor Edward Hitchcock, in his Geology of Massachusetts written in 1839, groups the beds of limestone in Acton, Bolton, Boxborough, Carlisle, Chelmsford, and Littleton together, because of their similar mineral characteristics, and describes them as white crystalline limestones, highly magnesian, and almost destitute of stratification, placed between highly inclined strata of gneiss. He even classes them as dolomite, and believes them

to be among the oldest on the globe. He says the rock is usually very much mixed with foreign minerals, such as scapolite, serpentine, compact feldspar, etc., and that none of the beds are of any great extent in the direction of their strata, nor is their width more than a few yards in any case.

He gives the following analysis of the Chelmsford limestone:—

Carbonate of Lime	56.52
Carbonate of Magnesia	39.38
Peroxide of Iron	.90
Silica, Alumina, etc.,	3.20
	100.00

He states the specific gravity as 2.85, and the per cent of quicklime 31.65. On account of the large percentage of magnesia, the mortar made with this lime was harder and whiter than that made from lime which was purer. It was of good quality and was used in the construction of many buildings in Chelmsford and early Lowell. It is said that the mortar made with it is so strong and clings so tenaciously, that bricks laid in it are not worth cleaning. A ceiling made with this lime recently fell to the floor in an old Chelmsford house without fracture. The woods in the vicinity of the kilns were in time so cut off as to greatly increase the cost of burning the lime, and the low priced lime from Thomaston, Maine, was brought up the Middlesex canal and undersold the Chelmsford product in its home market. Mr. Henry S. Perham, who was engaged in writing the history of Chelmsford at the time of his decease, states in the History of Middlesex County, that David Perham, who was his grandfather, operated the largest limekiln in Chelmsford and continued the business until 1832. The manufacture of lime at Bolton was carried on as late as 1861.

There is a growing body of research that suggests that the use of technology in the classroom can enhance student learning. This research is based on the idea that technology can provide students with access to a wide range of resources, including interactive learning environments, multimedia content, and online collaboration tools. The use of technology can also help to reduce the time and cost of education, making it more accessible to a wider range of students.

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The use of technology in the classroom can enhance student learning in several ways. First, technology can provide students with access to a wide range of resources, including interactive learning environments, multimedia content, and online collaboration tools. This can help to reduce the time and cost of education, making it more accessible to a wider range of students. Second, technology can help to reduce the time and cost of education, making it more accessible to a wider range of students. Third, technology can help to reduce the time and cost of education, making it more accessible to a wider range of students. Fourth, technology can help to reduce the time and cost of education, making it more accessible to a wider range of students. Fifth, technology can help to reduce the time and cost of education, making it more accessible to a wider range of students. Sixth, technology can help to reduce the time and cost of education, making it more accessible to a wider range of students. Seventh, technology can help to reduce the time and cost of education, making it more accessible to a wider range of students. Eighth, technology can help to reduce the time and cost of education, making it more accessible to a wider range of students. Ninth, technology can help to reduce the time and cost of education, making it more accessible to a wider range of students. Tenth, technology can help to reduce the time and cost of education, making it more accessible to a wider range of students.

Although most of these limestone deposits have been exhausted and none of the quarries have been worked for many years, they are well worth visiting to study the geological story they so plainly reveal and to acquire a fuller realization of the value of these deposits to the colonists. Lime was a very important article in their day when the only source of supply was in the shells to be found on the seashore, and their search for limestone was exceedingly thorough. Professor George H. Barton says that in all his geological explorations and field-work in eastern Massachusetts, he has never found a limestone deposit of any size which had not been worked in former days.

These old quarries are rich in the variety of minerals which they contain. At Bolton may be found actinolite, allanite, apatite, boltonite, calcite, chondrodite, petalite, phlogopite, pyroxene, sahlite, scapolite, spinel, and titanite, and other rarer minerals. Many of these may be found in Chelmsford which also possesses a mineral of its own, a variety of wernerite called chelmsfordite, and amianthus is also found there. Some geologists think they have found in the Chelmsford limestone the fossil of the earliest form of life, the *eoöon canadense*, while others vigorously oppose this view, and declare the supposed fossil to be nothing but a minute discoloration in the stone. Whatever it may be, it is clearly perceptible as a small green speck or stain imbedded in the white limestone.

The Bolton limestone was worked by open quarrying, and the high wall of dolomite which rises from the pool of opalescent water which fills the lower workings of one of these quarries, gives a clear idea of the depth and extent of the deposit. The brilliant white of this magnesian limestone, its crystals sparkling in the sunlight, is softened by the delicate lilac shades of the masses of scapolite and the varied colors of the containing rocks, while Nature has fittingly framed this beautiful picture in stone with her tangled greenery of vines and shrubs and the trees which crown the hill above it.

As we have followed in this brief hour the story of these early mining operations, we have perhaps realized something of the labor expended by the colonists in their search for iron and the mineral products of the land, and something also of the patience and ingenuity with which they wrought them for their use. They met with an ephemeral success commensurate with their needs, but while the story of these mines may be worth preserving, the fact remains that today the practical miner passes New England by as a region which can yield no return for his labor, and the compiler of mining statistics avers without fear of contradiction that the production of New England mines has "a humorous rather than a commercial interest."

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CONTRIBUTIONS

of the

Lowell Historical Society

Organized, December 21, 1868

Incorporated, May 21, 1902

Vol. I No. 3

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY, APRIL, 1913

"'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours" — Young

LOWELL, MASS.
BUTTERFIELD PRINTING COMPANY
1913

THE LOWELL HISTORICAL SOCIETY herewith presents Part 3 completing Volume 1 of its "Contributions", (new series), and will be pleased to receive in exchange such publications as may be of value for its library.

JOHN A. BAILEY,
Librarian.

17 Columbia St., Lowell, Mass.

A TRIAL IN THE DAYS OF WITCHCRAFT. BY FRANCIS N. CHASE.

READ DECEMBER 9, 1908.

It would be a hard matter to tell how far back in the history of the world we would need to go to get the story of witchcraft. We find the old Levitical laws of the Hebrews severe in the penalties against such a crime. And in all nations it has appeared in some form. In England, particularly about the middle of the 17th century, there were many notable trials and executions of witches. Those who seek for a fling at New England are fond of telling that they burned witches at Salem, but the records do not show that any were ever burned there while in England and Scotland many were put to death. One has but to read of the infamous career of Matthew Hopkins, who styled himself "Witch-finder-general," who in the years 1645-1646 in certain counties of England committed the most horrible atrocities, to realize that the people of Salem were not the only ones to yield to a mad delusion, for the number of executions in England was much greater than here, and the methods far more cruel and revolting.

To get at the causes leading up to the time of the Salem Witchcraft, we must consider the people and their times. It is not right to class them as ignorant, cruel people. I feel strongly that the Salem authorities did rightly in declining the group offered them by the gentleman who has done so much in a philanthropic way for our city.

The spirit of the religion of the time is not to be represented as a ravening beast, and to put into enduring bronze that which would brand our forefathers as bloodthirsty creatures is not to be sanctioned, however valuable and artistic the gift.

They were God-fearing men, brought up in a severe school. It is perhaps well that their austerity has been toned down, but their rugged faith and their adherence to what they

felt was right, has made our nation a better, safer, more enduring one than would have come from any other influence.

They stood for something very definite even if it led them to use extreme measures with those who did not agree with them.

It was an age when belief in the supernatural was strong, and the whole theory of witchcraft was based on the belief in a very personal Devil who was ever busy in his working against mankind. The idea was that Satan did not work directly but through human intermediaries, that is witches.

One factor in the Salem episode was a personal one. The Church was unfortunate in having for its pastor the Rev. Samuel Parris, a man with a most overweening idea of his own importance and the dignity and authority of his office. Had he been a wise man of good sense and discretion, the country might have been spared the infliction and disgrace that soon came to it.

We find that at the breaking out of the excitement he had just been engaged in a most unseemly conflict with the officials of his church, and that his dealings with his people, in his desire to glorify himself, he magnified trifling matters and made public affairs that could far better have been settled in private.

The story of the beginning of the excitement is an old one. You will recall that this Rev. Mr. Parris had in his household some slaves brought from the West Indies where he had lived, a man, named John Indian, and a woman named Tituba. During the winter of 1691-92, a circle of young girls used to meet at his house for instruction in palmistry, fortune telling and necromancy generally, the slaves being their instructors. They soon became quite expert and performed many strange puzzling tricks. Their names are given as follows, and later on we shall see more of them: Elizabeth Parris, a daughter of the pastor, (who seems very soon to have drawn her away from the scene); Abigail Williams, a niece; Ann Putnam, one of the

leaders; Mary Walcot; Mercy Lewis, another leading spirit in the trouble; Elizabeth Hubbard; Susanna Sheldon; Mary Warren and Sarah Churchill. Some of them were of good families, others were servant girls, and they ranged in age from eleven to twenty years. Beside the girls there were three women, Mrs. Ann Putnam, Mrs. Pope and a Mrs. Bibber who were active.

It is hard to decide what led them to become such merciless impostors, hounding innocent people to death with apparently no compunctions of conscience but rather a savage pleasure at what they could accomplish.

They seemed to have exhibited wonderful shrewdness and cunning, too much to have us think they were self-deluded. And it seems impossible they could have deliberately gone about what they did in cold blood. Undoubtedly the notoriety that came to them was a stimulant, and the opportunity to gratify what seems a most cruel malignity toward those who had offended them in any way, was eagerly grasped.

After some displays of peculiar tricks they became adepts in most extraordinary feats, strange contortions, spasms and the like.

Their specialty seems to have been fits, and these they made use of with great frequency and effect. Dr. Griggs, the local physician, was called in and being baffled, finally declared they were bewitched, a diagnosis that was quite convenient in those days. Of course the excitement became great and the "afflicted girls" were immediately objects of great interest and sympathy, people crowding to see them. Then would have been the good time for some vigorous doses of "corporal suasion," but instead Mr. Parris, who seems to have seen an opportunity to show himself, catered to the witch idea, called a council of clergymen, and instituted proceedings to fight the Devil by getting rid of the witches. As the girls were bewitched it was of course necessary to find who had bewitched them, and the girls at last declared they were victims of Sarah Good, Sarah

the first of the century, the United States was a young nation, and its people were full of energy and ambition. They were determined to build a great nation, and they were willing to sacrifice everything for it. They were full of hope and confidence, and they were determined to make the most of their opportunities.

The first of the century was a time of great change and growth for the United States. The population was increasing rapidly, and the economy was booming. The United States was becoming a world power, and its people were proud of their country. They were determined to make the most of their opportunities, and they were willing to sacrifice everything for it.

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Osborne and Tituba. Mr. Parris now shows up strong exhibiting a most implacable determination, approaching malice, in driving those accused to their doom. The magistrates were John Hathorne and Jonathan Corwin, who seem to have presided at most of the trials. Corwin, while approving the course of things, appears more as a passive participant. On the other hand it is hard to understand the conduct of Hathorne who seems never to have been the judge, but rather a most unscrupulous and incredibly cruel and unfair prosecutor, determined to force anyone accused to conviction at any cost, even to perverting testimony. Of the three persons first accused, Tituba confessed herself a witch, while the others denied. That brings out one strange outcome of the time, that some fifty-five accused persons confessed themselves as guilty which must have done much to strengthen the delusion.

The excitement grew. The "afflicted girls" were in their element and were given full sway. No one, however well connected, seems for a time to have been secure. If the girls but had their fits, grew pale or red, as they seem to have been able to do at will, their accusations were accepted without question no matter how preposterous and evidently false. Their enmity was a dangerous matter.

The stories of the trials of those who were accused are strangely interesting, the "afflicted girls" showing almost devilish shrewdness and malice. There is a hint of suspicion that they were coached by some older persons. Some people of the time with cooler heads did not fall in with the delusion, but were for a while either ignored or themselves accused and tried.

The stories of Martha Corey and her husband, of Rebecca Nurse, Elizabeth How, Rev. George Burroughs and the others, all have their peculiar interest.

But my errand is to tell of one trial, that of Susanna Martin of Amesbury, an ancestress of mine, and also of Judge

Hadley.* She is described as a short active woman wearing a hood and scarf, plump and of good figure. Had been a widow for six or seven years when arrested April 30, 1692. She was very neat, and that very neatness was used as evidence against her. She seems to have been a woman of much decision of character and ready speech. In fact, from some court records, I am afraid she was too ready with her tongue and that she was not entirely the gentle soul whom Whittier, in his poem of Mabel Martin, represents as poring over her Bible in Salem jail. In fact we find that some twenty-three years before, she was bound over by the court for witchcraft "but escaped at that time." From her case and others at the time, I think we can see one motive for charging a person with the crime. If a woman was too sharp with her tongue, or too smart in her dealings with people, or in any way rendered herself *persona non grata*, it was a very convenient way of getting rid of her, or at least getting back at her, to accuse her of witchcraft, an accusation which the ready credulity of the time was prompt to accept.

One person at the time gave as a reason why another had been so accused, that she had more wit than her neighbor, and that, as her answers in her trial show, would seem to fit Susanna Martin, for she evidently could hold her own with any sort of fair show.

Very full notes were kept of the trials and testimony, quite largely the work of Rev. Mr. Parris, and some extracts

*DESCENT

GEORGE MARTIN married SUSANNA NORTH; JANE MARTIN married SAMUEL HADLEY, SR.; SAMUEL HADLEY, JR. married DOROTHY COLBY; RUTH HADLEY married BENJAMIN DAVIS; GARTRUTH DAVIS married SALLY AYER; SALLY ADAMS GILE married SAMUEL CHASE; CHARLES CHAUNCEY CHASE married MARTHA SMITH COWLES—FRANCIS NELSON CHASE.

from the report of Susanna Martin's trial will, I feel sure, interest and give you an idea of what the evidence was worth. Surely you will agree with Esek Harden in Whittier's poem, "I'd not condemn on Indian dog on word of one of them."

You will, too, see how the "afflicted girls" acted their parts, and wonder that they could have been believed for a minute.

(From Merrill's History of Amesbury and Merrimack)

TRIAL OF SUSANNA MARTIN FOR WITCHCRAFT

At time of trial had been a widow for six or seven years. Her children were all of age and the management of the farm fell upon her at the time when woman's rights were but little respected.

- The complaint came from Salem.

THE WARRANT

"To the Marshall of the County of Essex or his Lawful Deputies or to the Constable of Amesbury.

You are in their Majest^s names hereby required forthwith or as soon as may be to apprehend and bring (before vs) Susannna Mertin of Amesbury in y^e county of Essex Widdow at y^e house of L^t Nathaniel Ingersalls in Salem village in order to her examination Relating to high suspicion of sundry acts of Witchcraft donne or committed by her upon y^e Bodys of Mary Walcot, Abigal Williams, Ann Putnam and Mercy Lewis of Salem Village or farms whereby great hurt and damage hath been donne to y^e bodys of said persons according to comp^{ts} of Capt. Jonathan Walcot and Serg. Thomas Putnam in behalf of their Majest^s this day exhibited before us for themselves and also for severall of their neighbors and here you are not to fail at your peril.

Dated Salem Aprill 30th, 1692.

JOHN HATHORN	} Assistants.
JONATHAN CORWIN	

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according to this Warrant I have apprehended Susanna Martin Widdow of Amesbury and have brong or caused her to be brought to the place appointed for her examination p^r Me
Salem village this 2d May 1692.

ORLANDO BAGLEY

Const, of Amesbury."

OYER & TERMINER, June 27, 1692.

Witnesses: John Pressy and wife and John Kimball and wife of Amesbury, John Allen, Barnard Peach, Jos. Ringg, William Brown, Jarvis Ringg and Mary, wife of Nathaniel Whitcher, of Salisbury, James Freeze, Joseph Knight, John Atkinson, wife and son, of Newbury.

Joseph Lankester summoned the Amesbury witnesses and Joseph Eaton those from Salisbury.

PRELIMINARY TRIAL, June 26th, 1692.

For the crime of witchcraft and socery, Susanna Martin pled not guilty.

"As soon as she came in Marcy had fits.

Magistrate. Do you know this woman?

Abigal Williams saith it is goody Martin, she hath hurt me often. Others by fits were hindered from speaking.

Eliza Hubbard said she hath not been hurt by her.

John Indian said he had not been hurt.

Marcy Lewis pointed to her and fell into a little fit.

Ann Putnam threw her glove in a fit at her.

Mag. What! Do you laugh at it?

Martin. Well I may at such folly.

Mag. Is this folly, the hurt of persons?

Mart. I never hurt man or woman or child.

Marcy. Marcy Lewis cried out she hath hurt me a great many times & pulls me down.

Then Martin laughed again.

Mag. Pray what ails all these people?

Martin. I don't know.

Mag. But what do you think ails them?

Martin. I don't desire to spend my judgement upon it.

Mag. Don't you think they are bewitched?

Martin. No. I don't think they are.

Mag. Tell us your thought about them then.

Martin. No. My thoughts are my own when they are in, but when they are out they are anothers. Their master—

Mag. Their master; who do you think is their master?

Martin. If they deal in the black art, you may know as well as I.

Mag. Well what have you done towards this?

Martin. Nothing at all.

Mag. Why, in your appearance.

Martin. Well, I can't help it.

Mag. Is it not your master? How come your appearance to hurt them?

Martin. How do I know? He that appeared in the shape of Samuel may appear in another's shape.

But the afflicted falling low this when she did her back upon them, she was asked the reason of it, and answered she could not tell, it may be the devil wore her more mantle than another.

So she was committed, and being brought to her trial the following Witnesses appeared to support the Charge of Witchcraft against her, besides the Accusation of the Afflicted.

John Allen of Salisbury testified, that he refusing, because of the weakness of his oxen, to cart some staves at the request of this Martin, she was displeased at it, and said it had been as good that he had, for his oxen should never do him much more service. Whereupon this demoniac said, Dost thou threaten me, thou old witch? I'll throw thee into the brook, which is usual she drew over the bridge, and escaped. But as he was going home, one of his oxen died, so that he was forced to unhitch him that he might get home. He then put his oxen, with many more, upon Salisbury beach, where cattle used to get feed. In a few days, all the oxen upon the beach were found by their tracks to have run into the mouth of Merrimack River, and not returned; but the next day they were found come ashore upon Plum Island. They that sought them used all imaginable gentleness, but they would run away with a violence that seemed wholly diabolical, till they came near the Mouth of Merrimack-river when they ran right into the sea, swimming as far as they could be seen. One of them then came back again, with a swiftness amazing to the beholder, who stood ready to receive him, and help up his most precious; but the beast ran headlong up into the island, and from thence through the marshes, up into Newbury-town, and so up into the woods; and after a while he was found near Amesbury. So that of fourteen great oxen there was only this saved; the rest were all cast up, some in one place, some in another, drowned.

John Atkinson testified, that he exchanged a cow with a son of Susanna Martin, whereat she muttered, and was unwilling he should have it. Going to receive this cow, though he hamstrung her, and haltered her, she at a time crumple grew so mad, that they could scarce get her alive. She broke all the

ropes that were fastened unto her; and though she was tied fast unto a tree, yet she made her escape, and gave them such farther trouble as they could ascribe to no cause but witchcraft.

Bernard Peache testified, that being in bed, on a Lord's day night, he heard a scrabbling at the window, whereat he then saw Susanna Martin come in, and jump down upon the floor. She took hold of the deponent's feet, and drawing his body up into a heap, she lay upon him near two hours; in all which time he could neither speak nor stir. At length, when he could begin to move, he laid hold on her hand, and pulling it up to his mouth, he bit three of her fingers, as he judged, to the bone; whereupon she went from the chamber down stairs, out at the door. This deponent then called upon the people of the house to advise them of what passed; and he himself followed her. The people saw her not; but there being a bucket at the left hand of the door, there was a drop of blood on it, and several more drops upon the snow, newly fallen abroad. There was likewise the print of her two feet just without the threshold; but no more sign of any footing further off.

At another time this deponent was desired by the prisoner to come to husking of corn, at her house; and she said, "If he did not come, it were better than he did." He went not; but the night following, Susanna Martin, as he judged, and another, came towards him. One of them said, "Here he is;" but he, having quarterstaff, made a blow at them, and the roof of the barn broke his blow; but following them to the window, he made another blow at them, and struck them down; yet they got up, and got out, and he saw no more of them. About this time, there was a rumor about town that Martin had a broken head; but the deponent could say nothing to that. The said Peache also testified, the bewitching of cattle to death, upon Martin's contents.

Robert Downer testified, that this prisoner being some years ago prosecuted at court for a witch, he then said unto her, "he believed she was a witch." Whereat she being dissatisfied, said, "that some she-devil would shortly fetch him away;" which words were heard by others, as well as himself. The night following, as he lay in his bed, there came in at the window the likeness of a cat, which flew upon him and took fast hold of his throat, lay on him a considerable time, and almost killed him; at length he remembered what Susanna Martin had threatened the day before, and with much striving he cried out, "Avoid, thou she-devil; in the name of God the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, avoid;" whereupon it left him, leaped on the floor, and flew out at the window.

And there, also came in several testimonies that before even Downer spoke a word of this accident, Susanna Martin and her family had related how this Downer had been handled.

John Kimball testified that Susanna Martin, upon a causeless disgust had threatened him about a certain cow of his, that she should never do him any more good, and it came to pass accordingly, for soon after the cow was found stark dead on the dry ground, without any distemper to be discerned upon her; upon which he was followed with a strange death upon more of his cattle, whereof he lost in one spring to the value of £30. But the said John Kimball had further testimony to give in against the prisoner, which was truly admirable. Being desirous to furnish himself with a dog, he applied himself to buy one of this Martin, who had a bitch with whelps at her house; but she not letting him have his choice, he said he would supply himself then at one Balzdel's. Having marked a puppy which he liked at Balzdel's, he met George Martin, the husband of the prisoner, going by, who asked whether he would not have one of his wife's puppies, and he answered no. The same day one Edmund Eliot, being at Martin's house, heard George Martin relate where this Kimball had been and what he had said, whereupon Susanna Martin replied, "If I live I'll give him puppies enough." Within a few days after this, Kimball coming out of the woods, there arose a little black cloud in the northwest and Kimball immediately felt a force upon him which made him not able to avoid running upon the stumps of trees that were before him, although he had a broad plain cart-way before him; but though he had his axe on his shoulder to endanger him in his falls, he could not forbear going out of his way to tumble over them. When he came below the Meeting-house there appeared to him a little thing like a puppy, of a darkens color, and it shot backwards and forwards between his legs. He had the courage to use all possible endeavors to cut it with his axe, but he could not hit it; the puppy gave a jump from him, and went, as to him it seemed, into the ground. Going a little further, there appeared unto him a black puppy, somewhat bigger than the first, but as black as a coal. Its motions were quicker than those of his axe. It flew at his belly, and at his throat, so over his shoulders one way, and then over his shoulders another way. His heart began to fail him, and he thought the dog would have tore his throat out; but he recovered himself, and called upon God in his distress, and naming the name of Jesus Christ, it vanished away at once. The deponent spoke not one word of these accidents for fear of affrighting his wife. But the next morning, Edmund Eliot going into Martin's house, this woman asked him where Kimball was. He replied, "At home, a-bed, for ought he knew" she returned, "They say he was frightened last night." Eliot

asked where she heard of it, for he had heard nothing of it. She rejoined, "About town;" although Kimball had mentioned the matter to no creature living.

William Brown testified, that Heaven having blessed him with a most pious and prudent wife, this wife of his one day met with Susanna Martin; but when she approached just unto her, Martin vanished out of sight, and left her extremely affrighted. After which time the said Martin often appeared unto her, giving her no little trouble; and when she did come, she was visited with birds, that sorely pecked and pricked her; and sometimes a bunch like a pullet's egg would rise on her throat, ready to choke her, till she cried out "Witch you shan't choke me!" While this good woman was in this extremity, the church appointed a day of prayer on her behalf; whereupon the trouble ceased; she saw not Martin as formerly; and the church instead of their fast, gave thanks for her deliverance. But a considerable while after, she being summoned to give in some evidence at the court against this Martin, quickly this Martin came behind her, while she was milking her cow, and said unto her, "For thy defaming me at court, I'll make thee the miserablest creature in the world." Soon after which she fell into a strange kind of distemper, and became horribly frantic, and uncapable on any reasonable action; the physicians declaring that her distemper was preternatural, and that some devil had certainly bewitched her; and in that condition she now remained.

Sarah Atkinson testified, that Susanna Martin came from Amesbury, to their house at Newbury, in an extraordinary season, when it was not fit for anyone to travel. She came all that long way on foot. She bragged and showed how dry she was; nor could it be perceived that so much as the soles of her shoes were wet. Atkinson was amazed at it, and professed that she should herself have been wet up to her knees, if she had come so far; but Martin replied "she scorned to be drabbled." It was noted that this testimony, upon her trial, cast her into a very singular confusion.

John Pressy testified, that being one evening very unaccountably bewildered near a field of Martin, and several times as one under enchantment, returning to the place he had left, at length he saw a marvelous light, about the bigness of an half bushel, near two rods out of the way. He went and struck at it with a stick, and laid it on with all his might. He gave it near forty blows, and felt it a palpable substance. But going from it his heels were struck up, and he was laid with his back on the ground; he sliding as he though into a pit; from whence he recovered by taking hold on a bush; although afterwards he could find no such pit in the place. Having after his recovery gone five or six rods, he saw Susanna Martin standing on his

left hand, as the light had done before; but they exchanged no words with one another. He could scarce find his house in his return; but at length got home extremely affrighted. The next day it was upon inquiry understood, that Martin was in a miserable condition, by pains and hurts that were upon her.

It was further testified by this deponent, that after he had given in some evidence against Susanna Martin many years ago, she gave him foul words about it, and said "he should never prosper; and more particularly that he should never have more than two cows; that though he were ever so likely to have more, yet he should never have them;" and that, from that very day to this namely for twenty years together, he could never exceed that number, but some strange thing or other still prevented his having any more.

Jarvis Ring testified, that about seven years ago he was oftentimes grievously oppressed in the night, but saw not what troubled him, until at length he, lying perfectly awake, plainly saw Susanna Martin approach him; she came to him, and forcible bit him by the finger; so that the print of the bite is now, so long after, to be seen upon him.

But besides all these evidence, there was a most wonderful account of one Joseph Ring produced on this occasion. This man has been strangely carried about, by daemons, from one witch-meeting to another, for near two years together; and for one-quarter of this time they made him and kept him dumb, though he is now again able to speak.

On such evidence and by such a tribunal she was convicted, the court meeting June 29, and sentenced, and with Sarah Good, Sarah Wildes, Elizabeth How and Rebecca Nurse was hung on Witch Hill, Salem, July 19, 1692.

Their bodies were, without ceremony, rudely put into a common grave. In one or two cases relatives braved the popular odium and at night recovered the bodies and buried them properly, the others evidently remained in their dishonored graves.

The delusion continued a few months, others being sacrificed, the last execution being on Sept. 22, 1692, and then the people apparently awoke. The "afflicted girls" grew too bold and over-did things. For one thing they accused the wife of Judge Corwin himself, and then what brought matters more decidedly to a head, they charged the wife of Rev. Mr. Hall of

Beverly with Witchcraft. He had been active in the prosecutions, but his wife was so far removed from any suspicion that the charge was doubted and perhaps the reverend gentleman himself saw things in a different light when it came home to him and his.

What finally brought matters to an end was largely the vigorous action of some people in Andover, who, when the excitement was carried there, promptly entered suits for slander against the accusers.

Mr. Parris and a few others tried ineffectually to fan the dying embers into another blaze of excitement but without avail. He himself was soon again in trouble with his church people who finally got rid of him and his later career was that of a discredited failure.

The "afflicted girls" who had enjoyed to the full their wicked notoriety, in almost every case proved of profligate character.

And so ended one of the strangest episodes of our history. Just what actuated the participants it would be hard to say. We must believe that most of them, leaving out the accusing girls, were honest in their belief that they were doing God's service in what they considered fighting Satan in their midst. The clergy to a considerable degree (though not a majority) were caught in the delusion. The doctors too did their share in helping it along.

I have referred to Whittier's poem. We all love him as our New England poet. As a historian he would hardly be called an authority. We have read the seemingly endless discussions about Floyd Ireson and Barbara Freitchie. In regard to the poem of Mabel Martin, it may be rather ungracious to say that instead of her marrying the hero of the poem after her witch mother had been hung, the unsentimental records show that they were married some sixteen years before.

However the poem is a beautiful one.

LIST OF PAPERS READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY IN 1908.

"The Snow-Shoe Scouts." George Waldo Browne. Read February 12, 1908.

"Early Mining Operations near Lowell." Alfred P. Sawyer, Esq. Read May 13, 1908.

"Genealogical Research." James F. Savage, Esq. Read October 14, 1908.

"A Trial in the Days of Witchcraft." Francis N. Chase. Read December 9, 1908.

The Prizes offered by the Lowell Historical Society to the Graduating Class of the Lowell High School, for the best essays on "The Makers of Lowell," were awarded as follows:—

First Prize, \$10 in gold, to Miss Lillian McCoy Smith.

Second Prize, \$5 in gold, to Miss Albertine Bernier.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR 1908-1909.

PREPARED AND READ BY SOLON W. STEVENS, PRESIDENT,
FEBRUARY 10, 1909.

There is but very little to express in the annual report of the Executive Committee for the year now coming to its close, save the statement of the proceedings at our stated meetings and brief obituary notices of those of our membership who have passed away since our last annual meeting.

Quietly and unobtrusively we have gathered together from time to time, prompted by a desire to fulfil the purpose for which this Society was formed by way of encouraging the study of local history, and of perpetuating and publishing whatever is truthful and reliable either in tradition or of record and is of special interest in the history of Lowell and adjacent towns. As indicative of the motives and the spirit which guide us in our efforts as a society, the following quotation from a letter written by Ruskin in 1871 will serve as an illustration.

"If any journal would limit itself to statements of well sifted fact, making itself not a 'news' paper, but an 'olds' paper, and giving its statements tested and true, like old wine, as soon as things could be known accurately; choosing also of the many things that might be known, those which it was most vital to know, and summing them up in few words of pure English, I cannot say whether it would ever pay to sell it; but I am sure it would pay well to read it, and to read no other."

On the evening of February 12th, 1908, we were favored with a very interesting paper by George Waldo Browne, Esq., of Manchester, N. H., chairman of the Publication Committee of the Manchester Historical Society, on "The Snow-Shoe Scouts," with sketches of the men who made up the company.

On May 13th, 1908, an exceedingly interesting paper on "Early Mining Operations near Lowell" was read by Alfred P. Sawyer, Esq., Corresponding Secretary of our Society. After the reading and explanation of several specimens by the author,

the subject was discussed by Mr. Jerome B. Melvin, Mr. William B. Goodwin, Mr. James Bayles, Mr. George B. Coburn, Judge Hadley, and others.

On October 14th, 1908, we listened to an address on "Genealogical Research" by James F. Savage, Esq., Clerk of the Police Court of Lowell. The subject was treated in an interesting and scholarly manner and illustrated by the exhibition of several unique contrivances used by our ancestors.

During the same evening the Hon. Samuel P. Hadley spoke on the subject of his recent and former visits to Europe.

Judge White of the Superior Court of Massachusetts was present as a guest at this meeting, and by request spoke of the work of the Old Colony Historical Society of Taunton, Massachusetts, of which he is a member.

On December 9th, 1908, a very interesting paper was read by Mr. Francis N. Chase, cashier of the Old Lowell National Bank, of this city, on "A Trial in the Days of Witchcraft."

Remarks were made by the Hon. Samuel P. Hadley, who, with Mr. Chase, claims descent from Susanna Martin, one of the victims of this delusion in 1692, and by Gen. Phillip Reade who was introduced as a descendent of Rebecca Nurse, another victim of the witchcraft delusion of that year, and who spoke of the waves of superstition that had swept over England and this country, culminating in these trials and persecutions for witchcraft and of similar superstitions existing today in the Philippines.

Mr. P. Hildreth Parker presented the Society with an additional list of inscriptions from old gravestones, and spoke of his attendance at a recent meeting of the Bay State Historical League. At this meeting also the attention of the Society was called by Alfred P. Sawyer, Esq., to the portraits of the Board of Directors of the Prescott National Bank which have lately been given to the society and gave a brief account of each of them and their terms of office.

The attention of the members is hereby directed to the report of the Committee on the prizes awarded to the pupils of the Lowell High School on subjects assigned them for their consideration. This report will be submitted by its chairman, Alfred P. Sawyer, Esq.

Mr. Henry L. Tibbetts died at his home on the morning of March 21st at the age of sixty-one years.

He was born in Charleston, Maine, December 20th, 1847. He worked on the farm and attended the district school until he reached the age of seventeen when he came to Lowell and found employment in the planing and saw mill of Norcross and Saunders, and attended McCoy's commercial school evenings for further mental discipline and improvement.

In the course of time he accepted the position of foreman in the lumber yard of H. and A. Whitney where he remained five years. After the death of Mr. Albert Whitney, Mr. Tibbetts took one-half interest in the business with Mr. Hiram Whitney, and the firm became known as Whitney and Tibbetts.

Later, soon after the death of Mr. Charles Whitney, Mr. Tibbetts accepted the position of treasurer and general manager of the Skillings, Whitney and Barnes Lumber Company, of Boston, one of the largest concerns in this line of business in the United States.

He was a prominent member of the First Baptist Church in this city and was for a long time superintendent of the Sunday School connected with this church.

Mr. Tibbetts was an active, influential citizen, highly respected for integrity of character and business ability, and will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends in the business and church associations of this community.

Mr. Hiram Whitney, a widely known citizen, died suddenly in the hall-way of the third floor of the Hildreth Building, on the forenoon of the 26th of March, 1908, just five days after the

death of his former business partner, Mr. Henry L. Tibbetts, at the age of seventy-five years.

Mr. Whitney was born in Westford. He came to Lowell about forty years ago, and was for a long time engaged in the lumber business under the firm name and style of H. and A. Whitney.

During the later years of his life he was largely engaged in the real estate business. His home was in Westford at the time of his decease, but his headquarters as a business man were in this city where he was widely known to a large constituency of friends, and he will be greatly missed.

Mr. Isaac Allen Fletcher, one of the best known of the old residents of this city, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. George G. Rogers, 384 Wilder Street, on the afternoon of June 21st, 1908, at the age of seventy-nine years and two months.

Mr. Fletcher was born in Boxborough, Mass., in 1838, and came to Lowell when nine years old, where he practically lived until his decease. For many years he was engaged in the grocery business at the corner of Central and Church Streets. Afterward he served as assessor of the city of Lowell for about twelve years. He was a quiet, genial man, of unblemished reputation as a citizen, and will long be remembered by those who enjoyed his acquaintance and friendship.

Mr. Thomas O. Allen, commonly known as "Major" Allen, died at his home, 948 Middlesex street, on July 11th, 1908, at the age of about seventy-three years. Mr. Allen was born in Lowell. He was the son of Otis Allen, Esq., a prominent lumber dealer for many years in this city.

On the 15th of April, 1861, he enlisted in Company C, Sixth Regiment, and was with the regiment in its famous march through Baltimore, at which time he acted as sergeant of his company. He remained in the service until the close of the war, and upon his third enlistment he was given the rank of major.

After the declaration of peace, he went to Jacksonville, Florida, and engaged in the lumber business for about eighteen years. On his return to Lowell he was elected inspector of milk and vinegar, a position which he held at the time of his death.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Charlotte A. Allen, one daughter, Miss Jennie L. Allen, a teacher in the High School of this city; two sons, Dr. Otis Allen, of this city, and Mr. Edward A. Allen of Portland, Maine, and also a brother, the Hon. Charles H. Allen, a distinguished citizen of Lowell, now residing in New York City.

Major Allen was an honest, upright, reliable man; and some of us who were his schoolmates in boyhood days, fondly remembering him, would offer this simple tribute to his memory.

Mr. George F. Libbee died at his home on Wannalancit street on the 19th of August, 1908, at sixty-eight years of age. Mr. Libbee had lived in Lowell all his life. For 38 years he had been connected with the firm of H. H. Wilder & Co., widely known as plumbers and dealers in furnaces and ranges.

He was a quiet, modest man, not given to social display, nor public excitement. His circle of acquaintance though large may not have been as extensive as some, but by those who knew him intimately he was highly prized as a friend, and as such he is remembered now, and also for his worth as an upright, intelligent citizen.

Mr. Levi Dumas, after a very short illness, died at his home on Ash street, on the 9th of November, 1908, at the age of seventy-eight years and one month. Mr. Dumas was born in Montpelier, Vt., October 8th, 1830, and came to Lowell in 1848 at the age of eighteen years. For several years he was employed by the firm of Merrill and Straw. In 1868 the firm of Bacheller, Dumas and Company, which was afterwards changed to Dumas and Company, was formed to do business as bookbinders and blank book manufacturers. Mr. Dumas was senior member of this firm at the time of his death. His pleasant face, his cordial

greeting of friends, and his kindly nature made him friends wherever he chanced to go. He is remembered today as an upright man, and an intelligent, prosperous citizen.

It may be proper in this connection to mention the death of Mr. Charles F. Livingston, of Manchester, N. H., who was elected a corresponding member of this Society May 13th, 1908, and who died December 24th, 1908 at the age of ninety years.

There are two other names which with propriety may be included in this obituary list, although at the time of the decease of these gentlemen their names were not on the list of membership of the Lowell Historical Society; they were, however, members of the "Old Residents' Historical Association" up to the time of the merger of the latter into the present Society.

Mr. George W. Fiske, one of the oldest residents of the city, died at an early hour on February 4th, 1909, at the age of ninety-seven years.

Mr. Fiske was an excellent type of the genial old gentleman of the old school. He was born in Guildhall, Vermont, in 1812, and came to Lowell in 1833, three years before Lowell became incorporated as a city. At that time the population of the "Town of Lowell" was about 8,000. No railroad entered the place and the trip to Boston was made by coach. He attended the meeting when the "town" became a "city" and was among the spectators who saw President Jackson when he visited Lowell in 1833. His first ballot was cast for John Quincy Adams, and he has always taken pride in saying that every Republican presidential candidate since that day had received his vote, with the exception of the election in November last when he was unable to leave his home. He will be missed, remembered and loved as a genial old gentleman, whose memory was a connecting link between the old and the new, and who stood as a witness of the growth of Lowell as a township of about 8,000 residents to Lowell as a city with an official census of nearly one hundred thousand souls.

Mr. Horace B. Shattuck, for a long time one of the best known business men in this city, died on June 21st, 1908 at the home of his daughter, Mrs. F. W. Ely, in Greenville, N. H., at the age of eighty-three years. Mr. Shattuck received his early education in the schools of the "town" of Lowell, and in his young days engaged in the hardware business, in which he continued until about four years ago when ill health prevented him from further business activity. He enjoyed the esteem and friendship of many friends. He leaves two sons, Edward H. Shattuck, now living in the West, and Dr. George B. Shattuck, a professor at Vassar College and a corresponding member of our Society, and a daughter, Mrs. F. W. Ely, of Greenville, N. H.

There is one other name which may with propriety be added to this obituary list because its possessor was for a long time a prominent citizen in Lowell, and although not a member of the Lowell Historical Society, he was for many years a member of the Old Residents' Historical Association. Mr. Charles L. Hildreth died in Westford very suddenly on February 26th, 1909, at the age of eighty-five years. He was widely known, highly respected and he will be missed by a large circle of friends who knew him as an upright, honest and capable man.

This Society stands for investigations and research in matters which appertain to the history of Lowell and its surrounding towns, and for the recording of the results of such labor in permanent form. Its object ought to appeal to both the old and the young, and especially to the thoughtful who may cherish a spirit of civic pride in the home of their nativity or their adoption. Its jurisdiction extends over an area which was made historic in Revolutionary times, and which has since then contributed no small share to the moral force which has given to the Commonwealth its high position among the states which form our noble Republic.

As the years go by, its personal character changes, for the Angel of Death issues its summons in the unexpected hour. It is for us who are living to work while it is day, for the night cometh when no one can work.

Respectfully submitted,

SOLON W. STEVENS,

President.

THE CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The Lowell Historical Society observed the One Hundredth Anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln by a public meeting in Memorial Hall, Wednesday evening, February 10, 1910, that being the date of the annual meeting of the Society.

The following is a copy of the printed programme.

LOWELL HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Lincoln Centennial

FEBRUARY 10th, 1909, 8 P. M.
MEMORIAL HALL

ORDER OF EXERCISES

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT

SOLON W. STEVENS, Esq.

SOLO—BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Written by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe

MRS. W. H. PEPIN

(Chorus by the audience, in which every one is requested to join)

RECOLLECTIONS OF LINCOLN IN LOWELL IN 1848 AND READING OF CONCLUDING
PORTION OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

HON. S. P. HADLEY

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN IN 1865

WILLIAM M. CLARKE, Esq.
of Everett, Mass.

SOLO—VIVE L'AMERICA

MRS. W. H. PEPIN

READING OF PORTION OF THE COMMEMORATION ODE, *Written by*
James Russell Lowell

FRANK K. STEARNS, Esq.

REMINISCENCES OF PERSONAL INTERVIEWS WITH LINCOLN

MOSES G. PARKER, M. D.

SOLO—STAR SPANGLED BANNER

MRS. W. H. PEPIN

(Chorus by the audience)

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT, SOLON W. STEVENS,
ESQ.

I cast my first presidential vote in the fall of 1860 for Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, and when in January, 1861, I learned that my college classmate and friend of a lifetime, Hon. John Hay, who later became Secretary of State, had been chosen

by Mr. Lincoln as his private secretary, I made up my mind to witness the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States.

I put in an appearance on the morning of March 4, 1861 and through the kindness of Mr. Hay, I was favored in a great degree. It was a day to be remembered in its incidents, many of which I never shall forget. It was a beautiful day. The area in front of the White House was then one wild tract of uncultivated land, the Congressional Library had not then been built, and the Capitol at that time had nothing in front of it on the southerly side except a vast plain of uncultivated land. As far as the eye could reach, it was covered that morning with people, manifesting by their presence various views concerning the subject then before them. I shall not try to describe all the incidents which I witnessed. That is all a matter of history now. But when Mr. Lincoln stepped from the Senate Chamber to the steps of the portico to deliver his first inaugural address, he was received with expressions of great enthusiasm and hilarity, but there were some expressions of derision and scorn. As I moved around in the crowd before I took the position that was assigned me by my friend, I could hear expressions like this, "This backwoodsman! This awkward man from the west! What does he know about affairs of state! Does he think he can push back the clouds of war that are gathering now in the horizon?" Many expressions of that kind were heard.

You will remember that seven states had seceded from the Union and had formed what was called the "Southern Confederacy." I stood within about twelve feet of the temporary platform which had been built in front of the portico when Mr. Lincoln stood behind his desk to deliver his inaugural address. I stood just behind two men who apparently had known each other many years. The one on my left was a western man, and a strong Lincoln man, the other a Southerner and a red-hot secessionist.

Finally Mr. Lincoln was seen coming down the aisle of the platform with Senator Douglass on his left, and Chief Justice Taney on his right ready to administer the oath of office at the proper time. Mr. Lincoln commenced his inaugural address in these words (bear in mind if you please that seven of the states of the Union had passed the ordinances of secession), "Fellow citizens of the United States," he paused an instant and that whole crowd was just as still as this audience; then went on to say that his dissatisfied fellow-countrymen had taken no oath to strike against the Union, but that he was about to take an oath to preserve and protect the Union, and that if trouble should come and war was declared, they—the Southerners—would be the aggressors. Chief Justice Taney then administered the oath of office and the crowd began to move away. As they moved about the southern man turned to the western man and said, "Well, what do you think of it?" "Think of it," said the western man, "it is the greatest speech since Christ's Sermon on the Mount. What do you think of it?" "I think it means war," said the southern man. The western man called him by name and said, "You and I have been friends for many years, but if it means war we have come to the parting of the ways, and let me tell you this, if it means war you of the south will be the beginners, and let me tell you another thing, if it means war, in the end the south will bite the dust in tears." The men separated. I do not know whether they have ever seen each other again or whether they are alive or not, but this I do know, that the western man's prophecy has since become history.

In the afternoon as I strolled around the city of Washington, where the railroad station then stood, a carriage filled with men drove up to the station and came to a halt. They lifted one of their number and carried him into the station to his seat in the cars. That is the way in which James Buchanan left Washington on the 4th of March, 1861. In the morning I had seen the

incoming of a new era, and now I was witnessing the exit of a representative of an era that was passing away.

In the evening I had the pleasure of going to the inaugural ball. Mr. Lincoln and his wife were there, and when they stood in the proper place for the reception of friends, I joined the crowd and shook hands with Abraham Lincoln. It used to be the boast of Mr. Wendell Phillips that he had shaken hands with Lafayette when a young man. I am proud to say that I have shaken hands with Abraham Lincoln, that this right hand has been grasped by, and has grasped, the right hand of the greatest American in the history of this Republic.

Mr. Stevens read from a sketch by Mr. Frank B. Carpenter, the artist, who was commissioned to go to Washington to paint the scene of the Emancipation Proclamation. He also read abstracts from Mr. Lincoln's favorite poem "O Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud."

After the singing of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's Battle Hymn of the Republic, Mr. Stevens said:—

Friends, so far as I have any knowledge of the matter, I know of but one gentleman in this city who remembers when Mr. Lincoln visited Lowell in 1848; that gentleman is a man concerning whom it is always understood that whenever he says anything you may depend upon it as the truth. I now take great pleasure in presenting to you Hon. Samuel P. Hadley.

Judge Hadley said:—

Mr. Lincoln will be remembered as the great head of the nation during the terrible war and rebellion, but he will be known through the world as the great emancipator.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LINCOLN IN LOWELL IN 1848 AND READING OF CONCLUDING PORTION OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION, BY HON. SAMUEL P. HADLEY.

At the beginning of the presidential campaign of 1848, politics on all sides were in a rather unsatisfactory condition.

There was a feeling of apathy in New England on the part of the Whigs over the nomination of General Taylor for the presidency. The great leaders of the party, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Scott and others, had been set aside for this brave old soldier, "Old Rough-and-Ready" as he was called, who was simply a soldier and nothing more; had had no experience whatever in civil life, and whose only merits to recommend him as a candidate were the laurels he had won, giving him distinction and fame, in a war which the party from the first had opposed and condemned. Indeed, at the time of his nomination, it was not clearly ascertained that he was a Whig, although he was known to be a slave-holder. Of course such a nomination was a sore disappointment to the party. Mr. Webster frankly declared it was "a nomination not fit to be made," and other prominent Whigs "sulked in their tents."

On the other hand the Democrats had their dissensions. They had nominated General Lewis Cass of Michigan, a statesman of national reputation, for president and for vice-president, General William O. Butler of Kentucky, one of General Scott's division commanders, who was expected to help along the southern and military ends of the ticket. It was a respectable ticket, but it aroused no enthusiasm.

The Free-Soil Democrats of New York, holding fast to the Wilmot-Proviso, were in open revolt, refusing to support Cass. They nominated Ex-President Van Buren for president, and Charles Francis Adams for vice-president, on a free soil platform. This movement threatened both parties at the north, and called for prompt and earnest work.

The Whig National Committee, alive to the danger, sent Mr. Lincoln and other western Whigs into New York and New England, to dispel the clouds of apathy, and rouse the party to their duty. Accordingly Mr. Lincoln came among us, advocating Whig principles and candidates, and counselling union.

On the 14th day of September, 1848, sixty years ago last September, the writer, then a boy of sixteen years, while walking up Central street, saw posted upon a wall, a sheet of white paper, about a yard long and two feet wide, on which was printed in large black block letters the following announcement:—

“WHIG MEETING

Next Saturday Evening, Sept. 16, at 7.30 o'clock
at City Hall.

The Whigs of Lowell and Vicinity will be addressed next Saturday evening by Hon. Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, the only Whig Representative in Congress from that State, and George Woodman, Esq., of Boston.

All the Van Buren converts are respectfully invited to attend.

Gallery reserved for the ladies.

Per order of the Whig Central Committee.

LINUS CHILD, Chairman.

ALFRED GILMAN, Sec'y.”

I stopped and read this announcement with some interest. Being a youth reared under Democratic influences, and sharing in the home feeling against the Whig party, I ordinarily would have passed this Whig handbill without taking notice of it, but this one seemed to appeal to me. The name “Hon. Abraham Lincoln of Illinois” sounded well. “The only Whig Member of Congress from that State,” was interesting. I recall my thoughts as I read this announcement with perfect distinctness. I then and there formed the resolution to attend that meeting, and with the consent of my father, for boys in those days were accustomed to go to the head of the family for consent to be out of an evening, I attended.

In the afternoon Courier before the night of the meeting appeared the following appeal, in the editorial column of the paper.

“RALLY WHIGS

It is only necessary to say that the Whigs will assemble tonight in the City Hall to listen to addresses from Hon. Abraham Lincoln, M. C., from Illinois, and George Woodman, Esq., of Boston, to bring up all the good and true Taylor men who can spare the time.

From what we learn our citizens may depend upon enjoying a very high treat and hearing sound doctrine from able, staunch, faithful Whigs.

See the call in this paper.”

It was a pleasant evening, and I walked into town from my home. From some cause I was late in reaching the meeting, and when I turned the corner of Carleton and Hovey's, I could hear the noise of loud applause and shouts of laughter coming from the hall. I hurried along, entered the building and ascended the long staircase. Entering the hall, I found the body of it well filled with a seated crowd who were laughing heartily and uproariously over a story they had been told by a man who was speaking as I entered. The gallery was filled with ladies who joined in the laughter. On the platform were a number of prominent Whigs of Lowell, some of whom I knew by sight, Hon. Linus Child, Homer Bartlett, John Wright, Tappan Wentworth, John Avery, L. R. Streeter and others.

I said a man was speaking as I entered. He was a tall man about forty years of age, dressed in dark clothing, wearing a collar which turned over a black silk cravat, over six feet in height, slightly stooping as tall men sometimes are, with long arms, which he frequently extended in earnest gesticulation, of dark complexion, with dark, almost black hair, with strong and homely features, with eyes which now kindled with brightness in earnest argument, or quiet humor, and then assumed a calm sadness; a forceful and candid man I thought him, rather than an eloquent one; he pointed his arguments with amusing illustrations, and funny stories, which he seemed to enjoy as he told them, for he joined in a comical way in the laugh they occasioned, shaking his sides, which peculiar manner seemed to add to the good humor of the audience; with a voice of a more than average compass, clear and penetrating, pronouncing many of his words in a manner not usual in New England.

For nearly three-quarters of an hour I sat and listened, now doing my best to follow his arguments, and now joining in the roars of laughter that followed his stories.

Little did I think that I, a boy of sixteen, was looking into the face of one whom my torn and distracted country, in her hour of mortal peril, would rely on in trust and confidence as her chosen leader, who should bear the great burden of that leadership with calm and trustful confidence in the ultimate triumph of liberty and union in the hour of defeat, and with forgiving magnanimity, and tender consideration in the hour of victory, one who was to strike the chains from five millions of bond-men, one who should pass into immortality in the crowning hour of his noble life, amid the tears of every lover of humanity the wide world over, the great Martyr President, the Great Liberator—Abraham Lincoln.

Ah! how little did that sad-eyed, earnest man, standing there and speaking in that crowded hall, on that autumn night, know what was before him in the coming years, what trials, what agonies of soul were his to suffer, what terrible burdens of anxiety and responsibility were his to bear as the chosen head of a great nation struggling for life, and for which he was to give his own in cruel martyrdom! Well indeed it is that "Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate."

Mr. Lincoln closed his speech amid great applause, and stepped back apparently to take his seat; but before he could do so, Mr. Woodman stepped forward and whispered some words in his ear, which Mr. Lincoln stooped to hear, and having done so, nodded his head approvingly, and again came forward and said to the audience, "Fellow citizens, I have been requested by my friend Mr. Woodman, to say a few words to you in regard to the availability of General Taylor as the candidate of the Whig party for the presidency." He then talked for perhaps eight or ten minutes on that subject.

I recall the words of approval and satisfaction which were expressed by the audience as it left the hall, and I remember giving my family an account of the meeting, and of

repeating to them some of Mr. Lincoln's funny stories—stories that I have long since forgotten.

The following are two notices of the meeting which appeared in the *Courier* on Monday, September 18. The first is editorial, by Corporal L. R. Streeter, the second the report of Alfred Gilman, the secretary. The editorial is as follows:

"THE WHIG RALLY

The City Hall was filled to its utmost capacity again on Saturday night.

Homer Bartlett presiding, and Alfred Gilman acting as Secretary. The Meeting was graced by the presence of many fair ladies, all true Whigs.

The Chairman made a short stirring address and then introduced George Woodman, Esq., of Boston, who made a very capital speech. Hon. Abraham Lincoln of Illinois then addressed the assembly in a most able speech, going over the whole subject in a masterly and convincing manner, and showing, beyond a peradventure, that it is the first duty of the Whigs to stand united and labor with devotion to secure the defeat of that party which has already done so much mischief to the country. He was frequently interrupted by bursts of warm applause. After the distinguished speaker closed, the Secretary read the letter from General Taylor which we give today, and which was received with tremendous applause.

The meeting then adjourned with cheer after cheer for Taylor and Filmore.

It was emphatically a Whig Meeting, not a word of trouble, dissension or doubt, coming up there."

Mr. Gilman's report is as follows:—

For the *Journal and Courier*

"WHIG MEETING

The sterling Whigs of Lowell came together last Saturday evening at the City Hall.

The Meeting was called together by the Chairman of the Whig Central Committee, Hon. Linus Child.

Homer Bartlett, Esq. was chosen Chairman, and A. Gilman, Secretary. After a few animating remarks from the Chairman, he introduced George Woodman, Esq., of Boston, who made a very pertinent and witty off hand speech, which was frequently interrupted by the spontaneous plaudits of the audience.

At the close of his speech, Mr. Woodman introduced the Hon. Abraham Lincoln of Illinois.

It would be doing injustice to his speech to endeavor to give a sketch of it.

It was replete with good sense, sound reasoning, and irresistible argument, and spoken with that perfect command of manner and matter which so eminently distinguishes the Western orators.

He disabused the Public of the erroneous suppositions that Taylor was not a Whig, that Van Buren was anything more than a thorough Loco Foco on all subjects other than Free Territory, and hardly safe on that, and showed up in a masterly manner the inconsistency and folly of those Whigs who, being drawn off from the true and oldest Free Soil organization known among the parties of the Union, would now lend their influence to help Mr. Van Buren into the Presidential Chair. His speech was interrupted by the cheers of the audience evincing the truth of the great supposition that the dead can speak.

At the close of the speech the Secretary by request, read the letter of General Taylor to Capt. Alison, which had just been received, in which he says "From the beginning till now, I have declared myself to be a Whig on all proper occasions."

The Lowell Advertiser, then edited by Fisher A. Hildreth, a Democratic paper, reviewed the speeches of the evening with some severity, but did not indicate the particular points of each speaker which were the subjects of its criticisms.

I have been asked where Mr. Lincoln stopped when in our city. I do not know. As he spoke on Saturday night, and as in those days there were no trains to Boston later than 6.30, he must, I conclude, have remained here over night, probably with the Chairman of the Central Committee, Hon. Linus Child, on Kirk street, possibly with Hon. Homer Bartlett, who resided in the same block with Mr. Child. Whether he remained over the Sunday with us, I do not know.

I again saw Mr. Lincoln in Washington in 1862.

Judge Hadley then read abstracts from the Atlantic Monthly and the Emancipation Proclamation.

Mr. Stevens:

I now present to you William M. Clarke, Esq., of Everett. He is a gentleman who was a member of Company C of the National Guard on the 4th of March, 1861. His position officially shown, was a little nearer than mine was, but I cannot think the scene made any deeper impression upon him. We are to have the pleasure of listening to one who was in Washington on the night of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN. BY
WILLIAM M. CLARKE, ESQ.

My knowledge of and interest in Mr. Lincoln began in the year 1855 when, as a page in the House of Representatives of the 34th Congress of the United States, I became intimately acquainted in the course of my duties with the Hon. Jesse O. Norton, a member of that Congress from Galena, Illinois, a former colleague of Mr. Lincoln.

Mr. Lincoln served his only term in Congress in the years 1847 to 1849. He first contested for the nomination to Congress in 1843, his opponents being a Mr. Baker and a Mr. Harden. Mr. Harden secured the nomination and was elected. In 1845, Mr. Lincoln was again a candidate for nomination, but withdrew in favor of Mr. Baker, one of his opponents in 1843. In 1847, Peter Cartwright, the itinerant Methodist minister, opposed Mr. Lincoln, but Mr. Lincoln was nominated and elected. I mention these facts to show the strange fatality which attended these three successful men. Harden was killed at the battle of Buena Vista while leading his brigade in a desperate charge against the enemy. Baker was killed at Ball's Bluff, Virginia, in the Civil War, and Lincoln as you know was assassinated.

In 1860, I was serving under Colonel Alexander H. Redfield in the far west near what is now known as Yellowstone Park. Colonel Redfield was a democrat and a southern sympathizer, believing fully in the institution of slavery, and when Mr. Lincoln was elected in November 1860 as president of the United States, Colonel Redfield, believing that there would be a conflict between the south and the north, resigned from the service and ordered me to proceed to Washington, District of Columbia. Soon after arriving in Washington in December of 1860, I was offered a position in the postoffice at Richmond, Virginia, of the to be Confederate States of America.

My interest in Mr. Lincoln, of whom I had read a great deal, had grown and my belief in the greatness of the man had increased, so that when the opportunity of appearing as an antagonist against him presented itself, I quickly decided that my loyalty was absolutely due to the United States, so I remained in Washington during that winter. The excitement in and around the city was very great. The southern men were loud in their boasts of what they would do with the "Rail Splitter," Lincoln. Men arrayed themselves on one side or the other, I for the United States, by joining Company C of the National Guard of the District of Columbia. That company was selected as the inaugural guard to Mr. Lincoln on the fourth of March, 1861.

Many of you doubtless have been in Washington, and know that the inaugural exercises take place on the east front of the capitol. For the inaugural of Mr. Lincoln a platform was built out over the steps leading from the rotunda, between the two heroic figures on either side. Mr. Lincoln came from the senate chamber accompanied by Chief Justice Roger A. Taney, of the Supreme Court of the United States on his right, and Stephen A. Douglass, his old time political opponent, on his left. Proceeding to a temporary desk erected on the platform the oath of office was administered to Mr. Lincoln by the Chief Justice, and with Senator Douglass standing at his left holding Mr. Lincoln's hat, Mr. Lincoln proceeded with his inaugural address. The company of which I was a member stood directly at the foot of the platform, our muskets were loaded, capped and half cocked and we had ten rounds of cartridges in our boxes. Our orders were at the first sign of attempted violence to Mr. Lincoln to fire. Your President has described the immense crowd that was there. He has described the scene and it is unnecessary for me to speak of it. No violence was attempted, and after escorting Mr. Lincoln to the White House we returned to our armory and were dismissed. Within forty-eight hours I had

to leave Washington, and going to Illinois was made Regimental Quartermaster Sergeant of the second Illinois artillery and served with General Grant, coming with him when he took command of the eastern army, and was on special duty in Washington, D. C.

On the evening of April 14, 1865, having some work to do in my office I returned there. The office we occupied was in a private house which had been taken for military purposes. It was on the south side of H street between 18th and 19th streets. Those of you who are familiar with Washington will remember that in those days the War and Navy departments were but two story buildings of sandstone situated on the east side of 17th street south of Pennsylvania Avenue. Directly opposite the Navy Department on the southwest corner of 17th and H street was General Grant's headquarters, and on the opposite corner was Winders building, occupied by clerks of the government.

As the clocks of the city of Washington were striking ten, having finished my work I came out of the door into the bright, beautiful moonlight. Impressed as it were with the solemnity of the night, I stood on the steps until the clock had ceased striking, then crossing to the north side of H street, I turned to the east intending to go up 17th street to Pennsylvania Avenue to get an omnibus to my home in the eastern section of the city. In those days there were no cars, omnibuses were the only means of transportation between Georgetown in the west, and the navy-yard on the east. Going down H street, I saw a man turn from 17th street into H street, whom I recognized by a deformity of his head lying on his right shoulder as Mr. Schoolcraft, a brother of Luke Schoolcraft, the Indian historian. Knowing Mr. Schoolcraft very well, I said to him as soon as we were in speaking distance, "Pretty late for you to be out tonight, Mr. Schoolcraft, isn't it?" Looking up to me and calling me by name he said, "My boy, we are ruined, Mr. Lincoln is killed, Mr. Seward is killed and the great war we have been

through has come to naught." Putting my hand on his shoulder I said, "Mr. Schoolcraft, have you been drinking champagne tonight? Go home, and go to bed, wake up in the morning and you will find Mr. Lincoln alive and the country all safe," and I bade him good night and started home. As I turned into 17th street toward Pennsylvania avenue, I saw men running, and remembering Mr. Schoolcraft's words I started and ran also. Turning into Pennsylvania avenue I ran to the east entrance gate of the White House and stood directly near Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, then Secretary of War, and Hon. Hugh McCullough, then Secretary of the Treasury. From these two gentlemen I learned that Mr. Lincoln had indeed been assassinated by Booth, and that Mr. Seward's throat had been partially cut by Atzerodt. Mr. Seward lived on 17th street directly across from where we stood. I then started down town and got to 10th street in front of Ford's Theatre, where the assassination had occurred. The theatre faced west. Laura Keane was playing "Our American Cousin." Two boxes on the south side of the first gallery had been thrown into one for the use of Mr. Lincoln and his party. The place usually occupied by the orchestra directly in front of the stage had been filled with chairs, the orchestra having been put under the stage. You will remember that I said that it was such a bright moon-light night that I recognized Mr. Schoolcraft at a considerable distance. At five minutes of ten a carriage drove to the entrance door of Ford's Theatre. A man got out of that carriage, entered the foyer and, taking his watch from his pocket, said "five minutes of ten." Later the same man, taking his watch again from his pocket, said "ten o'clock." These words had hardly been uttered by him when John Wilkes Booth, who had been standing near the entrance door of the box occupied by the President, pushed open the door of that box, and quietly entered.

McDonald, the stage carpenter, had oiled the hinges of that door and placed in the corner of the box a stout oaken bar.

As soon as he was in the box, Booth put that oaken bar in the iron support which had been put on either side of the door, effectually blocking entrance to the box from the gallery. The party in the box consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, Major Rathburn, his aide-de-camp and Major Rathburn's fiancée. All were looking intently on the stage when Booth drew his pistol and fired at the President, the shot taking effect in the back of the head of Mr. Lincoln. Then Booth ran to the front of the box and jumped to the stage. In his jump his spur caught in the flag which draped the front of the box and Booth fell sideways as it were on the stage, but immediately he sprang to his feet and waving aloft his pistol cried, "Sic semper tyrannis," and turning to the right limped across the stage into the exit and into an alley leading to F street where his young friend David Herold sat on horse-back holding a horse for Booth. As Booth mounted his horse and gathered the reins, he said to Herold, "Dave, I have done it." "Done what?" asked Herold. "I have killed the tyrant," replied Booth. Then began the wild ride for escape.

I have been asked to say something about Herold, with whom I went to school. The Herold family came from Port Tobacco, Charles County, Lower Maryland. David was the only boy in a family of seven, his father was a hunter keeping several packs of hunting dogs, and by going with his father on hunting expeditions David acquired a thorough knowledge of the topography of lower Maryland. Dave was a bright boy, but being the only son in the family was made a bit of a hero, and so acquired a love of what seemed to him heroic things. Among the family acquaintances were the Surratts, who were also originally from lower Maryland; there also was an only son, John H. Surratt. They were well to do people, Mrs. Surratt owning large tracts of land in Maryland, a small settlement on her land near Good Hope being called Surrattsville. You all undoubtedly remember reading of an alleged conspiracy to ab-

duct Mr. Lincoln on his going to or coming from the Soldiers' Home, in the northwestern part of the city and to hold him as a hostage for peace in the south. That this conspiracy was concocted in the house of Mrs. Surratt with Booth as the principal instigator, and Dave Herold as an accessory, there is absolutely no doubt, and when this plan was abandoned Booth conceived the idea of assassination, with Mrs. Surratt having guilty knowledge thereof. When Booth and Herold started from F street on that fatal night, they went directly to the eastern part of the city, down Eleventh street, across Anacostia bridge and going up the Good Hope road, went direct to Surrattsville, and there found two rifles which had been carried there by Mrs. Surratt in her buggy the day before.

I have mentioned that the orchestra had been taken from its usual place in the theatre and put under the stage. Among the persons seated in the chairs, the place where the orchestra usually sat, was a naval officer attached to the dispatch boat Ascutney, then lying at the navy-yard. As Booth ran across the stage and made his exit this officer sprang upon the stage, and grasping the flags which had adorned the front of Mr. Lincoln's box, succeeded in getting into the box. Lifting the head of Mr. Lincoln from the floor he held it upon his left breast, and directed Major Rathburn, who was completely dazed, to take the oaken bar from the door, so as to allow others to come to their assistance. The name of this officer has passed from my mind but I remember the bloody side of his jacket where Mr. Lincoln's head was pillowed. Of the taking of Mr. Lincoln across the street to the house of Mr. Peterson, and of his death it is unnecessary to speak. Five years or more after these events and while in Alexandria, Egypt, I learned that John J. Surratt had been acquitted of complicity in the murder of Mr. Lincoln, because of the alleged impossibility of recognizing one as they stepped from their carriage in front of the hall-way of the theatre; for you will remember that we did not have electric lights in

those days. Had I been in the United States, I believe that my testimony would have convicted Surratt; and while speaking of Alexandria, I will say that I talked with the Arab, through whose instrumentality Surratt was captured while in the garb of a Papal Zouave, as he ascended the gang-plank of a P. & O. steamer lying at the quay. Immediately after the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, Surratt left the United States. His picture was sent broadcast throughout the world. This Arab noticed this man as he went with the other Zouaves up the gang-plank and believing that he recognized in the face of one of the men, a picture that he had seen published, went to the office of the United States Consul General, there described the man and with officers went aboard the ship and pointed him out. The man proved to be Surratt.

For the facts that I have stated in regard to Herold and Booth I give as my authority the Rev. Mr. Olds, then rector of Christ Episcopal Church at the navy yard. Mr. Olds attended Herold at the time of his execution. Mrs. Surratt and Atzerodt went to their death under the influence of brandy, Herold did not take any. Mr. Olds said to him, "David, you are about to die, your mother and sisters are at home, their hearts wrung to grief because of you. Have you any words to send to cheer them?" Then Herold told that which I have heretofore related.

Mr. Lincoln as you know died, his body lay in state in the rotunda of the capitol for three days, and I saw him dead where I had first seen him alive.

After Mrs. Pepin had sung *Vive l'America*, Mr. Stevens introduced Frank K. Stearns, Esq., as "our genial, conscientious public official," who read the Commemoration Ode, by James Russell Lowell.

Mr. Stevens next introduced Moses G. Parker, M. D., who read an interesting paper on Personal Interviews with Mr. Lincoln.

REMINISCENCES OF PERSONAL INTERVIEWS WITH LINCOLN. BY
MOSES G. PARKER, M. D.

I have been asked by your President to give some personal recollections of Lincoln, and if he had added "and wife" it would have fitted as well, for on two of the three times I had the honor of meeting President Lincoln, his wife was with him. She was much younger than her husband, whose hundredth anniversary we celebrate tonight.

The first time I met President Lincoln was in 1865 at Point of Rocks, Virginia, where I was Surgeon in charge of the First Division of the 18th Army Corps Hospital, numbering four thousand beds, and was officer of the day when President Lincoln and his wife visited this hospital. A short history of the hospital will give you a reason for this visit. The 18th Army Corps, to which I was attached, started from Fortress Munroe, Virginia, April 1864, with thirty-two thousand men. After four months of fighting around Richmond and Petersburg, we could not muster fifteen thousand men fit for duty. A corps hospital had been established in tents on the south side of the Appomattox river. By October it was decided that we must have winter quarters.

Surgeon General Suckley and Surgeon Fowler were my superior officers in the 18th Army Corps, and they ordered Asst. Surgeon Parker to build a winter hospital for the First Division of the 18th Army Corps.

I selected for the site a high point of land on the north side of the Appomattox river, six miles from Petersburg and eighteen miles from Richmond, called Point of Rocks.

It was a beautiful location on a high bluff overlooking the river, and from it could be seen Fort Clifton, Petersburg and some of the long line of breastworks that extended from Petersburg to Richmond. We located the water tank on the highest point of land and the hospital wards in a semi-circle around it, with headquarters at the end.

We cut down the tall pine trees and used them for the log cabins and the sides of our hospital buildings. We built the sides five logs high and used tent cloth for the roof. The building of a winter hospital from the timber lands of the enemy attracted attention, not only at Gen. Grant's headquarters but at Washington.

As Congress was about to appropriate a large sum of money for the City Point Hospital, Generals Grant and Butler visited the Division Hospital, and after looking it over, asked why we had used cloth for covering in place of boards. They were told that we could not get boards for they were all taken by the Quartermasters to cover their mules; to which Gen. Butler replied, "We will see about that." The next morning I was greatly surprised to receive an order turning over to Point of Rock Hospital all boards made at the mill for the next two days.

I sent the order, with plenty of milk punch made from condensed milk, to the mill, and never did men work better than these men the next two days.

The large appropriation for City Point Hospital was reduced, and General Grant had board buildings erected covered with tarred paper and heated with stoves. Doubtless this was one of the reasons why President Lincoln wanted to see our hospital.

Accordingly, about 11 o'clock one morning, President Lincoln and his wife came on the little steamer "Greyhound" from City Point, where they were visiting General Grant, and walked from our landing to the hospital headquarters.

Being officer of the day I had the honor of receiving the President, and a general introduction of officers followed. The President looked over the hospital buildings without going into them.

He seemed anxious and careworn. He was very kind and genial in his manner, and was carelessly dressed, wearing a tall hat, making his tall figure look even taller than any of our

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officers. He moved easily and when he sat down he would cross his legs, throwing one knee over the other and then his legs would hang nearly parallel with each other, making this position of his graceful, easy and natural. He said but little, was very thoughtful and evidently wanted to be alone, for he soon left us, walking to the Point of Rocks (a high bluff) some twenty rods away and sat down under what was called the Pocahontas Oak. There he sat looking towards our line of breastworks. Sometimes he placed his elbow on his knee and rested his head on his hand. He was thinking of something we knew not of. He had visited General Grant and probably knew what was about to take place.

Mrs. Lincoln, who was richly dressed in black silk, was rather large, stout and dignified in appearance. She had been escorted through several of the hospital wards by some of the officers' wives. When she returned to our headquarters President Lincoln joined her and the visit was over. By this time hundreds of convalescent soldiers came out to see the President and his wife and when they cheered him, President Lincoln simply raised his hat, bowed and returned to the boat.

The following Sunday, about noon, not long after Jeff Davis had left the morning service so suddenly on that eventful day in April, 1865, our telegraph operator came to me in a very excited manner, saying, "You ought to know this." He showed me a copy of the following telegram that had just gone over our wire.

"Be prepared to open every gun on the line at three o'clock this afternoon.

(Signed). U. S. GRANT."

You can imagine as well as I what was to take place on that memorable Sunday in April, 1865, and only a few hours after Jeff Davis had so hurriedly left the morning service.

The firing commenced a little after three o'clock, but few guns replied to the cannonade in our immediate front. The

severe fighting was on the extreme left of our line, near the Weldon Railroad. We could hear the constant booming of cannon in that direction and occasionally the rattle of musketry, telling that the infantry were engaged and that the battle was for the possession of the Weldon Railroad, which our army finally obtained.

After dark of this same day came the most brilliant sight I saw during the war; it was between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, evidently by a pre-arranged plan or order, the Confederates set on fire at the same time their entire camp extending from Petersburg to Richmond, a distance of about twenty miles. The camp consisted of brush and pine boughs, winter covering for themselves and horses. The flames shot up and illuminated the sky for miles around; it was a grand and glorious sight for us, as it told the story of the downfall of Richmond and the end of the Rebellion.

The second time I saw President Lincoln and his wife was after our nurses had been received by the President. The story is as follows:

One of our most energetic nurses, formerly a Miss Joy, from Boston, then the wife of a major and later Princess Salm Salm,* and several other nurses wanted to see the President. They went to headquarters and asked Gen. Sickles if they could see the president.

The general arranged with President Lincoln to receive them, at 2 o'clock that afternoon.

Gen. Sickles was the first Democrat to shake the hand of President Lincoln in the House of Representatives at Washington. It happened in this way—when President Lincoln first visited our representatives in Representative Hall at Washington, the Republicans all came forward to shake his hand, but

*Miss Agnes Laclercq Joy, of Vermont, married morganistically to Prince Salm Salm of Germany, was afterwards wife of Charles Henage of England. See American Almanac, Year Book, Encyclopaedia and Atlas, 1903, Page 123.

the Democrats held aloof, retiring to one side of the hall. Then Gen. Sickles spoke to the Democrats, saying, "Lincoln is president, gentlemen, and I am going down and shake hands with him. You can do as you like." This broke the spell, and they followed, and he was the first Democratic member of the house to shake the hand of President Lincoln.

At the hour appointed the nurses, dressed in their best, appeared at Gen. Sickles' tent and said, "We want to kiss the president. Will it do?" "Oh, yes," said the gallant Sickles, "I only wish I was he." "But he is so tall!" "Oh, he will accommodate himself," said Sickles, and he did, and nothing was then thought of it.

The next day, when Mrs. Lincoln was riding in the ambulance and President Lincoln was riding horse-back with General Grant, the to-be-princess was also out riding, and, seeing the procession, rode up and saluted the president. This angered Mrs. Lincoln, and she wanted to know who the woman was.

In talking with General Sickles and Princess Salm Salm many years after, I found that they remembered the circumstance well, and laughed over it.

The last time I saw President Lincoln was in Jeff Davis' house, at Richmond, the Tuesday following the fall of Richmond, and two days after Jeff Davis had left so suddenly.

President Lincoln evidently had the same desire we all had to see the inside of the city of Richmond.

The president, apparently without fear, went up the James river on a gunboat with Admiral Porter to within one mile of Richmond, then he and the Admiral were rowed in a small boat and landed in the lower part of the city, and with only the sailors that rowed the boat, walked into Richmond through the burnt district still smoking and smouldering, it having been looted and set on fire by the Confederate soldiers before they left the city.

All liquor, apple-jack or apple brandy, etc., found in the city, was ordered to be destroyed. In many cellars, barrels of the intoxicating stuff were found. These were taken into the street, the heads of the barrels cut open, and their contents emptied into the gutter.

Soon the colored people discovered the president, and on bended knee, with upraised hands, they and the poor whites shouted "Glory to God," "Glory to God," "Praise de Lord," "Massa Linkum has come," "Massa Linkum has cum."

Soon so great a crowd gathered that the soldiers had to be called upon to clear the streets, a carriage was obtained and the president was escorted through the city.

I was on horseback and saw President Lincoln in the carriage in front of Libby Prison, looking at that place of horrors, now filled with rebel prisoners, which the day before held our Union soldiers. We all enjoyed this sight. The tables were turned and we had the fun of asking these Confederates "How they liked it?"

Later in the day I saw President Lincoln at Jeff Davis' house. Here he held an informal reception. He was greatly pleased at the turn of events.

I was proud to be remembered, and shall never forget his kind and pleasant face and manner as he said, when taking my hand, "The war is nearly over." He seemed as if a great load had been lifted from his shoulders since he was at our hospital, a few days before.

Eleven days later, this great and good man was assassinated in Ford's Theatre at Washington.

The meeting closed by the audience singing the Star Spangled Banner.

EARLY DAYS OF RAILROADING. BY HERBERT C. TAFT. READ
MARCH 2, 1909.

The railways of today originated from the tramways which were laid in England more than two hundred years ago, for carrying coal from the mines to the sea. The first attempt in building these tramways was the laying of planks or timbers lengthwise in the ruts in the roads caused by the heavy teaming, instead of filling them up with stone. From this it was but a step to the laying of tracks of timber rails on the surface. In 1676, there were tramways from the mines in the mineral districts to the river Weare, built with heavy rails of timber, laid exactly straight and parallel, and on these rails were hauled bulky carts made with four rollers fitting the timber rails. The rails originally were made of scantlings of oak and were connected and held in place by cross sills of the same wood, and were fastened together with wooden pins. Later a wearing rail which could be easily renewed when worn out was fastened on top of the rail that laid on the cross sills, and it was then possible to fill up between and cover the cross sills with dirt or macadam to protect the horses' feet. The wooden rails wearing out so rapidly, wrought iron bars were soon nailed to the surface of the wooden rail. These bars were about two inches wide, and half an inch thick, fastened to the timber by counter-sunk spikes. The irons not being stiff enough, were bent by the loads, and tracks so constructed were but little better than the well built double wooden tramway.

The saving in the cost of transportation even from these rude contrivances can be seen when it is understood that while the regular load for one horse was 1700 pounds on the common roads, on the tramway one horse would regularly take a load of 4200 pounds. Cast iron was first used for rails in 1767 by the Coalbrookdale Iron Company. These rails were cast five feet four inches long, four inches wide, and one and one-quarter

inches thick with three holes in each, through which they were fastened to the timber rails by spikes. The tramway developed into the railway by the use of cast iron flange rails, to replace the wooden rails. A continuous flange or projection above the surface, on the inside of the rail, confined the wheels to the track. These roads were called tramroads, evidently an abbreviation of trammel roads, the flanges on the rails being really a trammel to guide the wheel which was simply a wagon wheel and confine it to the rail. The objection to this form of rail was that the rails filled up with dust and dirt, until level with the raised flange, and the wheels easily ran off the track.

In 1789, a man named Jessop, built at Loughborough, England, a track of cast iron "edge-rails," so called probably from the fact that they were set up edgewise which raised the top of the rail above the ground so as to allow cast iron wheels with a flange on the inside of the wheel to be used, the upper edge of the rail having a head or top on it like the present rail. The rails were set in cast iron chairs to which they were pinned or bolted. This was probably the first system of rails in chairs, on sleepers, and flanged wheels ever used, and the principle is the same as used today.

A wrought iron rail was patented in England in 1820 by Birkenshaw, as the "fish belly" rail. It was similar in shape and method of supporting, to Jessop's rail of thirty years previous, but was rolled in continuous lengths, each rail consisting of several spans, each three feet long, the rails being rolled twelve and fifteen feet long. They were set in cast iron chairs which were spiked down to square stone blocks three feet apart. The rails were placed four feet eight and one-half inches apart, and although different gauges, both wider and narrower, have been and are still in limited use, this gauge of four feet eight and one-half inches is the standard gauge for railroads of America today.

The great benefits derived from the use of the railway in transporting coal from the mines suggested the idea of a railway for the transportation of general merchandise and of passengers, and the first move in this direction was the passing of an Act by Parliament in 1821, only ninety years ago, authorizing the construction of the Stockton and Darlington Railway. The colliery railways had already proven the advantages of railway transportation by steam power. The Hetton Railway near New Castle, from the collieries to the river, was seven miles long, and trains of sixty tons of coal were drawn at a speed of four and one-half miles per hour. On the Killingworth Railway, an engine and tender weighing ten tons drew a load of forty tons at a speed of six miles per hour.

Horses were at first used in the working of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, the act of Parliament incorporating it providing for the working with men and horses. A later act applied for at the request of George Stephenson, who became engineer for the line, authorized the working of the railway with locomotive engines. The road with three branches was thirty-eight miles long. It was built a single track with passing places each quarter of a mile. It was built with wrought iron "fish belly" rails, weighing twenty-eight pounds per yard, and was opened in September, 1825, with a goods train of twenty-four cars, making a gross load of ninety tons drawn by one locomotive. George Stephenson himself acted as driver, with a signal man on horseback ahead of the train to warn trespassers, and clear the track for the train. The train moved off at a rate of ten to twelve miles per hour, and is said to have made fifteen miles per hour on the most favorable parts of the line. The business of this new railway was principally the transportation of minerals and goods, but soon passengers insisted on being carried, and on Monday, October 10th, 1825, the company began to run a daily coach for passengers, appropriately named "Experiment." This coach carried six passengers inside, and from fifteen to

twenty outside, making the round trip from Stockton to Darlington in two hours. The fare was one shilling, and each passenger was allowed to take not exceeding fourteen pounds of baggage.

The engine first used on this road is now kept in the Darlington station, mounted on a pedestal, and has probably been seen by some of those present.

The Monklands Railway in Scotland, opened in 1826, was the first to follow the lead of the Stockton and Darlington. Several other small lines worked partly by fixed engines, quickly adopted entirely steam traction, but the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in 1829, between the two great cities of Liverpool and Manchester, settled the fact that a great revolution in the way of travelling and in the transportation of merchandise, had actually taken place.

The years 1829 - 1830 are most important ones in the history of railroads, not only for the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, but for the invention and construction of the first high speed locomotive, Robert Stephenson's engine "Rocket," which was built under competition for the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, and gained the prize awarded by the directors, for lightness, power, and speed. This engine weighed only 8500 pounds, the tender 6400 pounds, and two loaded carriages drawn by it 19,100 pounds, a total of only seventeen tons for the entire train, engine, tender and loaded cars. Some idea of the lightness of this equipment can be imagined when I tell you that we have shifters in Lowell yard that the engine alone, without the tender, weighs over fifty tons, engine and tender in working order, over seventy-eight tons, or that one of the cars of the Canadian Pacific Express which you sometimes come from Boston in, at 8.10 p. m., making the run of twenty-six miles in thirty-seven minutes, weighs fifty-five tons, or one car weighing more than three times as much as the whole train and engine referred to.

This engine, which Stephenson called his perfected engine, had two steam cylinders, eight inches in diameter, and sixteen and one-half inches stroke, the drive wheels were four feet eight and one-half inches in diameter, the pressure of steam carried on the boiler was fifty pounds per square inch. An average speed was attained of fourteen miles per hour, the greatest speed twenty-nine miles per hour. This engine had the three principal elements of efficiency of the modern locomotive, a water surrounded fire-box, a large number of small tubes through the boiler in place of one large tube and the blast pipe by which the exhaust steam from the cylinders passes out through the smoke stack, thus creating the necessary draft. These improvements over his previous engines together with the direct connections of the two steam cylinders, one on each side of the engine, with one axle and pair of wheels, made of it practically a new and original engine.

To Stephenson, therefore, belongs the credit of having invented and used the three most important parts of the locomotive, which although enlarged upon and perfected still remains the same in its essential parts.

The Rocket's greatest speed was twenty-nine miles per hour, today ninety miles per hour has been reached. Its weight with tender was about eight tons, today locomotives with tender weigh over one hundred and fifty tons. The steam pressure was fifty pounds per square inch, today as high as two hundred and fifty pounds is carried.

America was not long in adopting the ideas of railroads which had originated in England, and in 1826 the first railroad in this country was built from a quarry in Quincy to the Neponset river in Milton, in this state, for the express purpose of hauling granite from the quarry to tide-water, to be shipped to Charlestown, Mass., and used in the construction of Bunker Hill monument, and it is certainly a most wonderful coincidence that the first freight hauled, on the first railroad built in this country,

was material used in building that monument, which was erected to perpetuate the memory of that famous battle which played so important a part in the formation of our government. In the charter granted by the Legislature in March, 1826, it is stated that one of the reasons for building such a track was that it would greatly lessen the cost of the monument.

This railroad was begun in May, 1826, was completed and opened in the following October. It was about three and one-half miles long, the gauge was three feet, the rails were of pine a foot deep covered with oak plates, and these with flat bars of iron. The timber rails were later replaced by long flat pieces of granite with the flat iron bars fastened on top. The cars used for transporting the granite had four wheels, nearly eight feet high, the axles were arched, the load was carried on a platform about ten feet long by four feet wide. This platform was placed on the track and the blocks of granite rolled onto it, the wheels were then run over the loaded platform, chains were hooked into eye-bolts at the corners of the platform, and by a system of wheels and levers the platform was raised and suspended between the wheels, the cars ran down from the quarry to the wharf by gravity and were hauled back by horse. In 1827 a railroad was built in Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, on the same general plans as the Quincy Railroad for the purpose of hauling coal. This railroad was also operated by horses.

After the building of these two roads, the advantage of such a method of conveying freight seems to have been fully recognized, for we find that in the year 1828, two years later, charters for railroads were granted in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Jersey, South Carolina and other states. The construction of railroads was soon commenced in many places, but it was not until August, 1829, that a locomotive was used upon an American railroad, suitable for the carrying of passengers. This road was constructed by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company. The experiment was made near

Honesdale, Pennsylvania. The engine was imported from England and was named the "Stourbridge Lion." In May, 1830, the first division of the Baltimore and Ohio Road was opened from Baltimore to Ellicotts Mills, a distance of fifteen miles. There being a scarcity of cars, however, the regular passenger business did not begin until July 5th, and then only horse power was used and continued in use until the road was finished to Frederick, in 1832.

It is perhaps worthy of mention in these days of consolidation of railroads and change of names, that the names of these two roads and the names of the stations between which the first trains ran still remain the same.

The following notice which appeared in the Baltimore newspapers was, without doubt, the first time-table for passenger railway trains ever published in this country.

"NOTICE

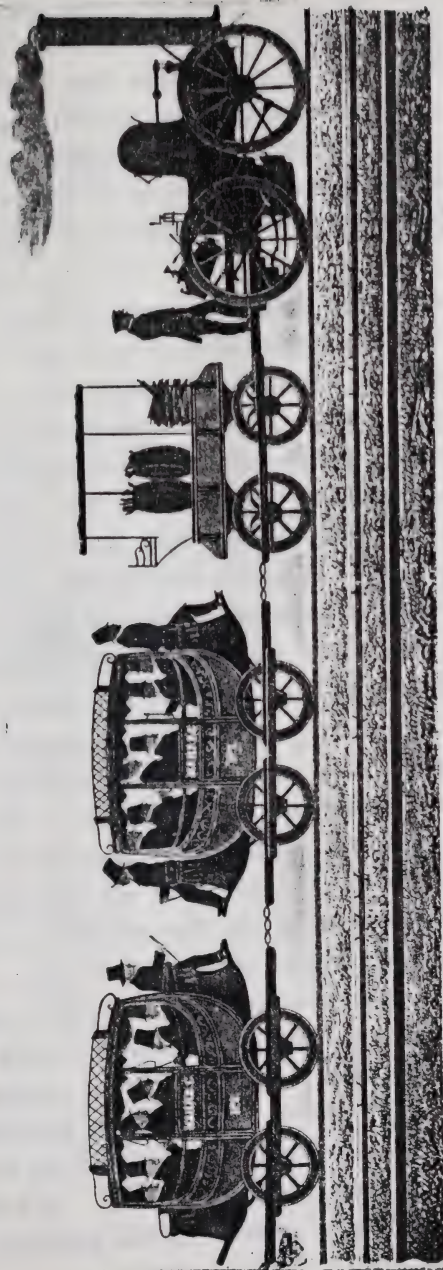
A sufficient number of cars now being provided for the accomodation of passengers, notice is hereby given that the following arrangements for the arrival and departure of carriages, have been adopted, and will take effect on and after Monday morning next, the 5th instant, viz. a brigade of cars will leave the Depot on Pratt St., at 6:½ and 10:00 a. m. and at 3:00 and 4:00 p. m., and will leave the Depot at Ellicotts Mills at 6:00 and 8:½ a. m. and at 12:½ and 6:00 p. m. Way passengers will provide themselves with tickets at the Offices of the Company, in Baltimore, or at the Depots at Pratt St., and Ellicotts Mills, or at the Relay House near Elk Ridge Landing. The evening way car for Ellicotts Mills will continue to leave the Depot, Pratt St., at 6:00 p. m. as usual.

N. B. Positive orders have been issued to the Drivers to receive no passengers into any of the cars without tickets.

P. S. Parties desiring to engage a car for the day can be accomodated after July 5th."

Certainly a peculiar advertisement as compared to theirs of today in the Official Railway Guide, where they advertise 4448 miles of road and over 700 daily passenger trains.

A passenger train of the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad, now a part of the New York Central System, which was put on September 9th, 1831, between Albany and Schenectady, the



FIRST AMERICAN RAILWAY TRAIN
Mohawk and Hudson Railway, Albany to Schenectady, July, 1832

road having been previously run with horses, attracted much attention. It was hauled by an English locomotive named the "John Bull" and was driven by an English engineer, John Hampton. This is generally regarded and referred to as the first fully equipped passenger train hauled by a steam power engine which ran in regular service in America. During the year 1832 it carried an average of three hundred and sixty-seven passengers per day.

The first passenger coaches were patterned after the stage coach. They were soon enlarged to a coach about fifteen feet long, six and one-half feet wide, four feet nine inches high, weighing about 6500 pounds. They were divided into three compartments to hold six passengers each or eighteen passengers to a coach, and were mounted on four wheels. America, however, at an early date departed from the stage coach compartment idea, and adopted a long car in one compartment with an aisle through the middle with seats on either side, which admitted of communication through the whole train as at present.

Wonderful progress was made in the first five years in the operation of railways and in the improvement of engines, but even then the wildest fancy never dreamed of the speed and comforts to be attained in later years. It is related that when the line between Philadelphia and Harrisburg was chartered in 1835, that the Hon. Simon Cameron, while making a speech in favor of the measure, was so far carried away by his enthusiasm as to make the prediction in his eloquent manner, "There are people within the sound of my voice who will live to see the day when a passenger can take his breakfast in Harrisburg and his supper in Philadelphia." A friend also in the Legislature afterwards reproved him, saying, "That's all very well, Simon, to tell the boys, but you and I are not such infernal fools as to believe it." They both lived, however, to travel the distance, one hundred and three miles, in two hours.

It was early seen that passengers would want to travel in the night to save time, and efforts were made to encourage it, and for the convenience of the traveller, and as early as 1836-37 the Cumberland Valley Railroad, of Pennsylvania, fitted up a passenger car with berths for a sleeping car. It was crude and primitive in construction, was divided by partitions into four sections, each containing three berths, lower, middle and upper. It was used until 1848 and then abandoned.

About this time there were experiments made by several roads of fitting up cars with berths like those in steamship cabins, but they were all uncomfortable and unsatisfactory, although a noted French writer in an article published in Paris July 22nd, 1848, describing the cars on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad as he saw them, says,—“I wish to speak of the interior arrangement of these carriages destined to receive travellers for the night. They are actually houses where nothing, absolutely nothing, is lacking for the necessity of life. They are divided into several compartments, some for men, some for women alone. Each of these rooms holds six beds or rather little couches placed in tiers along the sides. During the day the lower couches make excellent sofas.”

In 1858 George M. Pullman began his experiments on sleeping cars. In 1864 he perfected his plans for a car that was to be a radical departure from anything ever before attempted, and that year invested his whole capital in the building of what may be called the father of Pullmans. It was built in a shed in the yard of the Chicago and Alton Railroad at a cost of \$18,000. It was very appropriately named “Pioneer.”

Previous to 1849 freight cars had no brakes and those on the passenger cars were clumsy and of little service. In 1849, however, the Hodge hand brake was introduced and in 1851 the Stephens brake. These enabled the cars to be controlled in a manner that added much to the safety and economy in handling trains. It was not until 1869, however, that George

Westinghouse patented his air brake, so that the train was under the control of the engineer, and not until 1871 was the vacuum brake introduced.

The old link and pin with the wrought iron draw bars and platforms of the cars from six inches to a foot apart, are well remembered by most of us with the shaking up we got when the engineer took up the slack of a train to start it. The Miller coupler and buffer was patented in 1865. This was followed by the Janney and others, but many of the roads were slow to adopt the air brake, automatic couplers and other improvements, for as late as 1873 the old fashioned link and pin between the cars, the hand brake, the sheet iron stove and the dim oil lamp were in use on many railroads.

Among the earliest railroads chartered in Massachusetts which completed an organization were the Quincy Granite Railway Company, March 4th, 1826; the Boston & Lowell, June 5th, 1830; the Boston & Providence, June 22nd, 1831; the Boston & Worcester, June 23rd, 1831; the Andover & Wilmington, (then a branch of the Boston & Lowell, afterwards a part of the main line of the Boston & Maine) in 1833; the Norwich & Worcester, in 1833; the Nashua & Lowell, in 1836; the Western R. R., afterwards the Boston & Albany, in 1836; and the Eastern R. R., in 1836. At the end of 1840 there were only 285 miles built and in operation in the state of Massachusetts.

The following rules of the Eastern Railroad, opened from East Boston to Salem in 1838, are particularly interesting.

"Instruction for Conductors and Engine-men
while passing over the Road.

CONDUCTORS

1. The Conductor has sole charge of the Train. He will direct the Engine-man, when and where to stop and start.
2. The running time over the Road will be as near as possible forty minutes, including a stop of two minutes at Lynn. If the stop at Lynn should be longer, or any other stop should be made, let the time thus taken be added to the forty minutes.
3. If from any cause a Train should be delayed, or hindered on the Road, do not attempt to make up the time

by extra speed, but let all the time of delay or detention be added to the running time. This is a positive Rule.

4. No Train will start from either depot until the arrival of the Train expected from the other depot.

5. If at any time there is reason to apprehend difficulty or danger in passing over any part of the Road, the train must stop, and a brakeman must be sent ahead to see that all is right. Let him take a brakeman's signal, which is a white flag by day and a lantern by night, and give notice if it be safe for the Train to go on.

6. When anything shall happen to a train to render assistance necessary, let a brakeman be despatched to the nearest point for assistance, and let him get on horseback as soon as possible. Let no conductor leave his train. The masters of the Depots will send what assistance is required, as soon as notified of difficulty:—and in all cases of difficulty let the Superintendent be notified as soon as possible.

7. It shall be the duty of the conductor, as much as he can consistently with his duties in attending to the Tickets, to keep a lookout for difficulty or dangers upon the Road, in all directions. He will see that no object projects into the Road in any point, and when discovered have them removed.

8. The head brakeman and baggage master will tend the brake on the car next the Engine, and will seat himself back to the Engine, keeping a good lookout to the rear of the train. He will carry a whistle, which he will blow whenever it becomes necessary for the Engine to stop or whenever he is notified to do so by the conductor. This signal will be answered by the Engine-man with his whistle, which shall be the signal for applying all the brakes. There must always be a brakeman on the hind car.

9. Conductors and Engine-men will daily compare and regulate their time at the Depots.

10. The Conductor will, at Salem and Boston, examine the bearings of the cars, and a brakeman, to be chosen by the conductor, will do the same at the intermediate stopping places, and see that all is right.

ENGINE-MEN

1. Run very carefully by the turnouts to the gravel pits, and be sure the track is clear before attempting to go by.

2. Run very carefully over all the bridges, and not at a speed greater than ten miles per hour. And be very careful at the draws that all is right. The signal to stop, to be made by the man tending the draws, is a display of a red flag by day and a lantern by night, five hundred feet before you come to the bridge. You will be furnished with a copy of the instructions to the draw tenders, which you will carefully observe.

3. Trains will at all times move around curves carefully, and with a good lookout. The Engine Bell used at intervals of time, until the Engine has passed from the curve onto the straight line.

4. The Engine-bell will be sounded when a train is within eighty rods of a crossing (which it will approach slowly) and continue to be sounded until the train occupies the crossing.

5. It shall be the duty of the Engine-man to keep a good lookout ahead, and whenever he shall see cause to stop the train, or slacken the speed, he shall shut off the steam and blow his whistle, which must be the signal for applying all the brakes.

6. Netting over the smoke pipes will always be fastened down while an Engine is running over the Road.

7. Switches will be passed at a rate of speed not to exceed eight miles an hour.

8. The crossing at Market Street will be passed particularly slowly.

MASTER OF DEPOT

If at any time a Train should not arrive at either depot, in one hour from the time of its starting from the other, the Master of the Depot will immediately start on horseback to learn the cause of the delay. When at the Train delayed, he will render all necessary assistance, under the direction of the Conductor of the delayed Train, who will have the charge of the Train as before.

Directions for the man at Saugus River Draw
and Chelsea Creek.

Be careful always to be at the draw at the time of the passing of the Trains, when all is right.

Whenever the draw is up, or out of order in any way, or there is any difficulty in any part of the Bridge, then go off at least five hundred feet from the end of the Bridge, in the direction from whence the cars are expected, and display conspicuously a Red Flag by day and a Lantern by night, on a staff at least eight feet long, waving it as a signal for the Engine-man to stop, and then explain to the Conductor of the Train the nature of the difficulty."

George Stephenson's wonderful invention and success in England had hardly got noised abroad when the mill owners of Lowell began to investigate the subject of the transportation of freight between their mills and Boston. The report of the committee appointed to investigate the matter is quite long and interesting, and gives several items of peculiar interest. From data collected from the Middlesex Canal and the freight carriers who teamed freight over the road, and from the stage coach lines, it was calculated that three engines and twenty cars would meet the demands of Lowell for an indefinite number of years.

The late James B. Francis, in a paper read to this Society May 7th, 1874, referring to the teaming over the road, says at the time of the opening of the Boston & Lowell Railroad, there

were from forty to forty-five stages, arriving and departing daily from Lowell, employing from 250 to 300 horses, and that 150 of them were in service between Lowell and Boston, the freight rates were from \$2.50 to \$4.00 per ton, the stage fare \$1.25.

The committee estimated that the railroad would carry 15,247 tons of freight between the two cities annually. The revenue for this would be \$30,434 a year, and that the gross receipts for passengers would be \$28,089 a year, a total revenue figured on of \$58,523.

In 1907 the number of tons of Lowell freight hauled between Boston and Lowell, was 391,728 tons, against the estimate of 15,247 tons. In 1907 the receipts for passengers between the two cities was about \$300,000, as against the \$28,089 estimated by the committee. In the year 1908, the total receipts at the Lowell station were about \$2,000,000 as against the committee's estimate of \$58,523 per year. It should be borne in mind however, that this two million dollars is not all earnings, the local road receiving but a small proportion of the large charges on cotton from the South, grain and lumber from the North and West, and all rail coal from the mines. I simply mention these figures to show the difference between the business of today and the estimate of seventy-five years ago.

The employees which the committee deemed necessary for the road were one Superintendent at \$1500 per year, a Clerk at \$500 per year, two warehouse men and two clerks at each city, whose salaries would amount to \$1500 per year, two engineers at two dollars per day and two tenders at one dollar per day, which would make the total salary list \$5,372 per year. At the present time there are about five hundred railroad men residing in Lowell, and the payroll for the Lowell station (290) is over \$200,000 per year.

It was estimated that the road would cost \$400,000, but the directors to insure a first class, well built road decided to

raise \$600,000. Before the road was completed, however, it had cost \$1,800,000, or about \$60,000 per mile.

The petition for the charter presented in 1829 and finally granted, largely through the influence of Massachusetts' greatest statesman, Daniel Webster, provided, among other things, that no other railroad should be built parallel with it for thirty years, and provided for a seventy-five cent fare. The granting of the charter was bitterly opposed by the proprietors of the Middlesex Canal, who had already invested in their property about one million and a half dollars, a remonstrance dated Boston, February 12th, 1830, signed by William Sullivan, Joseph Coolidge and George Hallet, a committee chosen to represent the interests of the Canal Company, was presented to the Legislature, and recites among other things, that the business establishments of Lowell have availed themselves of the canal, for the transportation of all articles, except in the winter months; that it is believed no safer or cheaper mode of conveyance can ever be established, nor any so well adapted to carrying heavy and bulky articles; that there is a supposed source of revenue to a railroad from carrying passengers, but that passengers are now carried at all hours as rapidly and safely as they are anywhere else in the world, and add that the use of a railroad for passengers only, has been tested by experience nowhere, and that it remains to be known whether this is a mode of conveyance which will command general confidence and approbation. The remonstrants also further add that so far as they know and believe, there can never be a sufficient inducement to extend a railroad from Lowell westwardly and northwestwardly so as to make it a great avenue to and from the interior, but that its termination must always be at Lowell; that it is only a substitute for the modes of transportation now in use between Lowell and Boston, and cannot deserve patronage from the supposition that it is to be more extensively used; that there was no such exigency as warranted the granting of the prayer for a railroad to and

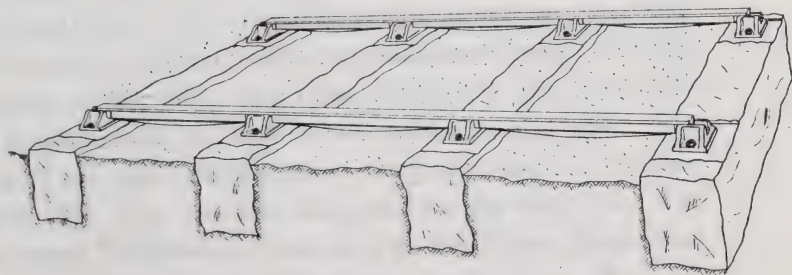
from Lowell, and if the prayer was granted, the remonstrants should be indemnified for the losses which will be thereby occasioned them.

Regardless of the remonstrants and the arguments used against it, the charter was granted, and any compensation to the Canal Company refused. The fears of the owners of the canal that the railroad would destroy their property, were fully justified, for the year that the Boston & Lowell Railroad went into full operation, the receipts of the Canal Company were reduced one-third, and with the Nashua and Lowell Railroad in full operation, in 1840, they were further reduced another third. The managers of the Canal Company fought a good battle with the railroads, reducing the tariff on all articles, and almost abolishing it on some, to hold the business, until their expenses were larger than the receipts. But the steam railroad came out victorious and the canal was finally discontinued in 1846.

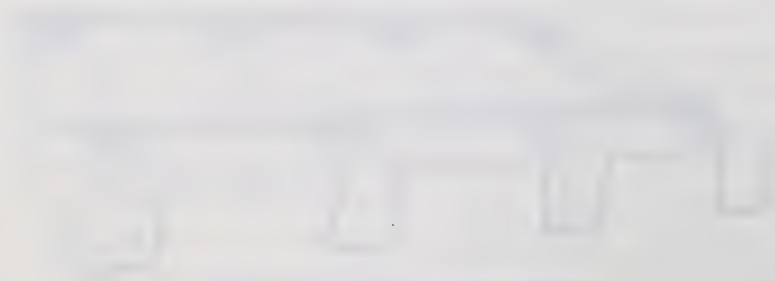
The Boston and Lowell, our own railroad, is generally considered to have been the second railroad to be put in operation in New England, the Quincy Granite Road being the first, although the Boston and Providence, and Boston and Worcester also began operating in 1835. The road was chartered June 5, 1830, and the building of it commenced at once. The construction of the road bed was a much greater undertaking and achievement than it would be at the present time, the grading was all done by ox-teams and hand labor, the blasting by hand drills and common powder, and when one thinks of the old cut at the Middlesex Street Station, the famous Six Arch Bridge at the Concord River, and the Tunnel at Walnut Hill, all built without the help of steam power or modern conveniences, and those walls laid up so long ago of small stone without mortar or cement, the magnitude of the undertaking seems greater even than the recent building of the Subway in Boston. The entire road bed was completed, including all bridges and culverts, be-



Six Arch Bridge Showing Old Stone Sleepers



Section of Track Showing Fish Belly Rails



fore a rail was laid. The first rails used were the "fish belly" rails before referred to. They were rolled in England, were fifteen and eighteen feet long, and were laid on stone binders, or sleepers, which rested at each end on stone walls, set three feet deep to avoid the frost affecting the track.

It was thought necessary to build the track with such exact nicety that the stone sleepers were laid on top of the walls referred to, as nearly level as possible, exactly three feet apart and the top of the sleeper cut to a flat surface where the chair, holding the rail, was spiked on by drilling a hole in the sleeper, putting in a wooden plug and then driving the spike which held the chair into the wood. The rail was fastened into the chair by iron wedges driven in on the side of the rail, and whenever a quarter of a mile or so had been completed, machinists from the Locks and Canals Shops would go along with a steel straight-edge and if the rails did not match to the thickness of a sheet of paper, they would cut them away with cold chisels and files until they were exactly the same height. Thousands of dollars were thus uselessly spent in this and various other ways, as afterwards proved, but these things only show how thoroughly everything was done in those days, and how little was understood of what was actually necessary for a railroad track. The road bed was laid out, graded, and made wide enough for a double track, but at first only one track was laid. Work was begun at both ends, Boston and Lowell, at about the same time, and by a curious mistake each end commenced laying the right hand track, so that when they came together, a long connection had to be made from one side of the road bed to the other. The building of the road occupied about four years, and on Wednesday, May 27th, 1835, the rails were used for the first time. The engine named "Stephenson" was built by the Robert Stephenson Company at New Castle Upon-Tyne, England, in 1834. It was taken apart at Boston, loaded upon a canal boat, and brought to Lowell by the Middlesex Canal, whose usefulness it was so

soon to destroy. Here it was set up again and the trial trip was made from this end. As to why this was done instead of running it from Boston on its own rails, I have been unable to learn, but it was probably because the promoters of the great undertaking resided in Lowell. Whatever the reason, it has given to Lowell the distinction and honor of having the first steam engine start out of its borders for a run of any considerable length, of any city in New England. On that memorable trip the train carried three passengers, Patrick T. Jackson, Agent during the construction, George W. Whistler,* Chief Engineer at the Locks and Canals Shops, and James F. Baldwin, the Civil Engineer who had surveyed the road. They made the run to Boston, twenty-six miles, in the astonishing time of one hour and seventeen minutes, and the return trip with twenty-four passengers in one hour and twenty minutes without stops. The train was sent back to Boston where it remained four weeks. The latter part of the next month, notice appeared in various newspapers as follows:

"June 23, 1835.

Tomorrow, June 24th, cars will commence running between Boston and Lowell, leave Lowell at 6:00 and 9:½ a. m., leave Boston at 3:½ and 5:½ p. m. The Company expects to run another engine next week. Additional trains will be put on as fast as the public require. Due notice will be given when the merchandise train will be put on. Fare \$1.00, tickets at corner Leverett and Brighton Streets, Boston, George M. Dexter, Agent."

On the following day, Wednesday June 24th, the old fashioned "lection day," the road was opened for public travel.

The engines and cars of those early days were strange things in comparison with the equipment of today. The engines weighing from seven to nine tons, had four large wheels, the boilers were encased in wooden lagging painted bright colors with black band and stripes, smoke stacks eight to ten inches in diameter and six to seven feet tall like a chimney. No whistle was provided on the first engines, and the bells which were small

*Father of the artist James Abbott McNeil Whistler.

were near the engineer and rang with a short cord. Nor was there any cab or protection for the engineer or fireman, they were fully exposed to the smoke and sparks from their own engine and to the inclemencies of the New England weather. The cars were modeled after the old stage coach and seated six persons. The conductor, sometimes called captain, rode on the outside without any shelter, in what on the stage coach would be the driver's seat, and on the rear coach looking backward in a similar seat, rode a brakeman. The conductor was provided with a whistle which he blew to signal the engineer.

The first conductor was John Barrett, a native, and the first engineer, one William Robinson, an Englishman who was imported with the engine and is referred to as an "English Dandy," who lost no opportunity to impose upon the patience and credulity of the Yankees. He was not very particular about train time, would saunter up to the depot an hour after his train was due to start, carelessly look around upon the waiting passengers, deliberately look over his engine, mount the platform, put on his kid gloves and in his own good time and pleasure start his train toward Boston. He would also suddenly stop his engine when he got nearly to a station, jump down, look the engine over anxiously, crawl under it, remove a nut from some bolt, look it over and put it back on again. The next day the papers would have an account of how the engine had broken down on the way, etc., but had been skillfully repaired by Engineer Robinson. It was not long, however, before the management caught on, and he was replaced by a skilled mechanic from the Locks and Canals Locomotive Works, from which source the engineers required were obtained for many years. The pay in those days was \$66.66 per month for conductors and engineers, and \$30 per month for brakemen and firemen.

June 30th, 1835, the first engine built in Lowell was put upon the rails, and the naming of this engine caused quite a con-

troversy, the first intention being to name it "Jackson" after Mr. Patrick T. Jackson, the former Agent, but it being at the time of President's Jackson's political supremacy, the prevailing Whig element of the management refused to allow the name on political grounds, so that the, to them, grave and important question was compromised and the engine was named "The Patrick." On July 1st, the second engine was completed in the Locks and Canals Shops and was named "Lowell." July 5th, the merchandise train or as we now call it, freight train, was put on. The "Stephenson" engine was transferred to this train and the home built engines, the "Patrick" and "Lowell," were put into the passenger train service. The conductor of the second passenger train was named Williards, who was followed in a few months, on account of a slight accident in the yard, by J. E. Short. The conductor of the first freight train was Calvin Stevens. The train consisted of fourteen cars carrying about three and one-half tons of freight to the car, or less than fifty tons for the entire train. More weight than was carried on this train is now hauled in one car. The cars in those days were about the size of our small four wheel coal cars, and in reality were simply a platform mounted on four wheels, part of them with a top and sides, and part without, and for a great many years most of the cotton brought to Lowell was brought on these platform cars with canvas covers fastened down by ropes tied in staples or rings at the corners and sides of the car.

In the very early days the freight conductor had practically unlimited control of the merchandise he hauled, delivering it himself and collecting the charges himself and turning it into the company. The first ticket agent at the Merrimack Street Station was a Mr. Long, and his duties were about as free from the oversight of others as the freight conductor's. He not only sold the tickets, but after selling them went out to the carriages, as they were then called, and picked them up again as the passengers got aboard. It will be observed that although

the charter provided that the fare should be seventy-five cents, the company's advertisement, published the day before the road was opened, charged one dollar. The matter was arranged to meet the requirements of the law, also to evade them for the company's benefit and profit, by putting on a second class car with no protection whatever except the top, the sides and ends were open to the weather, the seats simply boards, the car being made as cheap and uncomfortable as possible. In this car the fare was seventy-five cents while in the other cars, or first class cars as they were called, the fare was one dollar. Evidently there was need of a "Big Stick" in those days to keep the railroads up to the spirit and intent of the law as well as now. This second class car was nick-named "Belvidere" and was always known by that name. Second class cars evidently ran for many years, although the fare was reduced below the chartered limit, for, in an advertisement published in 1850, fifteen years after the opening of the road, we find season tickets between Lowell and Boston, three month for \$25, six months \$45, and one year \$80. The fare to Boston was sixty-five cents, second class fare forty-five cents.

The freight tariff reads,—“Merchandise generally to Boston \$1.25 per 2000 lbs., merchandise by cargoes \$1.10 per 2000 lbs. Pig iron, lime, cement, plaster, slate, dyewood in the stick, flour and grain, oil and coarse salt in lots of three tons at cargo prices.” This advertisement gives the depot at the corner of Merrimack and Dalton* streets.

The Nashua and Lowell advertise that their depot in Lowell is at Middlesex street; that the general offices are at Nashville Passenger Station, that the fare to Nashville is forty cents, season tickets for three months \$15, distance fifteen miles.

From 1835 to 1842, a period of seven years, there were built in the Locks and Canals shops the following nine engines which went onto the Boston and Lowell and Nashua and Lowell

*Dalton Street is now known as Dutton Street.

Railroads. The Patrick, Lowell, Boston, with brass wheels, Merrimack, built with wooden wheels but soon replaced with iron ones, Nashua, Concord, Suffolk and Medford. These were all of the same general style, weighing about nine tons, five foot drivers, eleven inch cylinders and fourteen inch stroke.

In 1848, thirteen years after the opening of the road, the double track was completed. The second track was laid with T rails three and one-half inches high weighing fifty-six pounds per yard, and as soon as it was ready for use, the old track was also relaid with T rails. Special care was enjoined upon the workmen by the management in the laying of these second tracks, because they were soon to put three fourteen ton engines on the road which would tax the track to the utmost. The three new engines were named Samson, Hercules and Goliath, their names presumably to indicate their great size and strength. Two years later, two really large and powerful engines also built in Lowell, were put into service, the "Baldwin" and "Whistler," one with five foot six inch drivers, the other five foot nine inch drivers. On the evening of March 27th, 1850, the "Whistler" with twelve cars driven by Isaac Hall, engineer, made the run from Lowell to Boston in twenty-eight minutes.

These were the first large engines in use on the road and Mr. Alden I. Gifford, now foreman of the engine-house on Howard Street, who commenced with the company in the Locomotive Department, November 1st, 1851, has run as engineer not only both these engines, but also the Patrick, the second engine put into service in 1835.

In September, 1908, an automobile race was held in Lowell which attracted several thousand people to our city to witness the sport, but nearly sixty years ago or in the Fall of 1850 a far more novel and important race was held here, it being a test of locomotives both for speed and strength. At that time there was a great rivalry between the various roads and locomotive builders as to which was the best type of engine,

which the fastest, which the strongest, etc. This meet lasted for several days. Engines came from all directions, from other roads and from builders. There were of all kinds and classes, from the little combination engine and tender to the largest and heaviest engine then built. Some of the engines had foot brakes, the engineer and fireman standing on the foot piece, their weight being the only pressure to stop the engine. Some of the engines had only one pair of drive wheels, others two, and even three pairs. There were engines with outside cylinders, engines with inside cylinders, driving wheels with crank axles, with straight axles and eccentrics, some with small smoke stacks and others almost as large in diameter as the boilers of the engines themselves. One engine which attracted much attention had driving wheels seven feet in diameter.

James G. Marshall and Mr. Gifford, who remember the affair say, and I think truly, that Lowell never, before or since, saw such a motley group.

The test for speed was made between Lowell and Wilmington and was won by an engine from the Boston and Providence Railroad, a Mr. Griggs, the master mechanic.

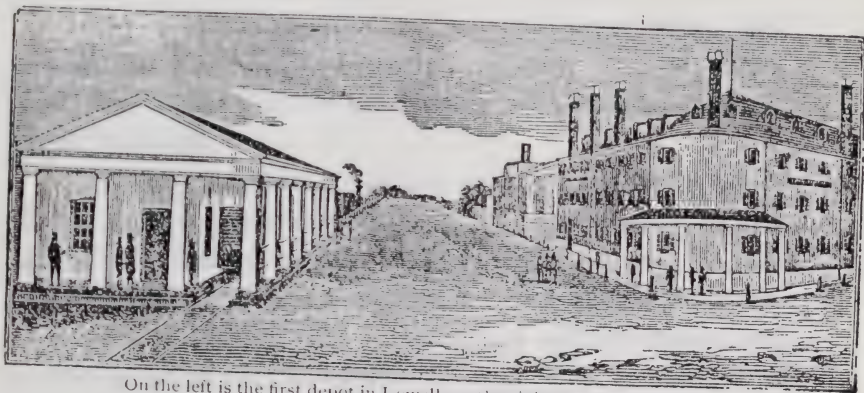
The test for strength was won by one of our own engines, the "Milow," Mr. King, master mechanic.

The prizes were gold medals about the size of a twenty dollar gold piece, and were very highly prized by the railroads that won them.

The first station in Boston was at the foot of Lowell street. This station was occupied from 1835 to July 30th, 1857, when the headquarters were removed to the present site on Causeway street. The station occupied in 1857 was built under Mr. William Parker. Sixteen years later General Stark built the station which is now the southerly part of the Union Station, over the station of 1857, and then tore the old station down. The station built by General Stark was opened in December, 1873. At that time I was a telegraph operator on the Eastern

Railroad, and I remember that he was severely criticised by many people who considered the station altogether too large and expensive, and something that would not be wanted and fully occupied for many years. It was commonly referred to as Stark's folly, but time has proved that he not only built well, but wisely.

The first station in Lowell, was built near Merrimack street, on the site of Old Huntington Hall, where was also located the first freight house and freight yard. The station was of wooden frame construction, and like many buildings in those days, was ornamented by large pillars. The general offices of the company were in this building when the road was first opened.



On the left is the first depot in Lowell, on the right the Merrimack House
From an old cut published 1836

The road having been built principally for the transportation of material to and from the manufacturing corporations, side tracks were constructed when the road was built to the following corporations: the Merrimack Manufacturing Company, the Hamilton Manufacturing Company, the Appleton Company, the Lowell Manufacturing Company, the Suffolk Mills, the Tremont Mills, the Lawrence Manufacturing Company and the Boott Mills, and the freight to and from these mills has been handled from their very doors from the beginning of

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the operation of the road. The engine house, machine and repair shops, car house and car repair shops were for many years located in Jackson street, between the present tracks to the Hamilton and Appleton corporations and the canal. For a great many years all locomotives burned wood, and the wood yard was also located on the banks of the canal in Jackson street and the wood delivered from up country by canal boats right to the yard. The building on Fletcher street now occupied by the Omaha Packing Company, was the second freight house of the Boston and Lowell Railroad and the building now occupied by T. J. McDonald, at the corner of Fletcher and Dutton streets, was the Nashua and Lowell freight house, both being used in their present location.

The brick building at the end of Dutton street, now occupied by the Nichols Foundry Company, was the engine house and repair shop of the Nashua and Lowell and Stony Brook Railroads.

In 1853, by a joint agreement between the City of Lowell and the Boston and Lowell Railroad, the city wanting a public hall, and the railroad company desiring larger quarters, the combined Huntington Hall and Merrimack Street Station so familiar to us all was built and was occupied as a railroad station until its destruction by fire, November 6th, 1904. The original station which had been occupied twenty-eight years was moved, part of it up near Fletcher street, where it was used for many years as a passenger car house, it being thought necessary in those days to keep passenger cars housed when they were not in actual use, as we do a carriage. The office part of the old station was sold to John O'Connor, who had lost both legs through an accident on the road. This was moved to what is now the corner of Fletcher and Dutton streets where it served for a dwelling house. It was afterwards raised up and a story put under

it, now occupied as a drug store, the upper part still being the home of Mrs. Calvert and Miss O'Connor, daughters of John O'Connor.

On the 8th day of September, 1838, the Nashua and Lowell Railroad commenced running trains between Nashua and Lowell. Their main line was along Dutton street, the tracks now used for freight tracks to the corporations, the terminus in Lowell, being the Boston & Lowell depot at Merrimack street. The Nashua and Lowell engines were cut off the trains above Market street, the trains switched into the depot, then the Boston and Lowell engine backed onto the train and hauled it to Boston. As this reversed the train, the passengers were obliged to get up and turn over the seats or ride to Boston backwards. On the return trip from Boston the same operation had to be gone through before the train started for Nashua. At this time there were three trains each way daily between Lowell and Nashua, leaving Nashua at 8:½ a. m. and 1:00 and 4:½ p. m., and leaving Lowell at 8:½ and 11:00 a. m. and 4:00 p. m. The Boston and Lowell was running three trains each way daily leaving Boston for Lowell at 7:00 and 9:½ a. m. and 3:00 p. m., and leaving Lowell for Boston at 9:½ a. m., 3:00 and 5:½ p. m. The Boston and Lowell time table further adds,—“The 9:½ and 3:00 trains will stop at the usual places and will convey passengers between Lowell, Andover and Haverhill.”

Two years later, October, 1840, there were four trains each way between Lowell and Boston, a train leaving Boston at 11:00 a. m. and Lowell at the same hour having been added. I have been unable to find any time-table which gives the arriving time at destination of any of these trains, but as the 8:½ train from Nashua left Lowell for Boston at 9:½ the 1:00 at 3:00, and the 4:½ at 5:½ o'clock, it will be seen that the time from leaving Nashua to leaving Lowell was one hour on two of the trains, and two hours on the other, certainly not a quick time

the first of the year, the weather was very cold, and the wind was very strong, so that the ship was obliged to anchor in the harbor.

The second of the year, the weather was very cold, and the wind was very strong, so that the ship was obliged to anchor in the harbor.

The third of the year, the weather was very cold, and the wind was very strong, so that the ship was obliged to anchor in the harbor.

The fourth of the year, the weather was very cold, and the wind was very strong, so that the ship was obliged to anchor in the harbor.

The fifth of the year, the weather was very cold, and the wind was very strong, so that the ship was obliged to anchor in the harbor.

The sixth of the year, the weather was very cold, and the wind was very strong, so that the ship was obliged to anchor in the harbor.

The seventh of the year, the weather was very cold, and the wind was very strong, so that the ship was obliged to anchor in the harbor.

The eighth of the year, the weather was very cold, and the wind was very strong, so that the ship was obliged to anchor in the harbor.

The ninth of the year, the weather was very cold, and the wind was very strong, so that the ship was obliged to anchor in the harbor.

The tenth of the year, the weather was very cold, and the wind was very strong, so that the ship was obliged to anchor in the harbor.

The eleventh of the year, the weather was very cold, and the wind was very strong, so that the ship was obliged to anchor in the harbor.

The twelfth of the year, the weather was very cold, and the wind was very strong, so that the ship was obliged to anchor in the harbor.

to travel fourteen miles. By daily trains in those time-tables is evidently meant week days, for in those days no trains were run on Sundays.

Prior to 1846 the site of the Middlesex Street Station was a swampy bog-hole which had to be filled in before the station was built. At that time there was practically nothing west of the present station but vacant land. There had been for some time a stopping place for trains at the junction of Thorndike and Middlesex streets, and a small shed-like station. The Middlesex Street Station which was demolished in 1894 to make room for the present one, was begun in 1846 and finished about two years later, and when completed was a most imposing structure for the times. The second story was fitted up for offices, and after the Boston and Lowell and Nashua and Lowell separated in October, 1878, the offices were used for the general offices of the Nashua and Lowell Railroad until the road was again leased to the Lowell, about two years later.

In 1846 the Nashua & Lowell Railroad petitioned the Massachusetts legislature for a charter, to run their tracks from near Western Avenue southerly across the canal where the main line is now located. At that time it was their intention to build an independent line to Boston, but the charter of the Boston & Lowell provided that no parallel line should be built for thirty years, and they only got as far as a connection with the Boston and Lowell, south of the Middlesex Street Station. This section of the road was opened in 1848 at the time the old Middlesex Street Station was completed, and must have been a great convenience to all travel to and from the north, which for ten years had been obliged to go down to the Merrimack Street Depot and back as previously referred to. After the completion of this piece of track and the Middlesex Street Station, the local trains of the Boston and Lowell ran on the east side of the station to Merrimack street. The through trains of the Boston and Lowell and the trains of the Nashua and Lowell and of the Stony Brook

Railroads on the west side, while the trains of the Salem and Lowell and Lowell and Lawrence Railroads, ran into the station at the southerly end. The trains of all these roads used the two tracks through the cut south of the station. This cut was through solid ledge six hundred feet long, was thirty feet wide at the bottom, gradually widening slightly to the top, and about forty feet in depth in the deepest place. The Chelmsford street bridge had a span of twenty-eight feet and was forty-six feet long. This cut and bridge, built in 1834, was considered at the time one of the most wonderful pieces of engineering in this country. In 1879 the widening of the cut to its present dimensions, allowing for the four tracks and platform, was commenced, and completed in 1880. In 1881 the switch tower and system of interlocking switches, handled by levers in the tower at the southerly end of the new platform was opened. The Hon. Hocum Hosford, at that time general manager of the road, had been travelling in England and on the continent where he saw the advantages of this method of handling traffic in a congested yard, and contracted for the installation of this tower soon after his return.

This switch tower was the first successful one opened in this country, and the prejudice was so strong against it among railroad men and officials that, although completed in 1881, and used to some extent, it was not officially opened until December 20th, 1882. This tower handled about thirty switches and its advantages over hand switches were very soon demonstrated, and today, only twenty-six years later, every large railroad yard in this country is equipped with tower switches and signals.

Mr. James P. Ramsey, now probation officer, who had previously had experience in towers in England, assisted in installing it, and for twenty years was foreman of the tower after it was put into operation.

At the end of the year 1830, seventy-eight years ago, there were forty miles of steam railroads in the United States. At the end of 1841, eleven years later, there were 3361 miles, at

the end of 1847 there were 5206 miles, and at the end of 1854, only fifty-five years ago, there were only 27,745 miles. It will be seen from these figures that the growth of the railroads for the first seventeen years averaged only about 300 miles per year, and for the first twenty-four years averaged only about 1100 miles per year, and was very slow as compared to that of the period from 1865 to 1890, when the great railroads to the Pacific coast, to the south and the northwest were built. Nevertheless when we take into consideration the lack of experience, the prejudice against railroads, the fear of investing capital in an unknown business, the tools and facilities they had to work, in fact the lack of almost every convenience now used, the growth and extension of the first few years seems little short of marvelous.

Lowell is the terminus of seven railroads, although they are now under only two managements. The Boston and Lowell, opened June 24th, 1835, the Nashua and Lowell, opened October 8th, 1838, the Lowell and Lawrence, opened July 1st, 1848, the Stony Brook, opened July 1st, 1848, the Salem and Lowell, opened August 1st, 1850, and the Lowell and Andover, opened December 1st, 1874. These are all now a part of the Boston and Maine System.

The Framingham and Lowell Railroad was opened August 22nd, 1872, and is now a part of the New York, New Haven and Hartford System.

The intention of this paper was to get together some information in regard to the early days of railroading that I hoped would be of interest to you, but the growth of this part of the world's business and wealth has been of such magnitude that a few words in closing as to what railroads are today, may not be out of place.

At the present time there are in our own state of Massachusetts 2710 miles of main lines and branches, including second,

third and fourth tracks and side tracks, reckoned as single track, there are 4618 miles. In Lowell there are about 56 miles.

The aggregate capital stock of the thirty-seven Massachusetts railroad corporations, June 30th, 1908, was \$235,462,290, the number of employees was 67,435, and the amount of dividends paid by these thirty-seven companies for the year was \$17,883,965.

It will be of interest perhaps to know that the largest system in the United States in mileage whose operations are embodied in a single report, is the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company, owning 8,607.07 miles and operating 8,875.07 miles. The capitalization of this company is \$110,839,100 in stock and \$168,690,000 in bonds, a total capital of \$279,529,100 for one company.

As large as these figures seem to read them, we can perhaps better realize the immensity of the railroad business in this country from the following figures. At the close of the year ending June 30th, 1907, there was in the United States, not including Alaska and Hawaii, a total mileage of 229,951.19 miles of steam railroads, or enough if put in one line to go almost ten times around the world. The total amount of capital outstanding was \$7,356,861,691 in stock, and \$8,725,284,992 of funded debt, a total of capital invested of \$16,082,146,683.

The total number of employees reported in the service was 1,672,074, or fifty-one for each one hundred miles of road. The total number of locomotives in use was 55,388, or 243 per each 1000 miles of road operated. The total number of cars in use was 2,126,594, or about 9,250 per each 1000 miles of road operated.

The total earnings for the year were \$2,875,689,520, the passenger revenue being about 22 per cent., the freight revenue about 71 per cent., the other 7 per cent. from various minor sources. The number of passengers carried for the year was 873,905,138. The number of tons of freight carried for the year was 1,796,336,659. The amount paid in wages and salaries to

employees and officers was \$1,036,661,509. The amount paid in dividends was \$308,088,627.

These statistics might be continued as to the number of employees in each class, number of each kind of car and each kind of locomotive, division of earnings, wages paid each class of employees, etc., but the figures given will enable us to realize in a general way what the railroads of this country really are, what an army of men are employed, and what a power for development and advancement, for good or for evil this great aggregation of capital and employees can be made by the few men who practically dictate the policies of the railroads of this country today.

From the little Quincy Granite Road, three and one-half miles long to the 230,000 miles of today, with a value built up of over sixteen billions of dollars in the short space of eighty-three years, what will the next similar period of time bring forth? It is as much beyond our comprehension as was the present to our grandfathers.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL AND THOSE WHO PARTICIPATED
THEREIN FROM THE TOWNS FROM WHICH LOWELL WAS
FORMED. BY MRS. SARA SWAN GRIFFIN. READ MAY
12, 1909.

The story of the Battle of Bunker Hill has been told until it has become more familiar to its American readers and audiences than any other conflict of the Revolution. In truth, the deeds of the knights of the "great days of old," riding forth to redress all wrong, have not been the theme of more historic tales and songs of valor. And no more chivalrous spirit incited the hearts of the Knights of King Arthur's Round Table, as they sallied forth to defend the faith and honor of their country, than fired the hearts of our plain countrymen, as they offered themselves a willing sacrifice on the altar of freedom, one hundred and thirty-four years ago.

No subsequent battle of the Revolution possesses an equal interest with this early struggle for independence and liberty. The unparalleled audacity of the seizure of the heights of Charlestown, in the presence of a numerous and powerful army and fleet of the British, the firmness with which the Americans awaited the attack, the terrible loss inflicted on the enemy unexampled on any later battlefield of the Revolution, and, finally, the curious spectacle of undisciplined men without a leader known and respected as such, contesting with a veteran army and experienced officers, are marked features that have rendered the Battle of Bunker Hill, for all time, a grand and memorable deed. While the story of this battle has been told by so many people and in such complete detail that it is not possible in this paper to offer any new facts in regard to the battle, yet it may be possible to present oft-told ones in such an order as to assist in a better understanding of both the causes and effects of the conflict.

The people in all the English speaking colonies in America had for many years been growing restive under the exactions and restrictions imposed by the arbitrary ministry of George III, and after the passage of the Boston Port Bill in 1774, and other kindred measures, a sullen obedience gave way to a passive resistance on the part of the people, which was succeeded, as the preparations of the British government to enforce their demands became more evident, by a resolution to oppose force with force, and carefully and systematically the colonists endeavored to provide the necessary means for successful opposition.

Early in 1774, in the annals of nearly all the towns of Massachusetts, will be found records of votes to buy powder, to provide flints and bullets, to organize the militia, to raise "Minute Men" whose duty it should be to respond instantly to any alarm that the British troops were to make any demonstration to leave Boston; and most important of all, to choose "Committees of Correspondence" who should keep in touch with committees of other towns, and assist in the spread of knowledge of things concerning the welfare of the colonies.

After the British governor, General Gage, had dissolved the "Assembly" in 1774 and declared it a "treasonable body," and the Assembly immediately adjourning to Concord, passed resolutions declaring General Gage an enemy of the province and advising against recognizing his authority in any way, there was absolutely no one central power in Massachusetts. But the state resembled a collection of small republics, bound together only by a common interest against a common oppressor. Such was the condition at the time of the Lexington alarm, April 19th, 1775, the events of which are familiar to us all.

But before the alarm and excitement of that battle had passed away, it had become the unanimous judgment of the people of this state that the English ministry had finally begun a War of Oppression, and that Middlesex County was to be the

scene of the first war-like resistance of the American colonies, and even while the fighting was going on, on the memorable 19th of April, up and down the historic highway, messengers were dispatched over the great routes, to Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Hampshire, with the news that war had actually begun.

Every town, every obscure village, reached was in turn electrified.

The entire population sprang to arms, nor were those whose kindred had been slaughtered at Lexington more determined to avenge the blood poured out there, than were their sympathizing brethren in the other colonies of New England.

The Provincial Congress met almost immediately after the Battle of Lexington and Joseph Warren was elected president pro tempore. It was resolved that Massachusetts should raise an army of 13,000 men immediately.

Circulars were sent out to the different towns of this state by the Massachusetts Committee of Safety, elected about this time, calling out the militia and urging by all means the enlistment of men to form the army, and to send them forward without delay to the camp at Cambridge which had now become the headquarters of the American army with General Artemus Ward as Commander-in-Chief. The other American forces were to be at Roxbury with General Thomas, and Richard Gridley was elected chief engineer by the Provincial Congress.

Circulars were also sent to the other New England colonies asking that as many troops as could be spared should be sent to the assistance of Massachusetts.

Connecticut was so prompt in its answer to the appeal that a few days after the 19th of April she had no towns not represented in her army which consisted of 6000 men to be under the command of Brigadier General Joseph Spencer and Brigadier General Israel Putnam; but gallant Israel Putnam had not waited for a commission before he was in action. He

was ploughing in his field when he first heard of the butchery of the Americans at Lexington. Prompt as when he dragged the wolf from its den, he stopped not to change his clothes or unyoke his oxen, but leaped to his saddle and galloped towards Concord which he entered on the 21st of April, on the same horse he had mounted the afternoon before at Pomfret. On the next day he wrote back to Connecticut to hasten the troops to Cambridge where he at once went, ready for any call that might be made upon him. General Spencer was sent to join the camp at Roxbury.

Rhode Island voted to raise 1300 men to join and co-operate with the forces of the neighboring colonies under the command of Brigadier General Nathaniel Greene.

In New Hampshire, when the tidings reached Derryfield, now Manchester, that the Americans were fighting the British soldiers, Colonel John Stark started on horseback for Lexington; his name like General Putnam's was known to almost every household in New England. New Hampshire furnished troops which were divided into three regiments under Colonels Stark, Reid and Poore. Later General Folsom took command and joined General Ward at Cambridge.

In Vermont, fiery Ethan Allen was eager to march towards Concord, but he paused to execute that wonderful enterprise which secured for the Americans the formidable fortresses of Ticonderoga and Crown Point with all their military stores, and gave additional courage to the hearts of the Provincials.

The official returns of the army thus gathered are so inadequate and inaccurate that it is impossible to ascertain with precision its numbers. The "grand American Army" as it was called in the newspapers of that date probably consisted of about 16,000 men.

Rev. Mr. Gordon, historian of the Revolution, and at this time chaplain of the Provincial Congress published a re-

turn of the army present at Cambridge in June giving a total of 7,644 officers and men, but he warns us that the returns are untrustworthy.

The army was so peculiarly situated, each colony having its own establishment, supplying its own troops with provisions and ammunition, and directing their disposition, that the only element of uniformity seems to have been the common purpose that called them together.

On April 20th General Ward took command of the American forces and called a council of war. There were present Generals Ward, Heath and Whitcomb, Colonels Bridge, Frye, James Prescott, William Prescott, Bullard and Barrett. Later, as stated before, the neighboring colonies sent regiments under their local leaders. The officers and the army were directly responsible to the Committee of Safety, who had almost dictatorial powers on all military matters. No one had more influence at this time than Dr. Warren, president of the Committee of Safety. He did wonders in preserving order among the men, for there was great difficulty in maintaining discipline. However, in a short time, each colony made separate provision for its troops, establishing their pay and appointing and commissioning their officers.

General Ward was authorized to command only the Massachusetts and New Hampshire troops; the Brigadier Generals of the other colonies not recognizing General Ward as Commander-in-Chief until after the Battle of Bunker Hill. This last fact alone sufficiently indicates the confusion that existed as to rank among the officers of the different colonies, and, in addition to this want of subordination so vital to success in military operations the army was inadequately supplied with muskets, bayonets and powder; probably one-third of the Massachusetts troops being without muskets as late as the 16th of June. Even tents and clothes were lacking to protect our men; and no measure of bravery or patriotism could make up, in a

day of trial, for all this defencelessness. Yet this ill-appointed army was not entirely unprepared for an encounter. Many officers and men had served in the French War; a martial spirit had been excited by the frequent trainings of the "Minute Men," while the habitual use of the fowling-piece made these raw militia superior to veteran British troops in aiming the musket. They were superior to them also in character, being mostly substantial farmers and mechanics, who had left their homes, not to make war a trade, but because they were animated by a fresh enthusiasm for liberty. The army also reposed great confidence in its leaders. General Ward had served under Abercrombie, was a true patriot and a cautious soldier. General Thomas was an excellent officer and much beloved. Gridley had won laurels at Louisburg as a skilful military engineer. Putnam was of intrepid valor and great popularity, Prescott of great bravery and military skill, and Stark independent and daring. The American army to oppose General Gage was gathering from the 19th of April to the middle of June. It was distributed along a line nine miles in extent from Boston to Medford, but mainly concentrated in two partially entrenched camps at Roxbury and Cambridge, and was in daily expectation of being attacked by the well armed, well disciplined, well officered British army in Boston, and this siege duty told severely on men who were not used to camp existence, for discipline had not yet counteracted the demoralizing tendencies of army life. Ill fed, poorly armed, and with no one recognized leader, it was no wonder that the men became restless, dissatisfied and eager for action of any sort, and during the sixty days between the battle of Lexington and Bunker Hill, the Americans did make several threatening demonstrations against the British, two of the most important being the march under General Putnam, made with considerable parade through Charlestown, another being a skirmish between the American troops at Chelsea and a British schooner and marines at Noddle's Island.

From the evening of the Lexington fight General Gage was shut up in Boston. The patriots kept a strict guard on every road; no parties were permitted to pass out, no provisions to pass in, and thus the citizens of Boston were cut off from intercourse with the country and were suddenly deprived of the necessities of life. Also civil war was at their doors, the sundering of social ties, the burning of peaceful homes, the butchery of kindred and friends, and all was uncertainty in regard to their own fate. The murmurings of the citizens became so loud that General Gage finally asked for an interview with the selectmen of Boston, for he did not feel safe under existing circumstances, fearing that in case of attack from the American troops the citizens of Boston would join with their friends without, and he would thus have a double danger to fight. At the meeting with the selectmen General Gage made the following proposition:— "That if the men of Boston would lodge their fire-arms in Faneuil Hall, they, with their families and possessions, might leave the town, and those who chose to remain in the city might rely on his protection." The town voted to accept this proposal. But the exodus from Boston became so great as to alarm the British commander, as he feared an attack if all the patriots left, and his agreement with the selectmen on one pretext or another was shamefully violated. At length passes were refused altogether or arranged so that families were divided, General Gage being very averse to allowing women and children to leave Boston, as he thought they contributed to its safety. Thus did the brave British Commander-in-Chief shelter himself behind the skirts of the first Daughters of the American Revolution.

The inhabitants of Charlestown also were deeply distressed through the Siege of Boston, and so many left the town that it was practically deserted.

The British officers and men confined in Boston chafed under the enforced inactivity; they longed for an opportunity

to regain the prestige lost on the fatal 19th of April. But General Gage was too wise a commander to risk his army by acting on the offensive until it was stronger, so his operations were directed to putting Boston in as good position as possible before the attack which he daily expected, and his engineers were kept busily at work while the reinforcements from England and Ireland were arriving. Some of these reached him about the last of May when the *Cerberus* came into port with Generals Howe, Clinton and Burgoyne on board. Soon General Gage had under his command 10,000 of the best troops in the British Empire. Several of the regiments bore a distinguished and ancient record. Besides infantry there was a battalion of Royal Artillery and a regiment of Dragoons, effective in all the manual of arms. The generals and most of the troops had seen service. Howe was known to be brilliant and dashing, Clinton, cool and sagacious, Burgoyne, brave but over-confident.

On the 12th of June General Gage issued his memorable proclamation, arrogant in its tone and grossly insulting to the people. It declared martial law, pronounced those in arms to be rebels, but offered pardon to all who should lay down their arms, excepting only Samuel Adams and John Hancock.

This proclamation aroused the temper of the Provincials to white heat. About this time General Gage was advised to make a sally out of Boston and send troops to occupy both Charlestown and Dorchester Heights, both of them military positions of the greatest importance to the occupation of Boston, which favorable positions were also known to the Provincial leaders, and news having reached the American army that the British had decided to fortify Dorchester Heights on Sunday, June 11th, the Committee of Safety gave orders to General Ward to forestall this design if possible. So in accordance with these instructions, General Ward issued a command that on Friday, June 16th, measures should be taken to fortify Bunker Hill on Charlestown Heights.

Colonels Prescott's, Frye's and Bridge's regiments with two hundred Connecticut troops under Captain Knowlton of General Putnam's brigade, were to proceed at once to the Cambridge camp, taking with them all the entrenching tools, and place themselves under the immediate command of Colonel William Prescott of Pepperell. About nine o'clock on the evening of June 16th, the memorable march to Charlestown Heights began, Colonel Prescott, accompanied by Colonel Richard Gridley, the chief engineer, at the head of the troops, about 1200 in number. The orders from General Ward to Colonel Prescott were in writing, and were to the effect that the detachment should proceed to Bunker Hill, build fortifications to be planned by Engineer Gridley, and defend these works until they should be relieved, the orders not to be communicated until the detachment had passed Charlestown Neck. When the men reached this point they were joined by General Putnam and the whole body marched to Bunker Hill. Here Colonel Prescott called his field officers around him and communicated his commands. The order was explicit as to Bunker Hill, but Breed's Hill, nearer Boston, seemed better adapted to the object of the expedition and the daring spirit of the Americans, and it was finally decided to first throw up intrenchments on Breed's Hill, and afterwards Bunker Hill should also be fortified in order to cover a retreat if necessary.

When the men reached Breed's Hill, Colonel Gridley marked out the plan of fortifications and at twelve o'clock at night the men began to work, a few being sent to patrol the vicinity in order to give the alarm if surprised. But to the thousand men or more, working so continuously through the night, came the cheering cry from the patrols—"All's well." Almost silently was the redoubt formed and the breastworks thrown up, as the shore was almost a continuous chain of British sentinels and the British fleet lay near by.

But it was early morning before the fortifications were discovered. They were first seen by the English man-of-war, the "Lively," and she immediately opened fire on the intrenchments. The noise of the cannonade awoke the British camp at Boston who gazed in surprise on this daring defiance of the Americans.

Inside the earth-works the men were protected from the enemy and were not materially disturbed by the balls, but kept on at work, strengthening the intrenchments and raising platforms inside of them to stand upon when they should be called on to fire. Early in the day a private named Asa Pollard of Billerica was killed; Colonel Prescott, afraid of the effect on the men, ordered him buried at once. "What, without prayers?" said the astonished chaplain and he insisted on performing service on the first victim of the day, but Colonel Prescott ordered the men to disperse and the body was buried at once.

About noon the fortifications on Breed's Hill were considered finished, and General Putnam ordered Colonel Prescott to send the intrenching tools at once to Bunker Hill and to throw up a breastwork there; but, by this time, the shipping in the harbor had taken a position where they raked the hill with their cannon shot, making it impossible to continue the work.

As the day advanced the men at the redoubt suffered from the intense heat, and from the lack of food and drink, and Colonel Prescott was urged to send a request to General Ward for this force to be relieved by other troops, but Colonel Prescott promptly refused, saying that "the men who had raised the works, were the best able to defend them, and those who had the fatigue of the labor should have the honor of the victory," but he finally agreed to send a special messenger to General Ward for reinforcements. General Putnam, who seemed to be the inspiring spirit all along the line, had already told General Ward of the extreme need of additional troops,

the author's intention, which appears from the
 following observations. The first is, that the
 subject of the present history is the state of
 the world, as it is at present, and not as it
 was in former times. The second is, that the
 author has not confined himself to a description
 of the present state of the world, but has also
 given a history of the changes which have
 taken place in it, from the beginning of the
 world to the present time.

The third is, that the author has not only
 given a history of the changes which have
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and of refreshments for the men at the redoubt, and finally the regiments of Colonels Stark and Reed, with other regiments, were sent to reinforce Colonel Prescott. General Ward was so unwilling to weaken his force at Cambridge until he knew which point the British meant to attack that much time was lost in confusion and vacillation, and the men at the redoubt began to lose heart, but Generals Warren and Pomeroy, coming among them as volunteers, gave new courage to the men faint from the lack of food and sleep, and General Putnam also, at this time, rode on the field again to share in the labor and peril. The earth-works which protected the entrance to the redoubt were extended and strengthened, a low stone wall surmounted with a rail fence some two hundred yards in the rear and extending to the water's edge was utilized, and to close the gap between the end of the stone wall and the end of the earth-works, rail fences were erected close together, and the space between filled with the new-mown hay, lying in the field.

Long before this the British troops in Boston were observed to be in motion. Early in the morning, General Gage had called a council of war and contrary to the advice of General Clinton determined to dislodge the Americans from Breed's Hill by a front attack, and about twelve o'clock on June 17th the British troops began to embark for the scene of battle in charge of Lieutenant General Howe and General Pigot, and landed at Moulton's Point about one hour later, when the ships were sent back to Boston for reinforcements for the British. What must have been the feelings of the wearied Provincials at the redoubt when they saw this magnificent display of disciplined British troops with scarlet uniforms and glittering weapons, forming into line, while the battleships of the enemy made an imposing background.

Just before the battle began the American troops were disposed in the following manner:—at the redoubt, Colonels Prescott's, Frye's and Bridge's regiments with Colonel

the first of these was the establishment of a
college for the education of the poor in the
city of London. This was founded in the year
1529, and was the first of a series of similar
institutions which were afterwards founded in
other parts of the kingdom. The college was
founded by a private individual, and was
designed to provide for the education of the
poor in the city of London. It was the first
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provide for the education of the poor in the
city of London. It was the first of a series
of similar institutions which were afterwards
founded in other parts of the kingdom.

Callender's artillery, while Lieutenant Colonel Robinson of Westford and Captain Wyman of Stark's regiment were stationed behind stone walls and fences. At the famous "Rail Fence," which was under General Putnam's immediate command, were Colonel Stark and Colonel Reed of New Hampshire, Captain Knowlton of the Connecticut troops, while Brown of Tewksbury, Nixon, Little and Doolittle's regiments were near.

The British commander, General Howe, divided his army into two divisions, one under himself to march towards the "Rail Fence," the other, under General Pigot, towards the redoubt. With courage and confidence in themselves and contempt towards the "American peasants," as Burgoyne styled the colonists, the British marched forward, but their steady progress was broken by the rows of new-mown hay, the stone walls and the marshy ground near the brick-kilns. The British met with but little resistance from the Americans as they proceeded, as the Provincials had been cautioned not to fire until the British were within a few rods—"Wait until you see the whites of their eyes"—"Pick out the officers"—"Aim at the handsome coats," were the commands of Colonel Prescott and General Putnam. At the required distance, the Americans opened fire! The result was terrible and the slaughter of the British immense. Alarmed and staggered at this unlooked for reception, General Howe ordered retreat. The Americans were jubilant. But General Howe soon rallied his troops and decided to advance in the same manner as before. In the meantime, Charlestown had been set on fire. Amidst the smoke of the burning town, and the cannonade from the ships, the British troops proceeded slowly again towards the charge, stepping on rows of their slain comrades. Again the Americans awaited them, again did the deadly fire pour out, and the British fell back.

But the ammunition of the Provincials was falling low, a few cannon cartridges constituting the whole stock of powder

on hand. These were opened and the powder distributed. The British were so long in rallying that the Provincial officers thought that they might not attack again and Colonel Prescott spent the time in inspiring his command with hope and courage, while General Putnam tried to bring order out of the confusion that reigned on Bunker Hill because of the lack of reinforcements.

Finally the British commander, General Howe, resolved to make the third assault, four hundred marines having landed to assist him, and General Clinton coming to arouse the courage of the troops. He now ordered the men to reserve their fire, relying on their bayonets, and make their main attack on the redoubt. A demonstration was made against the rail fence. Generals Howe, Clinton and Pigot led against Breed's Hill. They soon broke through the breastworks and drove the defenders into the intrenchments. Colonel Prescott saw that the redoubt must soon be carried, but he continued to give his orders steadfastly and coolly.

But the American fire slackened for want of ammunition and the stones that were hurled betrayed their weakness to the British. The redoubt was soon successfully scaled and the conflict carried on, hand to hand, with swords and bayonets; the enemy continued to enter the intrenchments and Colonel Prescott gave the order to retreat. The British, with cheers, took possession of the works and immediately formed and poured a destructive fire upon the retreating troops, doing deadly destruction. At this time the brave and gallant General Warren was killed.

In the meantime the Americans at the "Rail Fence" maintained their ground with great firmness. The force here did a great service for it saved the main body, who were retreating in disorder from the redoubt, from being cut off by the British. When it was perceived at this point that Colonel Prescott had left the hill, the men gave ground, but with more

regularity than could have been expected of troops who had been no longer under discipline.

The whole body of Americans were now under retreat over the top of Bunker Hill, where General Putnam endeavored to stem the confusion and make another stand—but in vain.

About five o'clock the British troops with a great parade of triumph, took possession of the same hill that had served them for a retreat on the 19th of April.

Apprehensions were entertained on both sides of a renewal of attack in the night, but the loss of the Peninsula had damped the ardor of the Americans, and the loss of men depressed the spirit of the British. The battle of Bunker Hill was ended; the British colors flew over Prescott's redoubt; four hundred and fifty patriots and fifteen hundred British killed, wounded and missing; eighty-nine British officers slept in the dust. But patriot courage and endurance were found to equal patriot enthusiasm. Technically the battle was lost—morally it was won; for where Warren fell, a Nation was born.

We residents of this fair city of Lowell may well feel a thrill of patriotism and a pride in the achievement, and claim a share in the glory of those who fought that day at Bunker Hill.

For the three towns which gave so liberally of their territory to form this prosperous city of ours, gave also most generously of their men and means, on that memorable day.

Chelmsford, Dracut and Tewksbury, our foster-mothers, stand forth a trio of sisters proud of the stainless record of their sons on Bunker Hill.

And the one hundred and thirty-four years seem to have almost passed away as we stand here today, near one of the ancient highways, over which many of these men hastened on their way to join the camp at Cambridge. And can we not picture them, eagerly hurrying forward, through these beautiful spring summer days, under the leafy trees, and beside the winding streams gaily bedecked with our own familiar flowers,

leaving behind them their dearly loved cottage or homestead, and marching out to certain danger and probable death?

One wonders if this beautiful season of our somewhat bleak New England, when all Nature is at her best, may not have unconsciously inspired them and added to their determination to repel the usurper from her soil, and leave this dear and beautiful land a free heritage to their posterity.

In the Battle of Bunker Hill, Chelmsford men were conspicuous for their bravery and acts of personal daring. Captain John Ford, whose homestead and saw-mill were on what is now Pawtucket street, was in command of the Chelmsford company, consisting of sixty men. He was attached to the regiment of Colonel Ebenezer Bridge, the son of the patriotic minister of Chelmsford, and was stationed at the camp at Cambridge under General Ward. When the preparations for the battle began, Captain Ford obtained permission from the general to withdraw his company privately, and march directly to reinforce the troops at Bunker Hill. On their way they were met by General Putnam who ordered Captain Ford to draw the cannon which had been deserted by Colonel Callender at the foot of the redoubt, into line at the "rail fence." Captain Ford's men objected on the ground that many of them had never seen a cannon before, but being encouraged by the captain, they finally moved them into the desired position. When the British advanced towards the "rail fence," these cannon manned by a portion of Captain Ford's company, opened fire on them with great effect; the rest of his men were ordered not to use their muskets until the enemy were within eight rods of the line, but Joseph Spalding of Chelmsford could not resist the temptation to discharge his musket before orders were given, and so doing, hastened the attack. On his tombstone in the old graveyard at Chelmsford, is this inscription: "He was at the Battle of Bunker Hill where he opened the battle by firing upon the enemy before orders were given."

Another company under command of Captain Benjamin Walker was attached to Colonel Bridge's command and included ten Chelmsford men. The following tables contain the names of those who belonged to Chelmsford and engaged in the Battle of Bunker Hill:—

OFFICERS:

Col. Ebenezer Bridge
Lieut.-Col. Moses Parker
Major John Brooks

Adjutant Joseph Fox
Quartermaster John Bridge
Surgeon Walter Hastings
Asst. Surgeon John Sprague

27th Regiment under Captain John Ford:

Lieut. Isaac Parker

Ensign Jonas Parker

SERGEANTS:

Moses Parker
Daniel Keyes
Parker Emerson
Jonas Pierce

CORPORALS:

John Bates
Benjamin Barrett
William Chambers
William Canbill

DRUMMER:

William Ranstead

FIFER:

Barzilla Lew—Dracut

PRIVATES:

John Keyes
Alexander Davidson
John Chambers
Samuel Britton
Moses Parker
Benjamin Pierce
David Chambers
Ebenezer Shed
Samuel Wilson
Nathaniel Foster
James Drum
Isaiah Foster
Benjamin Parker
Benjamin Farley
Enoch Cleaveland
Benjamin Butterfield
Samuel Howard
Moses Esterbrook
Robert Auger
Elijah Haselton
John Glode
Jesse Dow
Joseph Spalding

Francis Davidson
Oliver Cory
Samuel Marshall
Joseph Chambers
Joseph Spalding
Isaac Barrett
Reuben Foster
Timothy Adams
John Parker
William Rowell
Benjamin Hayward
Thomas Bewkel
James Alexander
Nathaniel Kemp
Solomon Keyes
Noah Foster
Jonas Spalding
Josiah Fletcher
James Chambers
Silas Parker
Robert Richardson
William Brown
Solomon Farmer

Captain Benjamin Walker's Company:

Charles Fletcher
Joseph Blood
Zaccheus Fletcher
Joseph Osgood
Joshua Durant

Thomas Marshall
John Adams
Robert Tier
Ebenezer Gould

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Lieutenant Colonel Moses Parker and Captain Benjamin Walker of Chelmsford were mortally wounded at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Dracut also has a proud record on this historic field of battle.

Captain Peter Coburn's company in Colonel Bridge's regiment did memorable service on that day. This company was stationed at the redoubt; it numbered fifty-four men, and they were hotly engaged during the action. Captain Coburn's clothes being riddled with balls. It is related that just as Colonel Prescott gave the order to retreat, a British officer mounted the breastworks and exclaimed "Now, my boys, we have you," and in answer to this boast, Captain Coburn picked up a stone, hurled it at his head and knocked him down.

The muster-roll of Captain Peter Coburn's company of Dracut at the Battle of Bunker Hill is as follows:

CAPTAIN:

Peter Coburn

SERGEANTS:

James Varnum
Micah Hildreth
Phineas Coburn
William Harvey

PRIVATES:

Benjamin Barron
John Bradley
Daniel Clough
Timothy Davis
William Emerson
Timothy Foster
Jesse Fox
Josiah Fox
Gardner Gould
Abijah Hills
Nehemiah Jaquest
Solomon Jones
David Lindsey
Jonathan Richardson
John Roper
Barnabas Stevens
Elijah Tuttle
John Varnum
Joshua Varnum
Henry Barron

LIEUTENANTS:

Josiah Foster
Ebenezer Varnum

CORPORALS:

John Hancock
John Taylor
Jesse Fox
John Barron

Moses Clement
Benjamin Crosby
Seth Didson
Zebediah Fitch
Abijah Fox
Thomas Gardner
Jonathan Hamblett
John Holt
Samuel Jenners
Nathaniel Kittredge
William Parker
Moses Richardson
Amos Sawyer
John Thissel
Joseph Tuttle
Jonas Varnum
William Varnum
Jonas Whiting
Solomon Wood
Samuel Whiting
Thomas Wright

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In other companies were:

Moses Barker	Joseph Hibbard
Moses Parker, Jr.	Chester Parker
William Brown	Barzilla Lew, Colored
Smith Coburn	

Three men from Dracut were mortally wounded or killed at Bunker Hill:

Benjamin Crosby	John Thissel	Joseph Hibbard
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Tewksbury also manifested a spirit of patriotism and sacrifice not less than her sister towns in the great struggle for Independence.

The men from Tewksbury, who were engaged in the Battle of Bunker Hill, were in the companies of Captain John Harnden of Wilmington and Captain Benjamin Walker of Chelmsford.

Those in Captain Harnden's company being:

John Burt	Moses Gray
William Harris	Samuel Manning
Joshua Thompson	

In Captain Walker's company:

LIEUTENANT:	CORPORALS:
John Flint	Phillip Fowler
SERGEANTS:	David Bayley
Luke Swett	Peter Hunt
Eliakim Walker	
DRUMMER:	FIFER:
Phineas Annis	Isaac Manning
PRIVATES:	
John Bayley	Samuel Bayley
Jonathan Beard	John Danderly
John Dutton	Timothy Dutton
Amos Foster	Jacob Frost
Jonathan Frost	Joseph Frost
Jonathan Gould	Jonathan Gray
John Hall	John Howard
Nehemiah Hunt	Paul Hunt
Josiah Kidder	Asa Laveston
Eliphalet Manning	Daniel Merritt
Joseph Phelps	Hezekiah Thorndike

Taken prisoners or killed at Bunker Hill:

Phillip Fowler	Jacob Frost
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The lists of the names of the men from Chelmsford, Dracut and Tewksbury who fought on that memorable 17th

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of June, one hundred and thirty-four years ago, have been compiled from the original records, and it seems but a slight recognition of their services to ask that in some form these lists should be preserved for all time.

And it seems most fitting that the Lowell Historical Society should pay this small tribute of listening to the Roll of Honor of these men, who fought on Bunker Hill; the men who lived, and loved, and labored, within our original boundaries, and whose patriotism on Bunker Hill made it possible for such an organization as this to have existence.

LOWELL HIGH SCHOOL HISTORICAL ESSAY AWARDED THE LOWELL
HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S FIRST PRIZE OF \$10 IN GOLD. BY
MISS TESSIE G. CURRY, OF THE CLASS OF 1909.

LOWELL THE SITE FOR A BEAUTIFUL CITY.

The main idea of my theme is a plea and plan for conserving and developing the beauties of Lowell. Its suggestions for reconstruction are based upon a photographic survey of Lowell's present with a view toward the beautifying of its future.

The city of Lowell is situated at the junction of the Concord and Merrimack rivers with the hills of Belvidere and Centralville on the east, and the Highlands and Pawtucketville on the west. The section of the city known as Belvidere is situated southeast of the Concord river. It attracts attention because of its high and commanding position as it looks away from the city out over the river, and is considered the most beautiful residential section. From the steep incline on Andover street an extremely good view of Hunt's Falls, Indian Orchard and the wooded horizon can be obtained.

The Highlands and the land near Pawtucket Falls give an extensive view of the country west of Lowell. The view of Dracut from Moody Bridge is remarkably picturesque and varied. The cluster of houses, which stand out prominently from the wooded hills in the background, is plainly visible from this point.

Perhaps the most fitting description of the view of the city from Centralville is—"From the mountains to the main, there is no lovelier scene than that which meets the eye, when from the summit of Christian Hill, we look down upon Lowell and survey the varied landscape unrolled like a beautiful picture before us."

Lowell has been located on the Merrimack and Concord rivers for industrial purposes and we have to look for very little in the way of artistic development along its water front but

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
THE DIVISION OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

RECEIVED

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL OF CHEMICAL PHYSICS
FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
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JANUARY 1, 1934
The following communication is submitted for publication in the JOURNAL OF CHEMICAL PHYSICS. It is a preliminary report on the results of a study of the properties of the liquid phase of the system carbon dioxide-nitrogen. The study was made by means of the method of the critical point curve, which has been described in detail in a paper by the author in the JOURNAL OF CHEMICAL PHYSICS, Vol. 2, No. 1, p. 1, 1934. The results of the study are given in the accompanying figures and tables. The study was made at the University of Chicago, under the supervision of Professor J. H. Duerksen, and the work was supported by the National Research Council, U. S. Department of Commerce.

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"it is possible that the dawn of an electrical age may relieve us of the unhappy sacrifice of the water view. At present the industrial structures tend to screen from view the polluted stream and present a weird and enchanting appearance on a dark afternoon, when myriads of lights twinkle from the windows, and the buildings silhouette themselves in irregular masses against the sky."

It must be said however, that the Concord and Merrimack rivers even in their present condition have considerable beauty. The Pawtucket Falls, in the Merrimack river, which have a descent of about thirty feet, furnish abundance of water power for the many mills. In the spring the rushing of the broad deep current over the glacial marked rocks below is a scene of beauty and grandeur. The Northern Canal branches from the Merrimack river at Pawtucket Bridge and follows the shore closely for half a mile. Just below the bridge, it forms with the river an island, called The Canal Walk, one-sixth of a mile in length. If this island were regraded, planted with flowers and equipped with seats it would add considerable to its attractiveness. The view from Moody Bridge looking towards Dracut is very pleasing, but looking towards Little Canada it is nothing less than ugly. If the city purchased the strip of land on the east shore from the bridge to Aiken street a large park could be constructed and this would be an excellent location for one of Lowell's greatest needs—A Public Bath House. The level stretch of land near Aiken Bridge could be remodelled into an ideal playground.

The river bank along Lakeview Avenue, a part of which is used for a dump and taken as a whole with the wooden houses in its immediate vicinity gives this locality an unsightly appearance. A drive-way with trees and grass, and provided with settees would be a fitting way in which to treat this strip of land. If this improvement were made the value of property in this

location would increase and then the property-owners would be compelled to improve the structures.

The river bank along First street, while not in a bad condition, could be made more pleasant and attractive at a comparatively small cost. Farther down the river, Indian Orchard, which is in close proximity to Hunt's Falls, should be preserved in its present state of wild and natural beauty.

On the other hand the banks of the Concord river on Fayette and Concord streets are completely hidden from view by tenement houses and mills, but from the stone bridge, on Rogers street, the view is charming. The buildings are hidden from view by the wooded curves of the shore which still exist in natural beauty. The canoeing on this river is a favorite pastime during the summer months, there being an unbroken stretch of four miles to North Billerica. At this point the carry is over the bank into the old canal.

Even the artificial waterways, the canals, are not lacking in beauty, and vie with the rivers in picturesqueness. However, there is considerable room for improvement. The canal bank on Anne street is now being remodelled preparatory to being placed in the hands of the Park Commission. Should this undertaking prove a success there is no reason why some of the other canal banks cannot be improved in a similar manner, for instance, the canal opposite the Greek Church is anything but prepossessing. The high boarded fence not only shuts out the view of the grassy banks of the canal, but spoils the appearance of this unique structure.

The remarkable growth of Lowell makes the problem of suitable parks and playgrounds of pressing importance. Regularly equipped playgrounds with apparatus and under the direction of skilled teachers and attendants, to encourage individual and organized play, will soon doubtless be a part of the public school system. Lowell is not favored with many breathing places; to be sure there are a number of parks but

they, for the most part, are not located where they are most needed—in the congested districts.

The North and South Commons, being situated in the heart of the city are especially suitable for playgrounds and have been provided with sand boxes and swings—a preliminary step towards equipping playgrounds with apparatus.

Lowell's largest and most beautiful park is Fort Hill Park, the summit of which is two hundred and sixty-seven feet above sea level and one hundred and forty-two feet above the street. A new granolithic sidewalk has been laid on Rogers street from High street to the main entrance, but there are sections of this beautiful park which are neither graded nor laid out in walks. An important step towards beautifying Lowell would be to have this park remodelled, provided with a shelter house, traversed by spacious driveways and well lighted. On the summit a bandstand could be erected, and Lowell would then enjoy a park unsurpassed by any other in New England. Park Garden in Belvidere which would be an excellent location for the Rodin statue, and Tyler Park in the Highlands are two of Lowell's smaller parks; both of which have received ordinary maintenance care.

The streets of Lowell are wide, some are paved with granite blocks while others are constructed of asphalt. The principal problem of our streets is one of repairing and cleaning. The cheap methods of street railway corporations are as responsible as those of the asphalt companies for the bad condition of many expensive pavements. The problem of street cleaning has of course to deal with conditions as they are, but, no successful result in cleaning streets will be obtained until the back streets are renovated.

The street signs of our city being for the most part attached to the lamp-posts, can be read equally well by day and by night.

The overhead wires were best eliminated but, until they are, the poles that support them should be rendered as artistic as possible for "a city is now held progressive when it shows the fewest wires, not when it presents their greatest network." "In solving the problem of smoke suppression the advance is not so plain, how largely this may be due to lack of popular confidence in complete efficiency of any consumer on the market would be an interesting fact to know."

Lowell is a beautiful city on its outskirts, but the city proper even if it has to contend with smoke from the mills, might be made to look more pleasing if the ugly, unsightly billboards, which disfigure not only our small streets but also our principal streets were abolished. This nuisance is attracting the attention of many of the best men both at home and abroad. My idea is to tax them out of existence, for our streets will never be pretty, much less beautiful until they are abolished. "In the mental picture of a beautiful city the tree has an inseparable part. Tree-lined avenues, tree-arched streets are factors in the health and comfort of the city.*" Lowell has submitted to many treeless thoroughfares which if planted with trees would have a delightful effect upon the nerves of people.

The foreign element of our city presents the most severe problem in beautifying Lowell. They have settled in different sections of our city and the crowded manner in which they live renders the appearance of the immediate locality very distressing. Especially is this true in the case of Market and Suffolk streets, the center of the Greek settlement—for Lowell has the largest Greek population in the United States. But I am confident that in a few years they will take an interest and pride in the city's beauty and do their utmost to promote its growth, for we can trace the Greek love of beauty back to the olden times when they erected beautiful temples and theatres which are still regarded as magnificent models of architecture.

The buildings of Lowell are not of great height and hence do not mar the city. The leading structures are the Court House, the Post Office, the schools and the churches. There are many beautiful residences surrounded by spacious lawns which give evidence of the city's prosperity. "The public buildings are represented by at least three landlords, the city, county, and national governments, and these rarely consult with each other in the choice of their own sites. As a consequence, the post-office rises in one place, the court-house in another, the city hall in yet a third. Each loses in dignity through the crowding about it of commercial structures and thus the city is robbed of definite centre." But it must be said that the Public Library and City Hall are very accessible, being on the chief business thoroughfare. The appearance of these beautiful buildings is not enhanced by the structures in their immediate vicinity. The buildings on Moody street together with the cheap wooden theatres on Merrimack street make a very poor setting for the most important buildings of our city. The present conditions could be improved if Dummer street were extended to Merrimack street, and the city be given control of the dilapidated structures on Moody street. Then again, the Colburn Lot, which unfortunately the city refused to buy, was sold to a Boston man. This piece of land would have made a good setting for the Memorial Building if the city had purchased and remodelled it into a small park.

While the public buildings are noted for their beauty the same cannot be said of the Middlesex street station. The station is not large enough for the population of Lowell, in fact it does not present a pleasing appearance. An ideal plan would be for the railroad company either to improve the present structure, or transform the mansion at the corner of Thorndike and Chelmsford streets into a large and commodious station. It is better for railroad companies to improve their property, as people

The first settlement in the city of Boston was made by a group of Puritan ministers and laymen who came from England in 1630. They were led by John Winthrop, who gave the famous "City upon a Hill" speech. The settlement was initially called "Boston" and was part of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The city grew rapidly and became a major center of commerce and industry. It was also a center of political and social reform. The city was the site of the Boston Tea Party in 1773, which led to the American Revolution. The city was also the site of the Boston Massacre in 1770, which was a key event in the revolution. The city was the site of the Boston Convention in 1780, which was the first meeting of the Continental Congress. The city was the site of the Boston Convention in 1780, which was the first meeting of the Continental Congress. The city was the site of the Boston Convention in 1780, which was the first meeting of the Continental Congress.

The city of Boston has a long and rich history. It was the first settlement in the city of Boston was made by a group of Puritan ministers and laymen who came from England in 1630. They were led by John Winthrop, who gave the famous "City upon a Hill" speech. The settlement was initially called "Boston" and was part of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The city grew rapidly and became a major center of commerce and industry. It was also a center of political and social reform. The city was the site of the Boston Tea Party in 1773, which led to the American Revolution. The city was also the site of the Boston Massacre in 1770, which was a key event in the revolution. The city was the site of the Boston Convention in 1780, which was the first meeting of the Continental Congress. The city was the site of the Boston Convention in 1780, which was the first meeting of the Continental Congress.

coming into Lowell get their first impression of the city from its railroad station.

Some of the suggestions herein mentioned can be secured only by co-operation. The fundamental idea is not to plunge into vast expense by trying to carry out all the plans at once but to make sure that hereafter in the course of the city's development each step will count to the right direction, so that nothing will have to be undone. We are not to remodel Lowell until it conforms to a certain pattern—this would be absurd; but we must accept it as it is, and guide its development along lines of good sense, attractiveness, sanitation and convenience. The residents of Lowell should be inspired with a love and devotion for the city in which they live and do their utmost to promote its growth and welfare, for who can tell but the time is not far off when Lowell will be known not as the City of Spindles, but as The City Beautiful.

LOWELL HIGH SCHOOL HISTORICAL ESSAY AWARDED THE LOWELL
HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S SECOND PRIZE OF \$5 IN GOLD. BY
MISS GENEVA M. COGGINS, OF THE CLASS OF 1909.

LOWELL THE SITE FOR A BEAUTIFUL CITY.

Few cities of our land possess greater natural beauties of location than Lowell, embracing as it does within its limits, two charming rivers and a cluster of hills and highlands. What is the very heart of Lowell today was one of Nature's beauty spots, for it is there that the Concord river, after winding its sluggish way through field and woodland, at last glides into the broad bosom of the Merrimack, the "beautiful blue Merrimack" of Lucy Larcom. It was, however, the power of those rivers—their great resources for manufacturing, and not their beauty, which attracted the attention of the founders of Lowell and is responsible for the location of the "city of spindles." But, in process of developing that power, these men made the site of the city even more attractive than before, for the Falls of the Merrimack is one of Lowell chief beauties, and her network of canals, unsurpassed in the country, extends the water-ways through the city.

Nevertheless, Lowell is an illustration of the saying that "manufacturing cities are seldom beautiful." Business is, of course, the first consideration, and consequently there border both sides of some of the canals, and stretch along part of the banks of the rivers solid walls of mills, their tall chimneys sending out clouds of smoke. The mill operatives must be near their work, and, to house them, large, monotonous, uninteresting tenement blocks, usually of brick, have been erected in the vicinity of nearly all the great manufacturing establishments. It would not, of course, be practicable to clear away these blocks, unattractive though they be, but there is no need of the squalid conditions in some of these sections. "A manufacturing city may not be beautiful, but it need not be ugly," and this fact

should be realized by those who regard the city merely as a place in which to gain wealth.

One of the most important essentials of the truly beautiful is that a plan, laid out along the lines of natural beauty, shall be followed. In most of our cities such a plan was not drawn at first, but in some of them today, expert architects are being employed to work out plans, both for the improvement, as far as possible, of the present city and for all future development. Though Lowell has not been built upon any definite plan, yet the main streets do conform in a marked degree to the topography of the land. The courses of the rivers and canals determine the general direction of many of the principal thoroughfares of the city.

The starting-point of all the car-lines, Merrimack Square, is located at the junction of the rivers. From this point, East Merrimack street, to the east, and Merrimack street, to the west, run parallel to the course of the river whose name they bear. At right angles to this, Central and Gorham streets follow the general lines of the Concord river. Bridge street, on the other side, crosses the Merrimack river at the Square and forms the main thoroughfare of Centralville. Other streets, scarcely less important than these, are also laid out in accordance with the natural lines. Many of the canals, too, are bordered by important streets, as in the case of the Dutton street canal and the Suffolk street canal. So far the streets are well planned, but aside from this, the city has sprung up along the lines of least resistance.

Not the plan of the streets, alone, but their width, straightness, arrangement and general appearance contribute in the highest degree to the attractiveness of a city, for dignity plays a leading part in making a city beautiful. In a beautiful city, streets and sidewalks must not be narrow, crooked and ill-kept. Even Lowell's very broadest streets are far from conforming to the standard of width which has been set by our really beauti-

ful cities. Neither are the streets of Lowell particularly straight. There are no "magnificent distances" here as there are in Washington, our most beautiful American city. But even though streets and sidewalks are not wide, if they are clean and well shaded they are beautiful in a home-like way. This is particularly true of Nesmith street, of Pawtucket street and of Forrest street, where the tall trees meet overhead, making of the street a shady, green-arched passageway, where the sun can only flicker through the leaves. Lowell's old and stately trees are a natural beauty which she is very fortunate in possessing and which add greatly to her attractiveness. Owing to the narrowness of the streets, however, we do not find here trees planted in a strip of lawn between the street and sidewalk, an arrangement which has proved very successful and attractive in Rochester, New York, Springfield, Massachusetts, and in other cities. Although it is impossible to make any radical changes in the old streets, when there is occasion for a new street to be laid out, attention should be paid to all these details.

In "the city beautiful" the buildings, both public and private, must be attractive and well placed. In the residential and suburban sections of most cities this is usually the case, and Lowell is no exception to the general rule. But public buildings and business blocks, also, are important factors for beauty. In some of our large cities, Cleveland, Ohio, in particular, plans are being made for the grouping of the public edifices about a formally treated square or park, and much attention is being paid to carrying out this idea. The chief of Lowell's public buildings, the City Hall, is placed to excellent advantage, situated, as it is, in a prominent position in the heart of the city, with the open square before it affording an unobstructed view of the building and grounds. The Memorial Library, in the same block of land with City Hall, is not so well placed, for its nearness to the larger building gives it the appearance of being crowded. The addition of the Coburn lot

to the Library grounds, corresponding in situation to the park in front of City Hall, would remedy this defect to a great extent, and increase the attractiveness of these two prominent buildings. Opposite these buildings are a church and a school; close by are a club-house, a business block and a hotel, which form a good beginning for the group plan.

But at no other point in the city has even an attempt been made at grouping the buildings. The Post Office, an attractive building in itself, is so obscurely placed, and the section in which it stands is so crowded, that much of its dignity and beauty is lost. The same fault may be found in connection with the Depot. Strangers form their first opinion of a place by the surroundings of the building which they first see. In Lowell they would gain the impression that the city is even more lacking in general beauty than is really the case.

It is, of course, impossible to change the present location of these public edifices, and not practicable, because of their value, to clear away the surrounding buildings. If, however, in future, any opportunity for making these situations more attractive should present itself, advantage should immediately be taken of it. In addition to this, "every new public building is an opportunity," and such opportunities are frequently presenting themselves.

The other buildings, of a semi-public nature, should be so placed as to contribute dignity and beauty to the business streets on which they stand. A detail which helps greatly toward the realization of this effect, is that these blocks shall be, as nearly as possible, the same height. This has been done here in many cases, with good effect, but there are still some instances where the general appearance might be improved if this particular feature were remedied. An example of this is the group of buildings on Merrimack street adjoining the Bon Marche Building. This is, however, a fault which time itself will undoubtedly remove, for, as the demand for larger business

The first of these is the "general" or "common" law, which is the law of the land, and is the law of the land in all cases, unless it is changed by a statute. The second is the "particular" or "special" law, which is the law of the land in a particular case, and is the law of the land in that case, unless it is changed by a statute. The third is the "equity" law, which is the law of the land in cases where the common law is not adequate to do justice, and is the law of the land in those cases, unless it is changed by a statute.

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facilities increases, these buildings will be enlarged, or rebuilt altogether. Then care should be taken that the new buildings harmonize in every way with their surroundings.

These things—the width and arrangement of streets, the treatment of trees and sidewalks, the placing and grouping of buildings—all, are very important, but perhaps the most important feature in a beautiful city is its system of parks. Parks promote, not only the attractive appearance of a city, but, what is still more important, the health and welfare of its inhabitants. In this respect, Lowell, with her hills, her rivers and canals, presents great natural opportunities, not all of which have, as yet, been taken advantage of.

Standing pre-eminent among the natural sites that have been utilized is Fort Hill Park. As the name suggests, this park occupies the whole of Fort Hill, which, both from its historic associations, and its commanding view of the surrounding country, is an ideal park site. The grounds are artistically laid out, conforming to the natural lines, and improvements are continually being made and work done on the sections yet unfinished. Another charming spot in this section of the city is Belvidere Park, small, to be sure, but setting off the stately dignity of the old residences of Park street, to say nothing of affording a happy playground for the children of the neighborhood.

On the heights of Centralville, the Reservoir, with its broad expanse of water surrounded by velvety lawns, is a most enticing spot, while a bird's-eye view of much of the city may be obtained from there.

The Highlands boast of Tyler Park, an appropriate setting for the beautiful homes built along its roads, and a guarantee that this section of the city will never be crowded. Not far from this park is the Glacial Oval, a very interesting feature, which owes its present form to the school children of Lowell.

Pawtucketville's chief attraction, and one of which to be proud, is the Pawtucket Boulevard, stretching straight away for miles beside the broad river. This offers, too, splendid opportunity for still further development.

In the heart of the city, the North and South Commons, with their shady walks, their velvety grass, their playgrounds and ball-grounds, afford rest, recreation, or enjoyment to children and "grown-ups" alike, according to the taste of each. Work, greatly improving its appearance, is now going forward on the banks of the Anne street canal, a spot very beautiful in itself with its swiftly flowing current and its leafy arches over streets and canal.

Aside from these parks, in various parts of the city there is charming scenery, such as the views from Andover street of the Merrimack river, winding its stately way between the hills; or another view seen from the Moody street bridge, of the rapids of the same river, with the buildings and grounds of the Textile School on the opposite bank, and Centralville in the distance.

There are opportunities, however, for many additions to the present park system. All the banks of both the Concord and Merrimack rivers have not yet been taken up, and the unoccupied spaces should, as far as possible, be acquired for parks. The Centralville bank of the Merrimack, for instance, presents an excellent opportunity in this direction. The vacant space at the Moody street end of the Pawtucket Walk might be developed into a charming park. The Livingston land, in the Highlands, offers possibilities for a very spacious and attractive park by proper treatment.

Only in the one instance have the canal banks been used for parks. Aside from this, even the beauty of the canals themselves has been hidden by high board fences which are, in many cases, covered with billboards and other cheap advertising schemes, one of the elements of ugliness in a city. This is

especially true of the Suffolk street canal, while on the Pawtucket canal and others there is room for much improvement. Simply by removing these fences, thus allowing the natural beauty of the canals to be seen, a great advance toward improving the appearance of the city would be made, even though there was no real park developed on the canal banks.

Other questions of city beautifying—those of the abolition of overhead wires, the treatment of grade-crossings, ways of ridding cities of billboard advertising, and other smaller, but important, features—are being discussed all over the country at the present time, and new methods are being applied as fast as public intelligence grasps their advantages.

These questions, and the whole question, of making, on the site of the present Lowell, the beautiful city that Nature has so generously provided for, should interest every individual having the welfare of his city at heart. Public spirit should be awakened and stimulated by means of lectures, of talks, of newspaper and magazine articles—in any way that may reach all classes of people. With a stronger love of the beautiful thus awakened in all its inhabitants, Lowell may well take a place, in the future, among the beautiful cities of New England.

The first of these was the establishment of the
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OLD HOMES AND HISTORIC BYWAYS OF LOWELL. BY MRS.
SARA SWAN GRIFFIN. READ DECEMBER 9, 1909.

The spot on which the city of Lowell now stands is not without historic interest. The wigwams of the Indians or the scattered homes of the early English settlers at one time stood where now are almost innumerable industries or spacious streets and residences.

And before all memory of the early inhabitants of this locality has faded away and all knowledge of the old traditions has been lost from among us it may be both wise and interesting to make in fancy a circuit of our city, and with the "Old Highway to the Merrimack" as a starting point, to revive an interest in a few of the nearly forgotten homes and lives of those who made it possible for the Lowell of today to be in existence.

In 1659 we find the term "Highway to the Merrimack" first mentioned in certain old Chelmsford deeds. It was no doubt the old road to Golden Cove, but the Lowell end is now called Stedman street. Originally the road turned down by Mt. Pleasant Spring, but later it was straightened out through Stedman and Baldwin streets to the river.

About 1655 we find the first record of any English inhabitants of what is now the city of Lowell, seven or eight families having settled in the vicinity of the "Old Highway," attracted to the spot by its proximity to the river and the fact that land had been cleared here by the Indians.

Rude as were the surroundings of these first settlers, and adverse as were the circumstances under which they labored, they yet found time to remember the "beginning of wisdom," for as early as 1699 we find that the wife of John Wright, living in this neighborhood, was authorized to hold at her house a "dame school" to "learne young persons to Reed and write," as the old record quaintly puts it.

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A short distance from the "Old Highway" on what is now called Wood street is the Sewall Bowers house, which is doubtless the oldest building in our city. The farm has been in the possession of the Bowers family since the first settlement of Chelmsford, and is mentioned in the early records as having been a rendezvous for the colonists in times of danger, and for neighborly conference. Also as early as 1686, a "still" was licensed at this place for the manufacture of "strong waters" that may be sold to "Christians but not to Indians." The numerous foot-paths that may even yet be traced to the old Bowers house show that the early settlers made the most of their privileges.

Opposite the foot of Wood street, and on the bank of the river, was erected in 1675 by Major Hinchman a "Garrison House," which was used as a place of safety for the families in this section during King Phillip's War and the later skirmishes with the Indians. Not a trace is left of the old log structure, but memory still retains the story of how the neighboring farmers, with their wives and little ones, hastened to the old house for shelter when rumors of the attacks by Indians in the adjoining towns filled their hearts with horror and dismay. Remains of an old well have been found near this site and tradition connects it with the old "Garrison House."

Farther down on the bank of the Merrimack with its grounds gently sloping to the river's edge, stands what is called today the "Middlesex Hotel," but in the early Colonial days it bore the title of "Clark's Tavern." As early as 1728, Captain Jonas Clark was the genial inn-keeper, a man of prominence and a descendant of Rev. Thomas Clark of Chelmsford. Captain Clark was succeeded in the tavern by his son Timothy who kept up the old customs and traditions of the house. We may aptly borrow Longfellow's lines to describe this once famous place of entertainment:



BOWERS HOUSE



HALE HOUSE



OLD HIGHWAY



GLASS HOUSE



CLARK TAVERN



CAPT. FORD HOUSE



SPALDING HOUSE



GARRISON HOUSE



"As ancient is this hostelry,
As any in the land, may be,
Built in the old Colonial days,
When men lived in a grander way
With ampler hospitality."

This tavern was near Clark's Ferry and was a popular resort for the fashionable and distinguished people of the day. The carriages of Lowell's wealthiest families at the present time cannot compare in grandeur to the coaches with armorial bearings which rolled up to that hospitable door in the old Colonial days. Among its guests have been Lafayette, Hancock and scores of other notabilities, and the brilliancy of the dinner parties given within its walls in the days of its early grandeur can hardly be excelled even in the luxury of this generation.

Crossing the Merrimack river by the means of Clark's Ferry to the opposite shore, and proceeding along Ferry Road, we come to the old Durkee house. The date of the erection of this house is a matter of dispute. It is on, or near, the site of the John Webb house, built about 1660, and may have been the original home of this prominent settler whose possessions were vast for that period. Its architecture shows it to be of Colonial times, and the many interesting traditions connected with its history give it an air of romance. From one of its upper rooms, it is said, the early colonists resisted an attack of the prowling Mohawks at the time of King Phillip's War, and also from one of its windows the horrified inmates saw the murder of the two Varnum boys by the Indians, as they were crossing the Merrimack river in their canoe. The so-called Durkee house was the most pretentious of its time in this location and was always used as a place of rendezvous by the neighboring colonists, and also in later years as a tavern of good and notable repute, for by its door passed the stages and stately carriages, whose occupants were travelling down from New Hampshire to Boston. Here in 1776 the neighbors came to listen to the sound of the firing of the cannon

at Bunker Hill, and the old hall, in which doubtless they were gathered, still retains its original features—the smooth hard floor for dancing, and the raised benches on which the guests sat, and looked on as the red-cheeked girls and the sturdy farmer boys danced the old country reels.

The "Old Meadow Road," at a later date, ran down to the river and by means of Clark's Ferry one could cross to the Chelmsford side. On this old road, now hardly more than a path, stood the "Ministree," the home of the first minister of Dracut, the Rev. Thomas Parker. In this house also lived for some years the noble French exile, Colonel Marie Louis Amand Ansart De Maresquelles, and to this house in 1784 came Lafayette to visit his old-time friend and comrade in the military circles of France.

Colonel Marie Louis Amand Ansart De Maresquelles, a member of the French Court, a son of a Marquis, and nephew of the great French Marquis Montalembert, came to America in 1776. Because of the valuable secret which he disclosed to the Colonial government in regard to the manufacture of solid cannon, he was appointed by this government as Colonel of Artillery and Inspector General of the Foundries of Massachusetts, and in such capacity he served until the close of the Revolutionary War. On account of political troubles in France, Colonel De Maresquelles decided to adopt America as his country, and laying aside his noble rank, he was naturalized in the courts of Massachusetts, under the name of Louis Ansart. Choosing Dracut for his home, Colonel Ansart lived in this quiet country town until his death in 1804. He is buried in what is now known as Woodbine Cemetery, and which he had apportioned from his farm and given to Dracut for a "Burying Ground" for the use of the Ansarts, Coburns and Varnums, and where, after "life's fitful fever," he sleeps as calmly on the rugged New England hillside as if he lay in the ancestral tomb in sunny France.

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On a lane off Varnum Avenue, formerly a part of the Old Meadow Road, is the old Varnum homestead. Built probably about 1700, it has sheltered seven generations of Varnums, and it stands today in dignified seclusion, a type of the early homes of the prosperous colonists. No transfer by deed has been passed of the Varnum property since the early grant from John Webb to Samuel Varnum in 1664, and the name of Varnum has always been prominently associated with all the political, church and social life of Dracut.

On Varnum Avenue, near the terminus of the electric car line, stands a small building known as the Coburn Mission. It was the first school house built in the town of Dracut and was erected in 1755. As that part of Dracut has been now annexed to Lowell, it is the oldest school building within the limits of this city. In this little building a great part of the business of the colonists in this neighborhood was transacted, and tradition records that, at the time of the Revolution, the Committee of Safety met within its walls.

On the road leading from Pawtucketville to the Navy Yard is the site of the famous Garrison House of Dracut. It was built about 1669 by Edward Colburn as a place of protection for the early settlers against the hostile Indians. The old histories of Dracut tell of some fiery encounters at the old Garrison House and of one woman, who single-handed, defended herself and children against an attacking party of Indians. The old house has been torn down and it seems sad that such an interesting memento of the early New England life should have been destroyed.

Retracing our steps through this part of Lowell which was formerly a historic neighborhood of Dracut, and re-crossing the river at Clark's Ferry, we reach the spot that was the head of the "Old Middlesex Canal." For its time, this enterprise was a wonderful feat of engineering and was the first canal in the United States opened for the transportation of travellers, and

until the introduction of railroads, the Middlesex Canal was of great public benefit. Lumber and grain from the upper Merrimack, with other products of the country, found their way through the canal to Boston where they were exchanged for the commodities of the city, which were transferred back by means of the canal into the country. But in a few years after the completion of the railroads, the canal was discontinued, and now nearly all traces of it are obliterated.

Not far from the head of the Canal, the "Old Highway" touches Middlesex street, and on it is found all that is left of the once famous Chelmsford Glass Works. These works were established here in 1802 by Boston manufacturers and at one time made a prominent industry in the little town of Chelmsford, but now not a vestige remains of the dismal old wooden factory, black with the smoke of the big furnaces. One of the tenement houses is still standing that were built by the glass company, and it causes one to think of an unhappy ghost, doomed to haunt the scene of its former prosperity.

On another old road now known as Pine street is seen the Henry Parker house, opposite the Highland School. No other family but the Parkers has been in possession of this estate since the Indians sold their claims to Wamesit, yet it is impossible to decide when the first Parker set up his home on the present attractive site. But one Benjamin Parker, the record of whose birth is given as 1663, is supposed to have been the first of the family to locate here. In the early Indian struggles, and also in the Revolutionary War, young men have gone forth from this homestead to perform their part with valor and bravery.

Following the old lane over which childish feet passed and re-passed so many years ago to the little red schoolhouse that stood near what is now the corner of School and Westford streets, we recall that one of the pupils in this school was

the first of these is the fact that the
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in the country for a long time, and
has been able to observe the
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from a close and personal acquaintance.

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from a close and personal acquaintance.

Benjamin Pierce, afterwards governor of New Hampshire and father of Franklin Pierce, president of the United States.

School street, which takes its name from this "ancient seat of learning," winds along by the old cemetery over the hill to Pawtucket street near what was once the residence of Captain Ford, famous in our Revolutionary struggle, and which is still occupied by the descendants of his family, Mrs. Mary Earl Wood and Miss Josephine Earl. In the same spacious grounds and on the site of the old barn belonging to the Captain Ford estate, is the residence of Mrs. Henry A. Lambert, a direct descendant of the third generation from Captain Ford.

When the alarm was sounded April 19th, 1775, Captain Ford was at work in his sawmill which was near his home. Hastening to his house for the necessary equipments, he started at once for Chelmsford Centre, to join the company that went from there. Captain Ford also served at Bunker Hill and Ticonderoga, and marched against Burgoyne. After the war had closed, he resumed his activity in business and resided, during the subsequent years of his life, at this house on Pawtucket street where he ended his days.

His grave is in the little Burying Ground opposite Pawtucketville Church, to reach which his funeral procession passed over the old bridge of which he had been one of the chief owners and promoters.

Next below the Ford House was the Spalding Homestead, now owned by the Molly Varnum Chapter D. A. R. This house was built about 1760 by Robert Hildreth, and during the early history of the house it seems to have changed owners quite frequently, having been the property of seven different men in succession before it was purchased as a home by Mr. Joel Spalding in 1790, thirty years after its erection. One of its owners was Captain Ford, who lived in the adjoining house.

At one time the house was known as the Davis Tavern and was largely patronized by the raftsmen and loggers who

floated their logs down the river from the New Hampshire forests, and stopped at this tavern for rest and refreshment before starting again on the river-drive to the sea.

Following the Merrimack river along its restless way, we remember that where the French-American Orphanage now stands, formerly the home of Frederick Ayer on Pawtucket street, was once the wigwam of Wannalancit, and around the deep pools at Pawtucket Falls gathered the Merrimack Valley Indians in the fishing season. Their camping grounds spread over a large part of what is now Pawtucketville, and where the Textile School now stands was one of their favorite resting places. Numerous arrow-heads and other Indian weapons, also stone mortars and curious cooking utensils have been found near its site.

Passing by what, at a later period, were the Cheever and Fletcher Farms, we pause a moment at the bounds of the latter to note that on Worthen street, which passes through the original Fletcher Farm, was born in 1832, James Abbott McNeil Whistler, the noted artist, in the house now the property of the Lowell Art Association.

Above the junction of the Concord and Merrimack rivers where Central Bridge is located, was maintained for many years, a ferry, well known in local history as Bradley's Ferry. It was in use according to the early records in 1737 and probably many years previous to that date. It was owned and managed by Joseph Bradley who also built Barron's Hotel situated near the ferry landing. The old house is still standing on First street and was known for many years as the Centralville House.

Following the main highway to Dracut one passes what for many years has been known as the "Wire Works," but in its days of pristine grandeur it stood where now is the Varnum School and was the famous Dracut Academy.

On Hildreth street, although not on its original site, is the "Hildreth Homestead," built in 1784 by Lieutenant Israel

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Hildreth, who served his country both on sea and land during the Revolutionary War. His aged father Elijah Hildreth closed his days in this house and here was born Dr. Israel Hildreth, for many years the leading physician in all this region. Hon. Fisher Hildreth, who held many important state and town offices, was of the fourth generation of the Hildreths who had lived in this old homestead, and the name of Hildreth stands out pre-eminent in the Colonial and Revolutionary life of Dracut.

Retracing our footsteps, we pass the ancient "Hildreth Burying Ground," given to the town of Dracut by Lieutenant Hildreth and which up to the present day has been the final resting place of many members of this historic family.

Near where are now the immense manufactories of the Boott Cotton Mills stood in 1674 an humble log cabin. Here the Indian magistrate Numphow held a monthly court, and to this cabin, every May for many years, came Judge Gookin who used it as his court house in the settlement of the important grievances and offences among the Indians of Wamesit.

Over a hundred years ago, a few steps from what is now Merrimack Square, was the Nathan Tyler house, surrounded by far-reaching and fertile fields. The farm was of large extent embracing land now occupied by the Carpet Mills and reaching beyond Palmer street. It is difficult to transform the scene of Lowell's greatest activity today with its rush of electric cars, its busy mills and crowded lodging houses, and the constant tread of hurrying feet, into the quietness of the "green pastures and still waters" that the same sun shone down upon a century ago. The house, which was one of the most pretentious of its time, was built by Mr. Nathan Tyler from lumber prepared by him at his sawmill at Pawtucket Falls. Here Mr. Tyler, with his goodly family of seven sons and three daughters, dwelt for a number of years, and today his numerous descendants are among Lowell's most honored citizens. Finally Mr. Tyler sold a part of this estate to the originators of the Merrimack

Manufacturing Company and built another residence at Middlesex Village which still bears the title of the "Tyler Homestead," and is now occupied by Mrs. Samuel Tyler and her daughter Miss Susan Tyler, the ladies who were the doners to this city of the magnificent gift of Tyler Park.

After the purchase of the Nathan Tyler house by the Merrimack Company the old house was converted into a hotel and became known as the "Old Mansion House." Captain Jonathan Tyler had the hospitable charge of the "Mansion House" for a term of years, and under his management the hotel became of great importance in the life of the new and thriving town, and was the scene of many a festive gathering, but the increasing encroachments of the mill properties in its neighborhood eventually caused the removal of the old hotel. Part of it stands now at the corner of Salem and Dane streets, a reminder of "Auld Lang Syne."

Farther up the hill on the site which St. John's Hospital now occupies and of which it has become a part, was a stately structure in the early days of Lowell, which at different epochs in its history was called the "Gedney House," the "Old Yellow House" and the "Livermore Mansion." The land on which it stood was part of the original grant to Madam Winthrop, wife of Governor Winthrop of Massachusetts. The house was erected about 1750 by one Timothy Brown, the heavy lumber for its construction being obtained of Captain Ford at his sawmill near Pawtucket Falls, but the interior wood work was prepared in England and then shipped to this country.

After changing owners once or twice, the estate came into the possession of Phillip Gedney, a former British Consul who had left his home for political reasons and who chose this place for his residence, and lived here for a number of years.

Then after varying experiences, one of which was the use of the old house as a tavern, it found another purchaser in Judge Edward St. Loe Livermore. At this period, the estate consisted

of about two hundred acres of land, which, enclosing the imposing mansion standing on a high elevation laid out with spacious lawns and avenues, made a truly magnificent home for its dignified owner.

Judge Livermore named his estate "Belvidere," a title which now embraces all the surrounding suburb. The members of Judge Livermore's family were distinguished for brilliancy of intellect and strength of character. But the memory of the gifted yet erratic daughter of the house, Harriet Livermore, who was immortalized by Whittier in "Snow-Bound" will make it impossible for Lowell residents to ever allow the fame of the old "Livermore Mansion" to sink into oblivion. These are the words written of her by Whittier:

"A woman tropical, intense
In thought and act, in soul and sense!
She blended in a like degree
The vixen and the devotee!
Since then, what old cathedral town
Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown!
What convent gate has held its lock
Against the challenge of her knock!
And still, unrestful, bowed, and gray,
She watches under Eastern skies,
With hope each day renewed and fresh,
The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,
Whereof she dreams and prophesies!"

Following the Merrimack river along what is now known as Andover street, we find at its junction with the Old County Road, the Moses Worcester farm. This farm was purchased in 1748 of Samuel Hunt by Moses Worcester and a portion of it has remained in the possession of his descendants to this day. Near what was the site of the original farm house is the residence of Mrs. Richard W. Baker and family, of direct descent from Moses Worcester. On the opposite side of the road and in a remarkable state of preservation is the house built in 1802 by a grandson of the original owner, Eldad Worcester. The Worcester family bore a prominent part in the church as well as in the town affairs of Tewksbury.

Turning off from Andover street is what is now known as Clark Road, but was for many years in the early history of Tewksbury but a bridle path to the church and settlement. This road runs through the territory which in 1691 Samuel Hunt bought from the heirs of Madam Winthrop. In the old records is found a copy of the deed from Joseph Hunt to Captain Jonas Clark of Clark's Tavern, who bought one hundred acres of this territory in 1737 as a gift to his son Thomas. The original Clark house was in a field west of Clark Road and from its door Lieutenant Thomas Clark responded to the alarm of the 19th of April and led the company from North Tewksbury to the scene of action. In 1790 a more pretentious house was built on Clark Road, and this property has been continually in the possession of the Clark family since its original purchase. The old house, guarded by sheltering trees, gives promise to withstand the ravages of time for many years to come, and in this home Lieutenant Thomas Clark ended his days and now rests from his deeds of valor in the old Clark Burying Ground, but a short distance from the house.

In Colonial times, the Hunt Garrison House stood on the hill overlooking the farm, but the only vestige that remains of its history is a hearth-stone brought from its ruins and now standing in the yard of the old Clark House.

Farther down this historic old road are two picturesque homes over which a century has passed, apparently leaving them unchanged from their early days—the residence of the late Joshua Clark, and the Hunt Homestead. Until a very recent date the Hunt property has not been out of possession of the Hunt family since the original purchase by Samuel Hunt in 1691 from the estate of Madam Winthrop.

Retracing our steps to the Concord river we stop a moment to gaze on its placid surface, trying to picture to ourselves the period when its banks were the rendezvous of Indians who came in tribes to gather fish from its generous bosom. The

good Eliot and Gookin are said to have taken advantage of these fishing seasons to improve the spiritual and moral condition of the Indians, and from Massic Island they told their dusky listeners of the "Great Father." Not only the Indians but the English settlers found in the waters of the Concord and Merrimack an abundant supply of fish—the rivers at that time teeming with salmon, shad and alewives. But instead of the rude devices used by the Indians, the fish were taken in great numbers in nets and seines. Alas! the old fishing spots are no more available and their traditions are all that remain.

Before leaving the Belvidere side of the river, we must speak of Fort Hill Park, which received its name from the fact that Wannalancit, the last Sachem of the Merrimack Valley Indians, built a fort here as a protection against his enemies, the Mohawks. For many years this park was a yearly rendezvous of the Indians, and it is interesting to remember when visiting this spot, where landscape artists with most consummate taste and skill have ornamented the grounds with shrubs and foliage, that here once the painted savages in war-like array crouched in ambush behind a rocky barricade, waiting an attack from deadly foes, and that where now are conventional fountains and a brilliant display of cultivated flowers, the Indians drank the water bubbling from the ground, and lay at rest on the grassy banks of the hill.

Nearly a mile from the old Concord Ferry, following the line of what is now Central and Appleton street, stands the Eliot Congregational Church, built near the site of the log cabin where the Indian preacher "Samuel" taught his crude ideas of the Christian's God, to his tribesmen, in weekly meetings, and where the missionary John Eliot preached with fervor and eloquence to the Red Men of the "Great Father" over all.

Continuing on an old road that at one time touched Hale street, is found a massive boulder that marks the site of the

"Old Rock Tavern," once the homestead of Benjamin Butterfield. The Butterfield farm extended on both sides of the old Chelmsford Road for a long distance, and embraced a large portion of what is now known as Ayer's City. This property has descended through several generations of Butterfields and tracts of it are still held by members of the family.

Not far from this point is an ancient water-way which at the present time is widely known as Hale's Brook. On its banks in 1790, was erected by Moses Hale, the first woollen mill ever started in Middlesex County. The building is still standing, but is now used as a tenement house.

This small beginning was the nucleus of what became in after years large and prosperous industries, including the woollen mill, a lumber business and the manufacture of gunpowder. Mr. Oliver Whipple became associated in business with Mr. Hale and continued the business when the latter retired. The powder business was enlarged from time to time and finally reached the efficiency of manufacturing a million pounds of gunpowder in one year. The fame of these works grew to such an extent that the Governor of the State and his Council made an official visit to them. Mr. Hale also built in this vicinity a large mansion afterwards owned by Joshua Swan and his heirs, which remained a prominent landmark in that locality until about two score years ago.

The house was three stories high with brick ends and heavily timbered. People gathered from all the neighboring towns to view the raising of the immense structure. Tables were spread on the extensive grounds for their refreshment and the "raising" was made a time of general festivity. The event was considered of great importance at that date and has passed into the annals of Lowell.

A short distance from Hale's Mill following the "Old Salem Road" is Parker street, which has an interest for us in that it is one of the oldest highways within the boundaries of

Lowell and also because the "Old Marshall Tavern" is on this street. It stands on a slight elevation, and with the extensive grounds in the rear and the ancient poplars in front, differs but little in appearance from the time of its erection about 1790, and it is not difficult for us to fancy the stout country teams, loaded with produce and driven by sturdy farmers who have left their homes weary hours before, stopping at the hospitable entrance for "refreshment for man and beast ere they continue their journey to Salem." The old house has resounded with laughter and hearty greetings, and even now has a mellow cast of countenance as if musing over some of the old jokes. But alas! hosts and guests have all gone long ago beyond that "bourne from which no traveller returns." The "Old Marshall Tomb," across the road from the tavern, opened its portals to receive all that was mortal of "mine hosts," and stood for over a century a reminder of old fashions and customs, but the hand of the destroyer has reached even that and the old tomb is no more.

A short by-path leads from the old tavern to Chelmsford street. It was in this neighborhood that Benjamin Pierce lived until manhood. His home was with his uncle whose house stood near the site of the farm belonging to the Orlando Blodgett estate, and whose farm embraced a generous extent of the surrounding country. When the signal of alarm was given April 19th, 1775, Benjamin Pierce was ploughing in a field off Powell street. Hitching his team of steers to a stump, he took his gun and started for Concord on foot. He served through the Revolutionary War, and afterward went to New Hampshire to live, and was twice elected Governor of that state. He often revisited his early home, taking great pleasure in showing the historic stump on Powell street.

As we follow the old winding Chelmsford Road, passing by the boundaries of the original Chamberlain, Pierce and Coburn farms, we can almost see the "embattled farmers" of over a

century ago, as they hurried along its grassy way to join their friends and neighbors in the great struggle for liberty.

But at "Golden Cove" we again find the "Old Highway to the Merrimack" which warns us that we have at length completed, however falteringly and imperfectly, the circuit of our city.

"Old things indeed have passed away," yet they cannot be quite forgotten, for though they have "no speech nor language," yet are their voices heard in the streets.

LIST OF PAPERS READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY IN 1909.

"The Centennial Anniversary of Abraham Lincoln."
February 15, 1909.

"Early Days of Railroading." Herbert C. Taft. March
2, 1909.

"The Battle of Bunker Hill and Those who Participated
Therein from the Towns from which Lowell was Formed." Mrs.
Sara Swan Griffin. May 12, 1909.

"Reminiscences of the First Five Clergymen of Chelms-
ford." J. Adams Bartlett. October 13, 1909.

"Old Homes and Historic Byways of Lowell." Mrs. Sara
Swan Griffin. December 9, 1909.

The Prizes offered by the Lowell Historical Society to
the Graduating Class of the Lowell High School, for the best
essays on "Lowell the Site for a Beautiful City," were awarded
as follows:—

First Prize, \$10 in gold, to Miss Tessie G. Curry.

Second Prize, \$5 in gold, to Miss Geneva M. Coggins.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
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ERRATA

- Page 9. After the word "Lowell" at the end of the second paragraph of the Introduction, add "at the date of its incorporation as a city in 1836, that being a condition of membership."
- " 36. In the seventeenth line substitute "by" for "be" before the word "travelling."
- " 47. The address of Rev. A. St. John Chambre on "A Trip Abroad," was given October 14, 1903.
- " 72. In the fourth line from the bottom of the page. substitute "at" for "as" before the word "once."

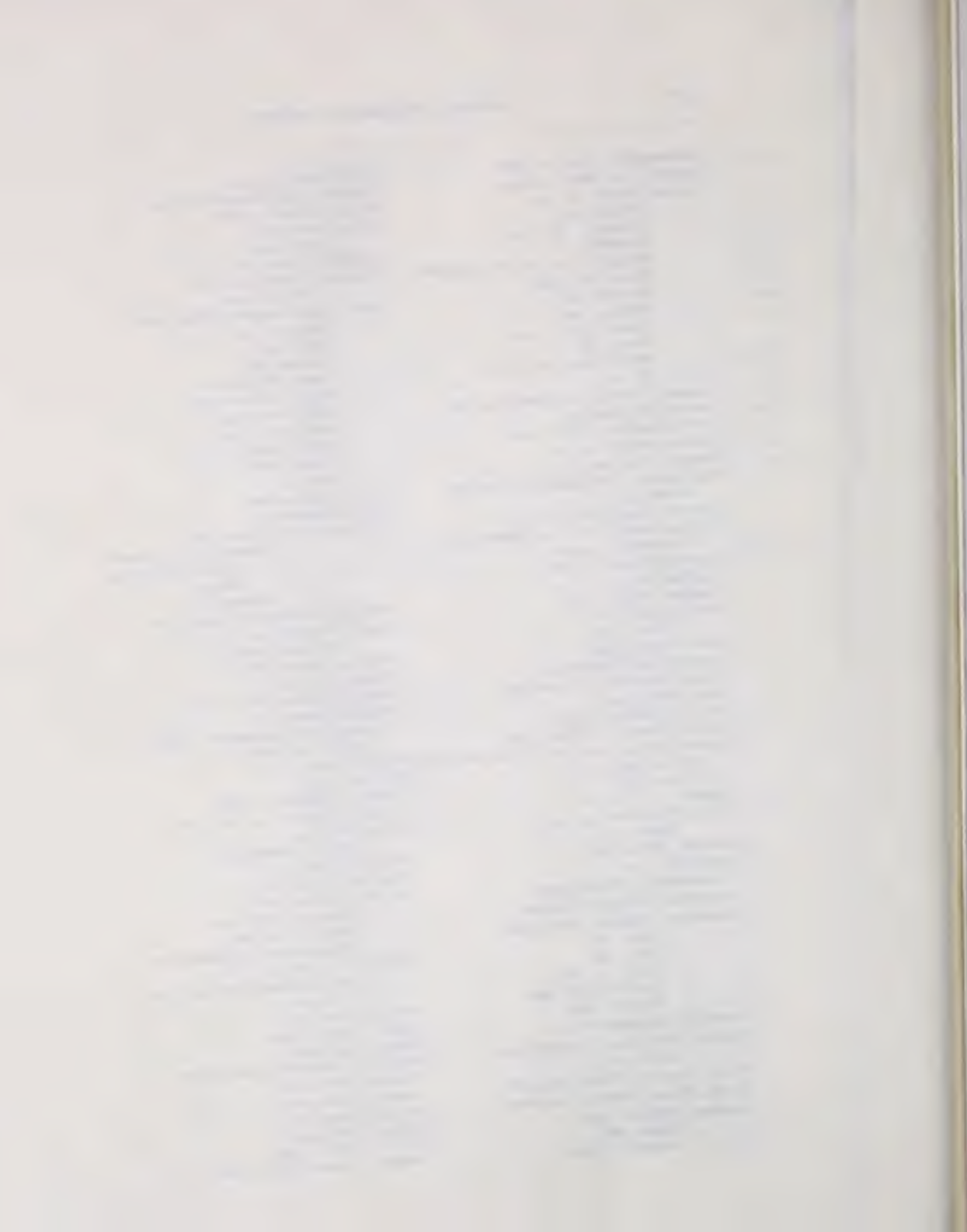
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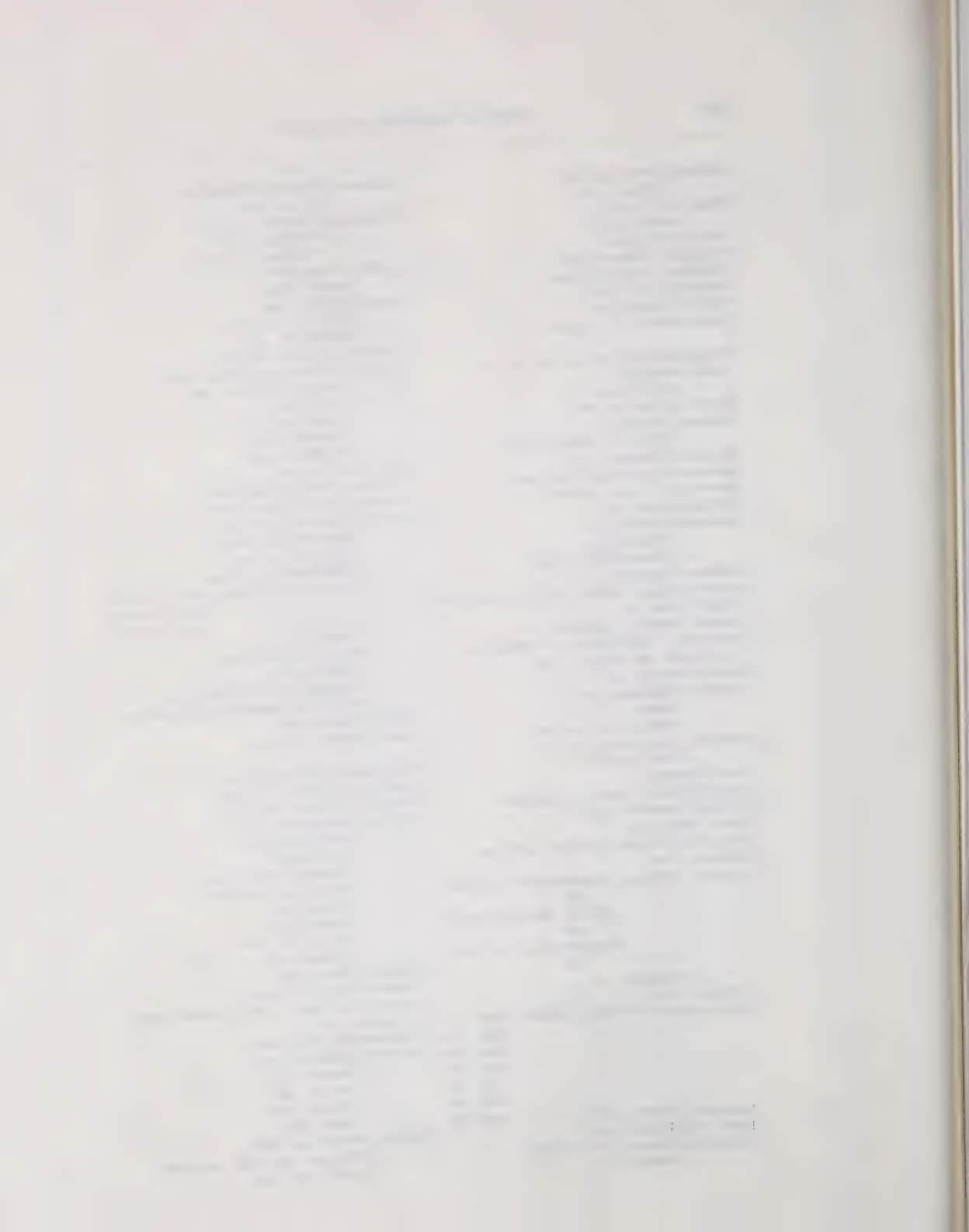
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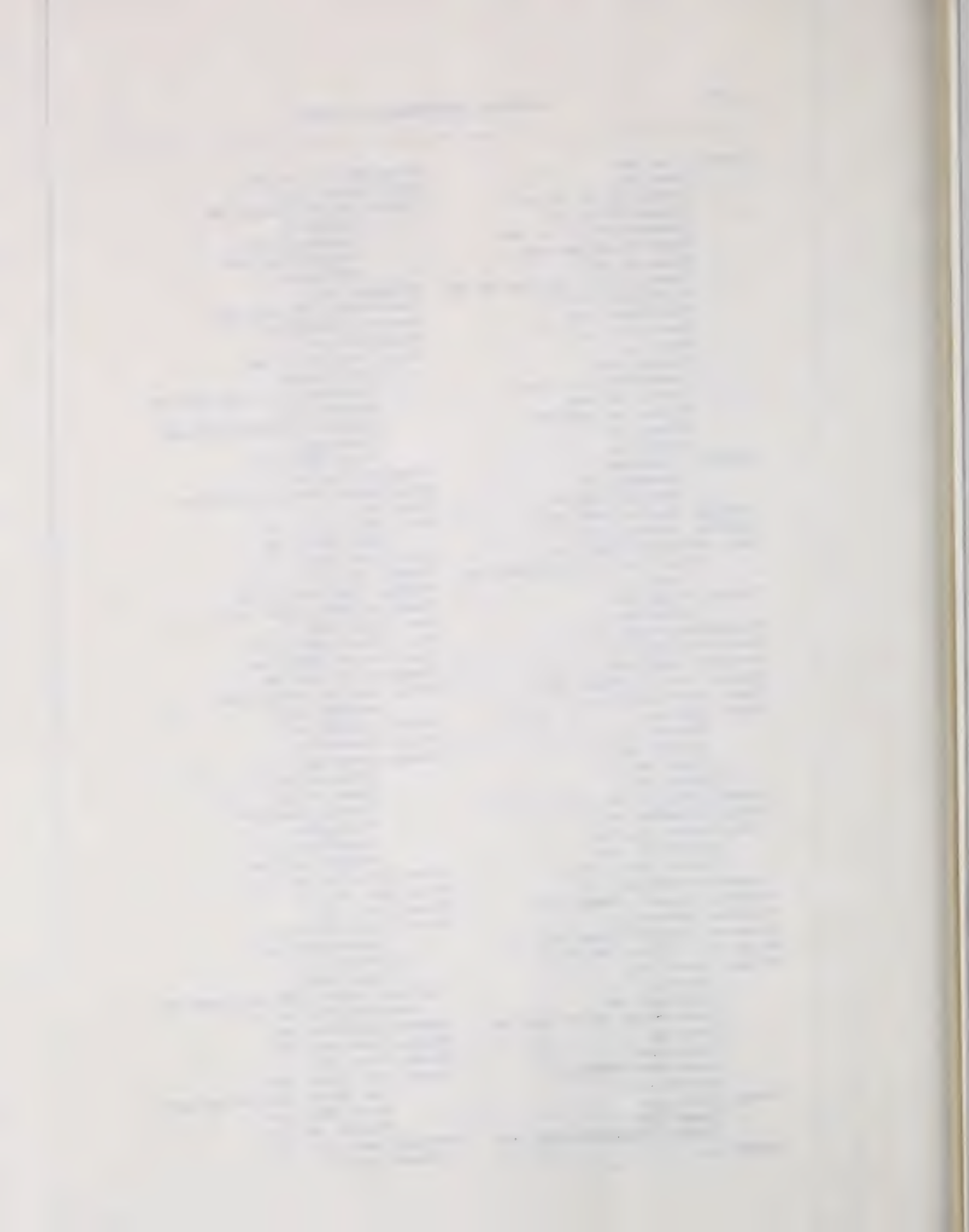
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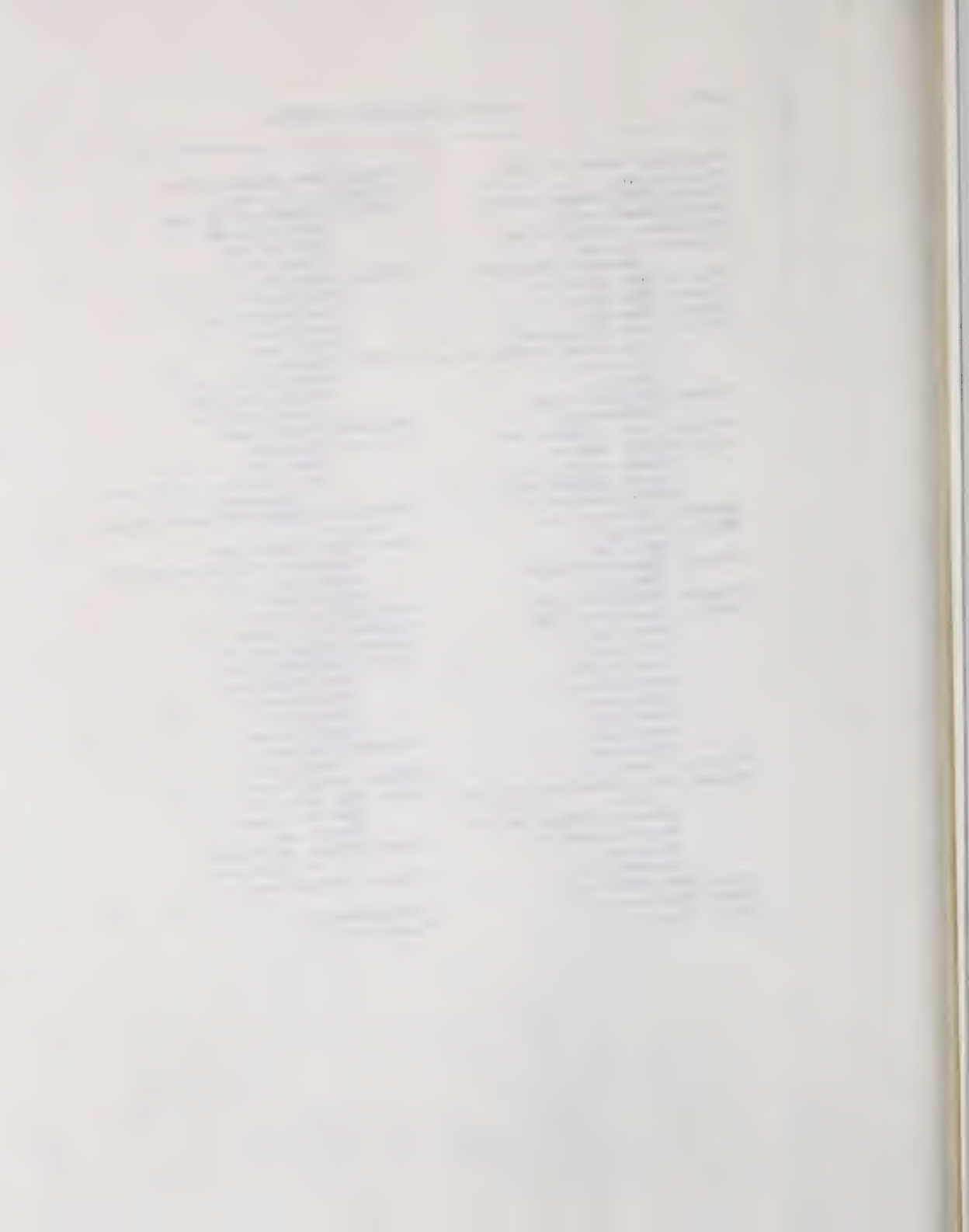


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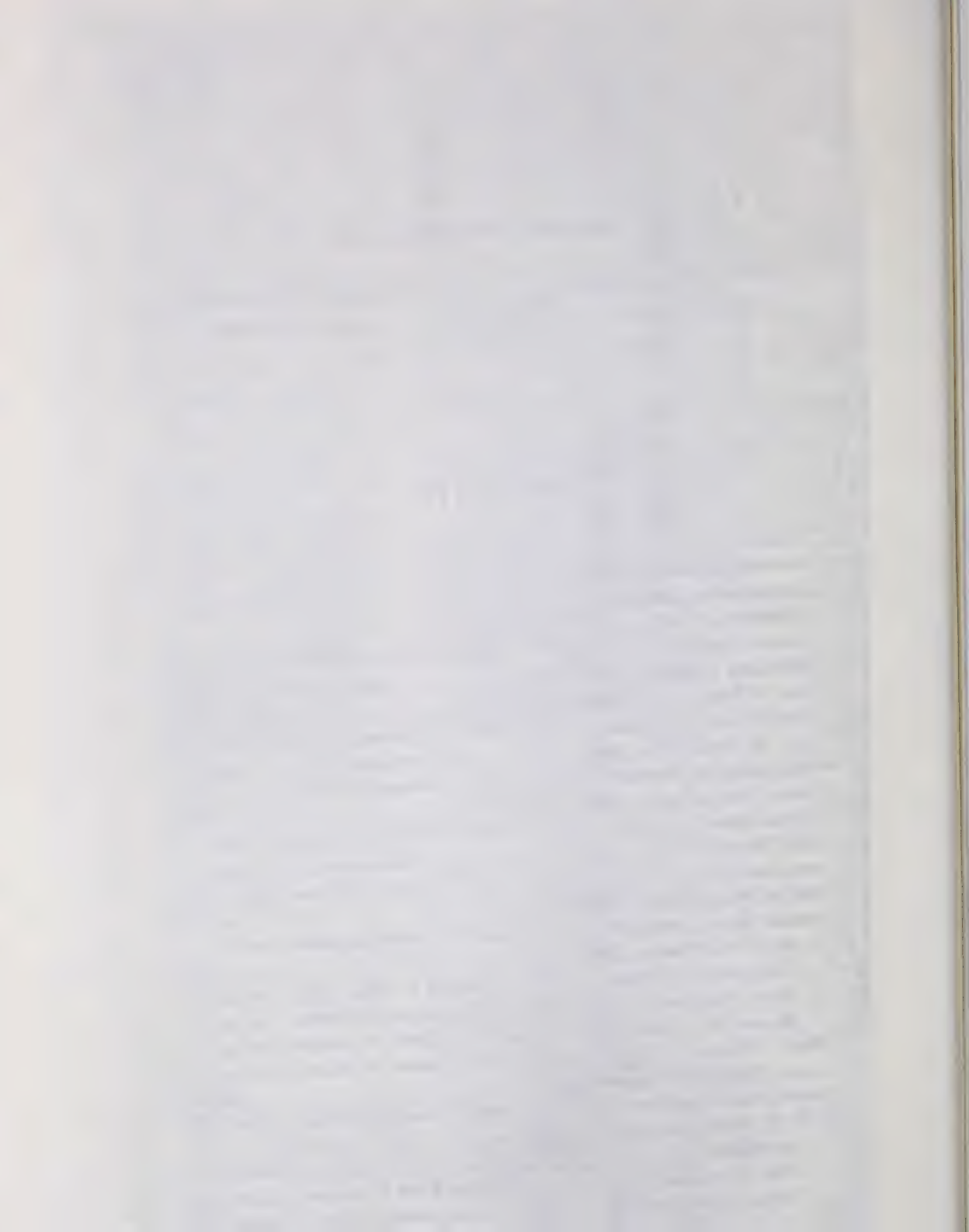
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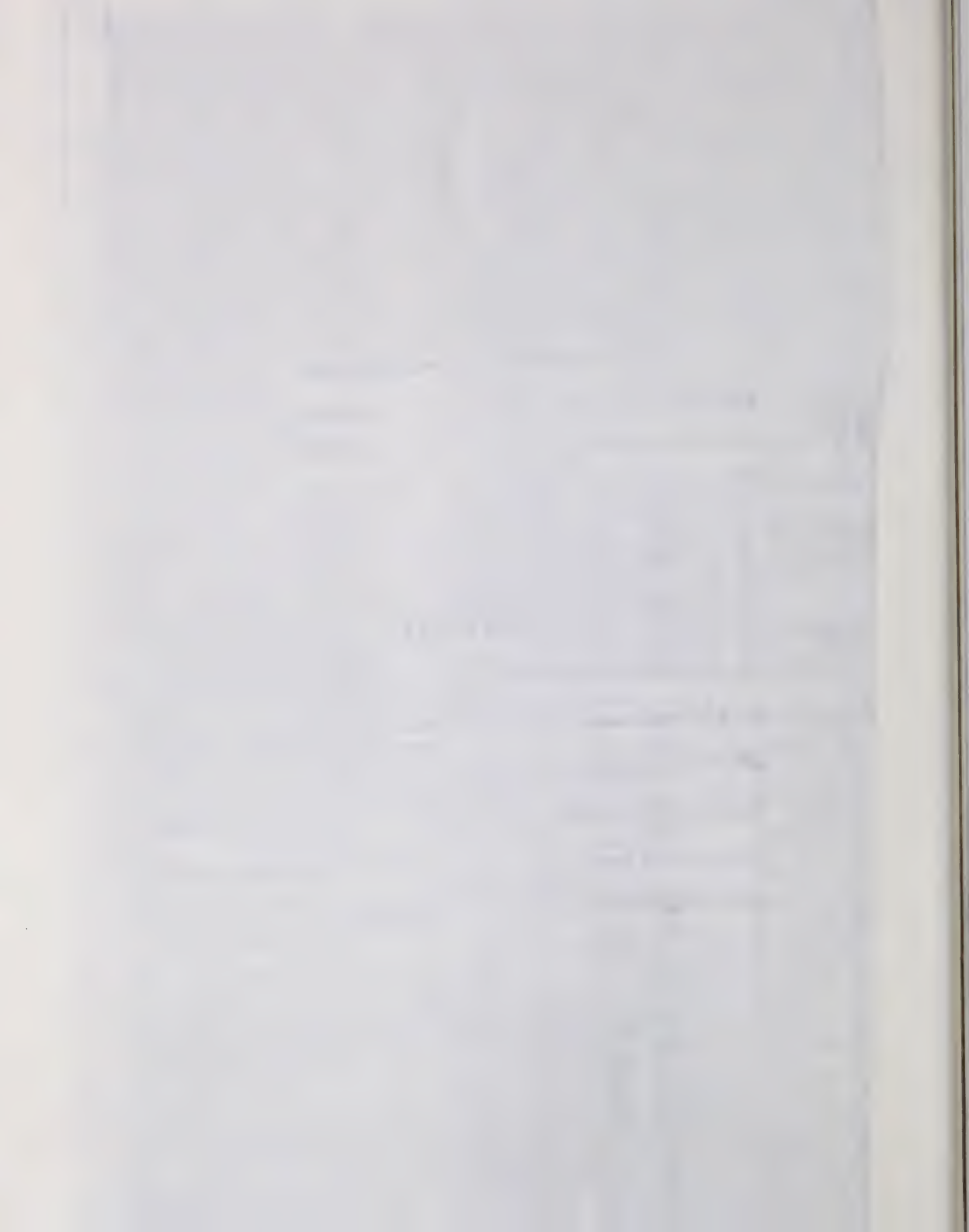
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